

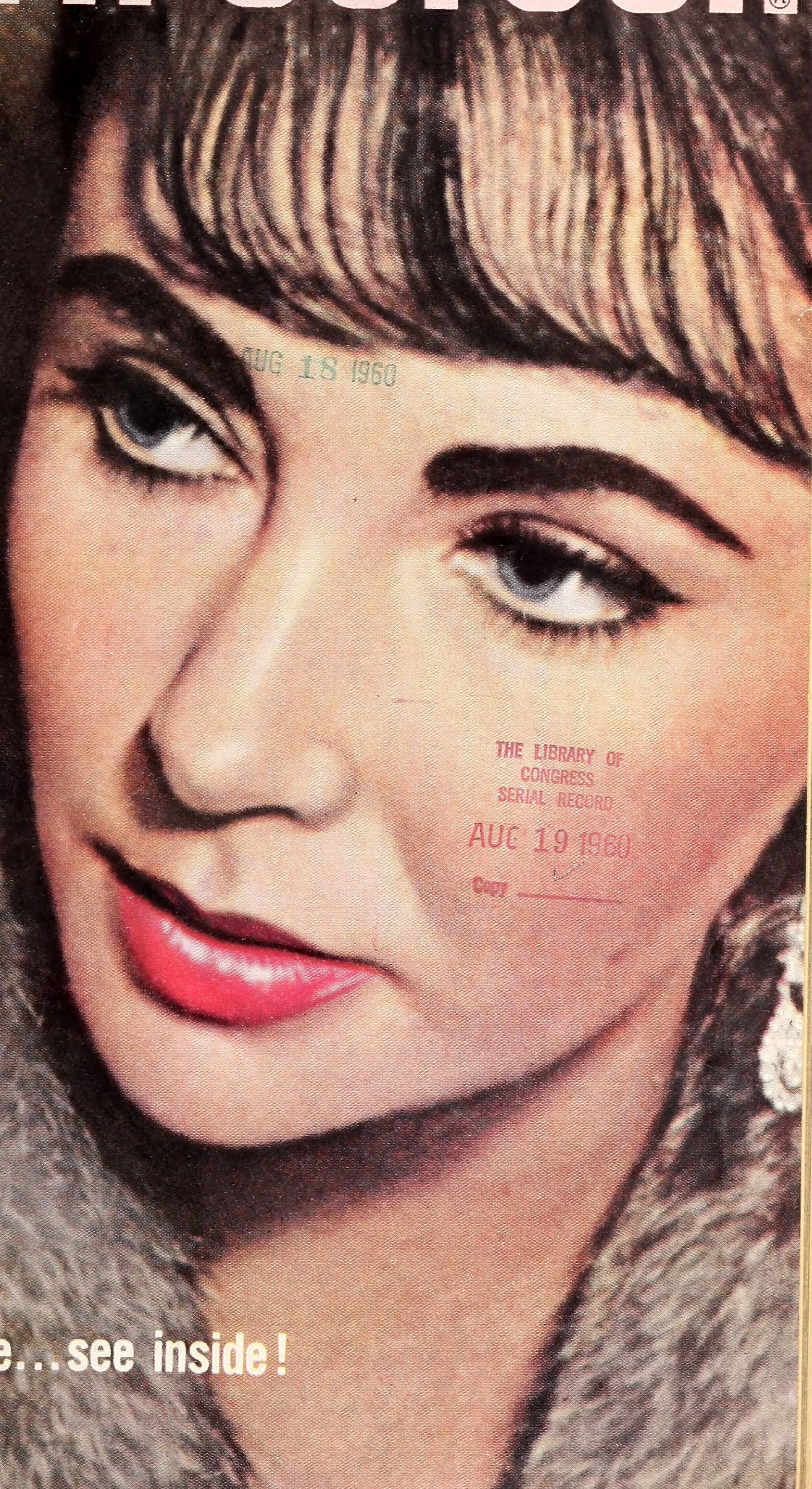
**ALL DEBBIE IN TROUBLE!** read her own plea  
for understanding

# modern screen®

25c

**LIZ  
WALKS  
OUT!**

Exclusive in this magazine...see inside!



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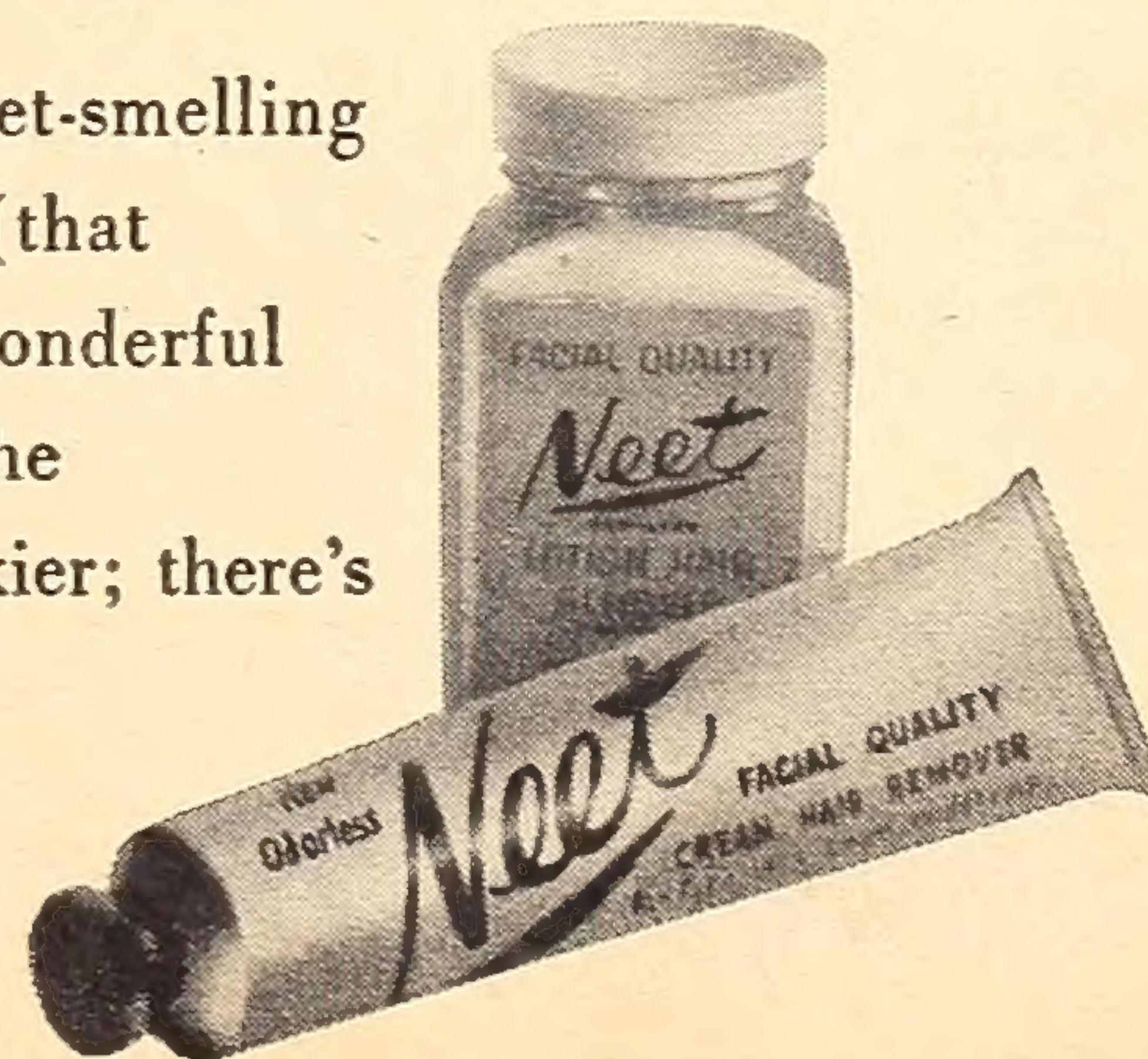




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*Cashmere  
Bouquet Talc*  
*the fragrance men love*

## modern screen

SEPTEMBER, 1960

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# Who put the egg in Peg's shampoo?

(and why?)



Helene Curtis that's who! Here's why-

Peg (and you) need the *Golden Plus* of egg, nature's own hair lusterizer. A sea of suds cleans and sheens every strand, then rinses out in nothing flat! The *Golden Plus* richness of egg helps give you right-after-shampoo manageability, too. What do you want? Cleanest, shining-est, behaving-est hair? Then you want egg in your shampoo. You want . . . you *need* Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg, the luxury shampoo that costs no more than ordinary watery shampoos.

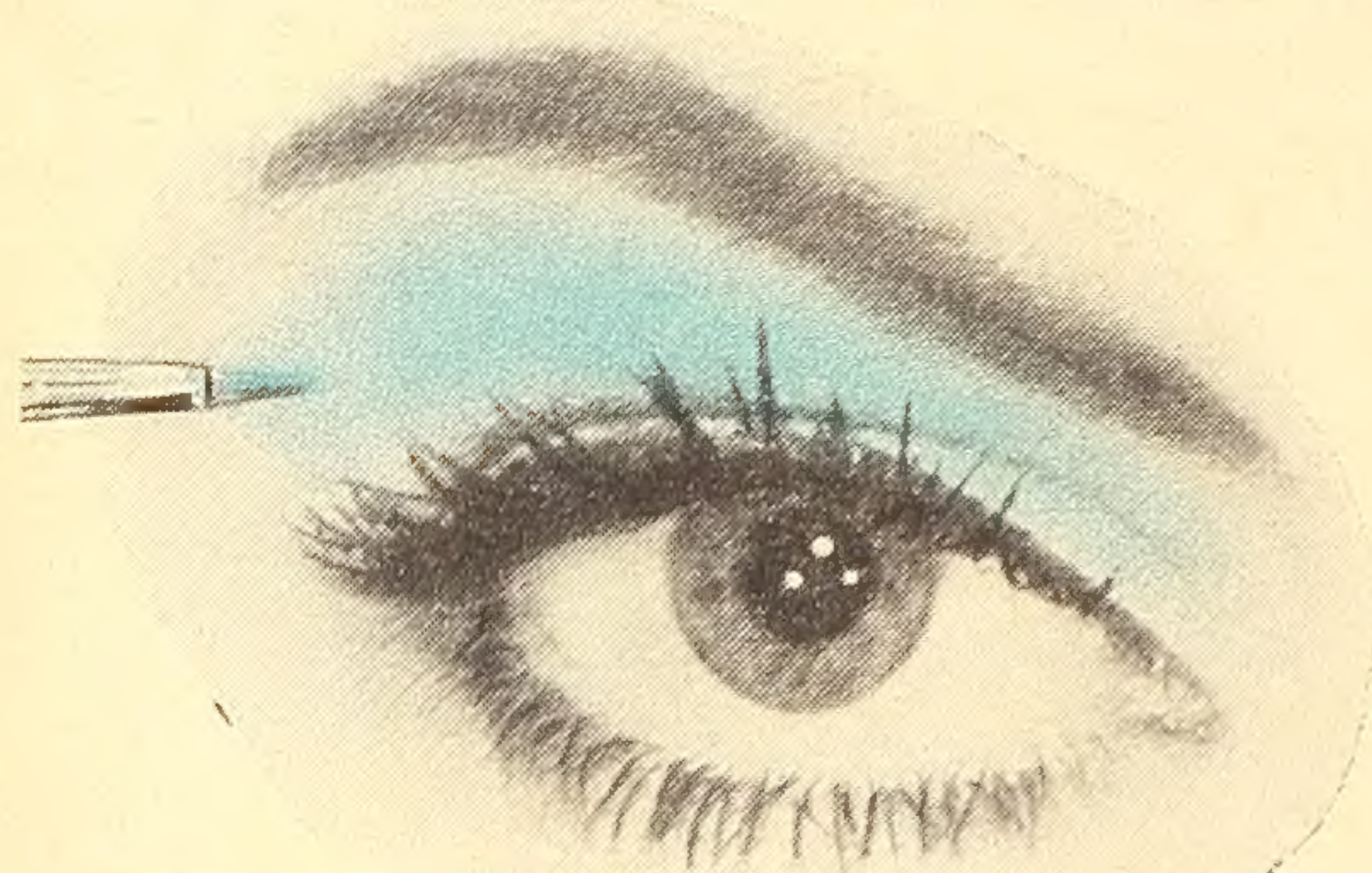
New! Shampoofs! Shampoo Plus Egg in handy little plastic packets for girls on the go. 1 complete shampoo (2 lathers) per 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢.



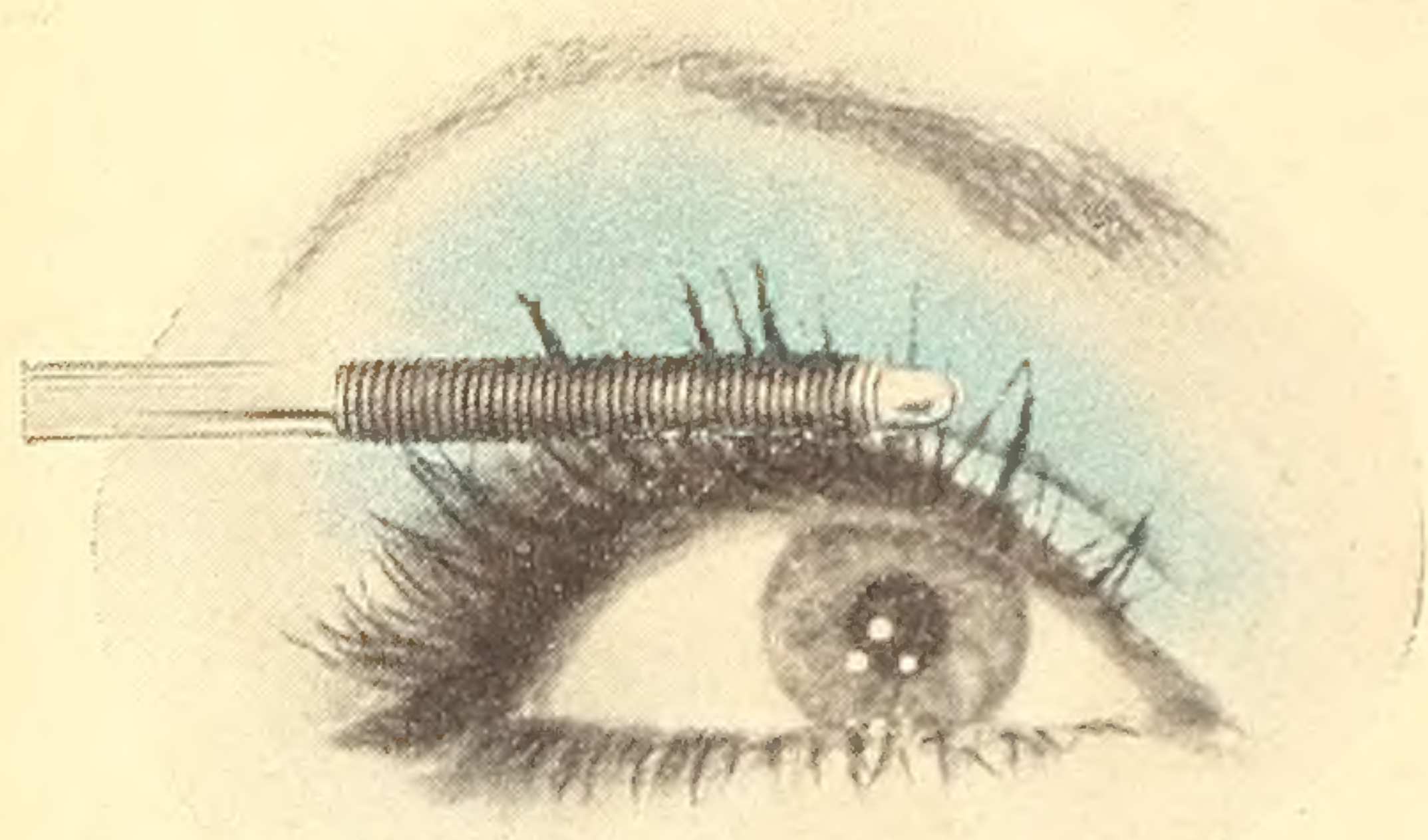


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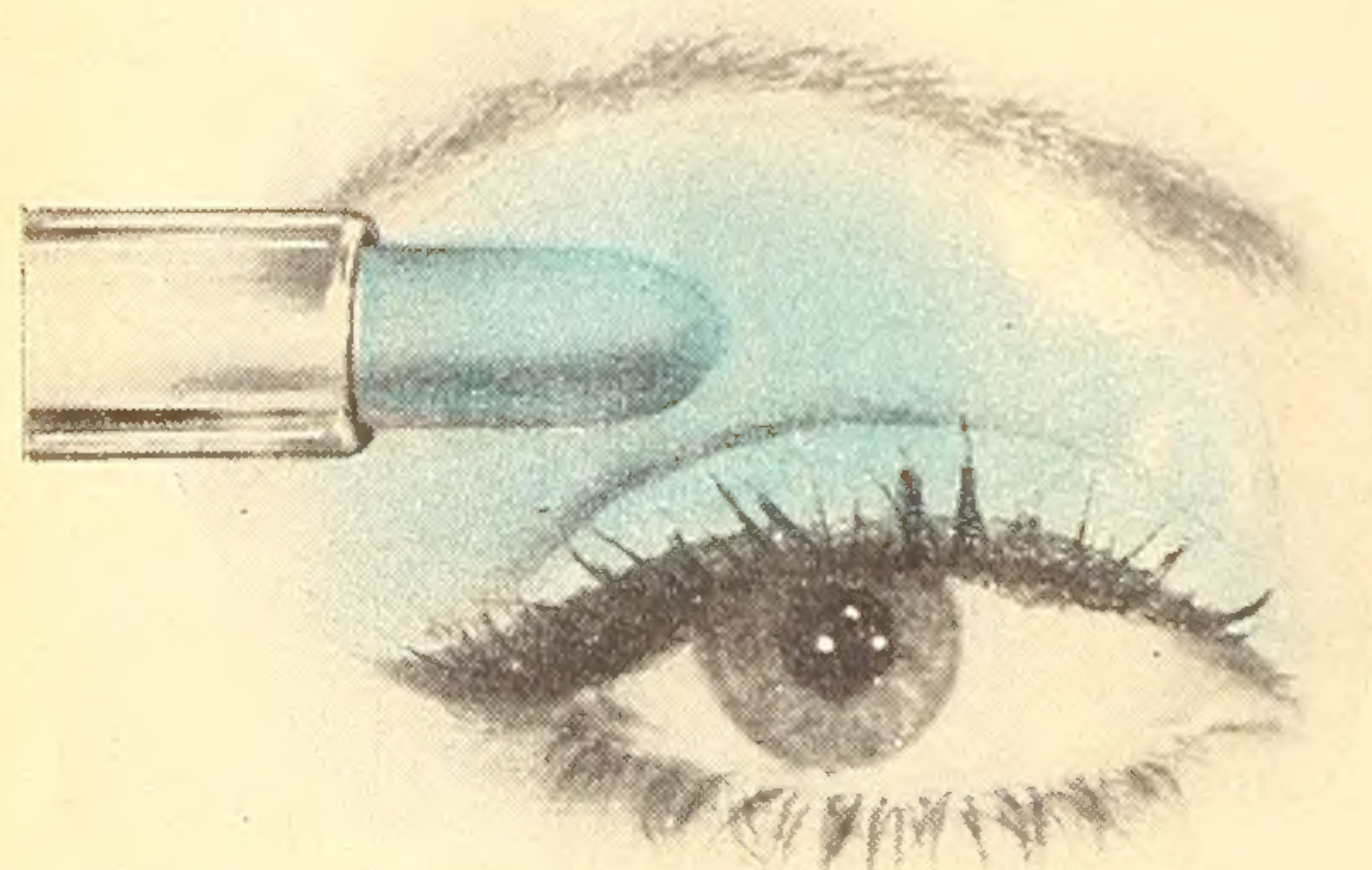
brings you the art of  
*eye makeup*  
a different you for every fashion look!



**EXOTIC EYES**...need a thin brush stroke of Lashbrite, non-smear Liquid Eyeliner blended upward. Try Black, Brown, also Iridescent colors of Turquoise, Green, Violet, Blue, Gold, Silver. 49¢\*

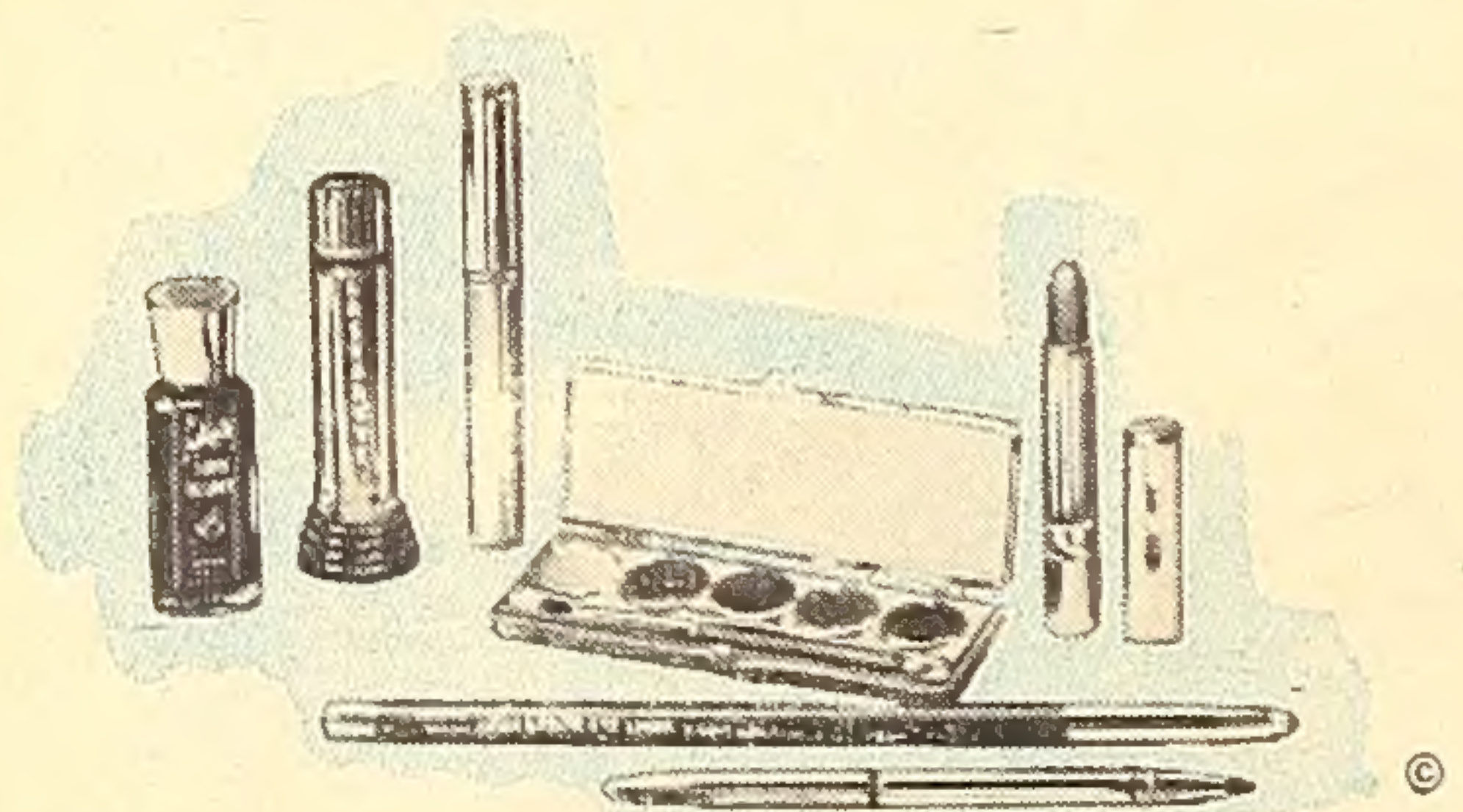


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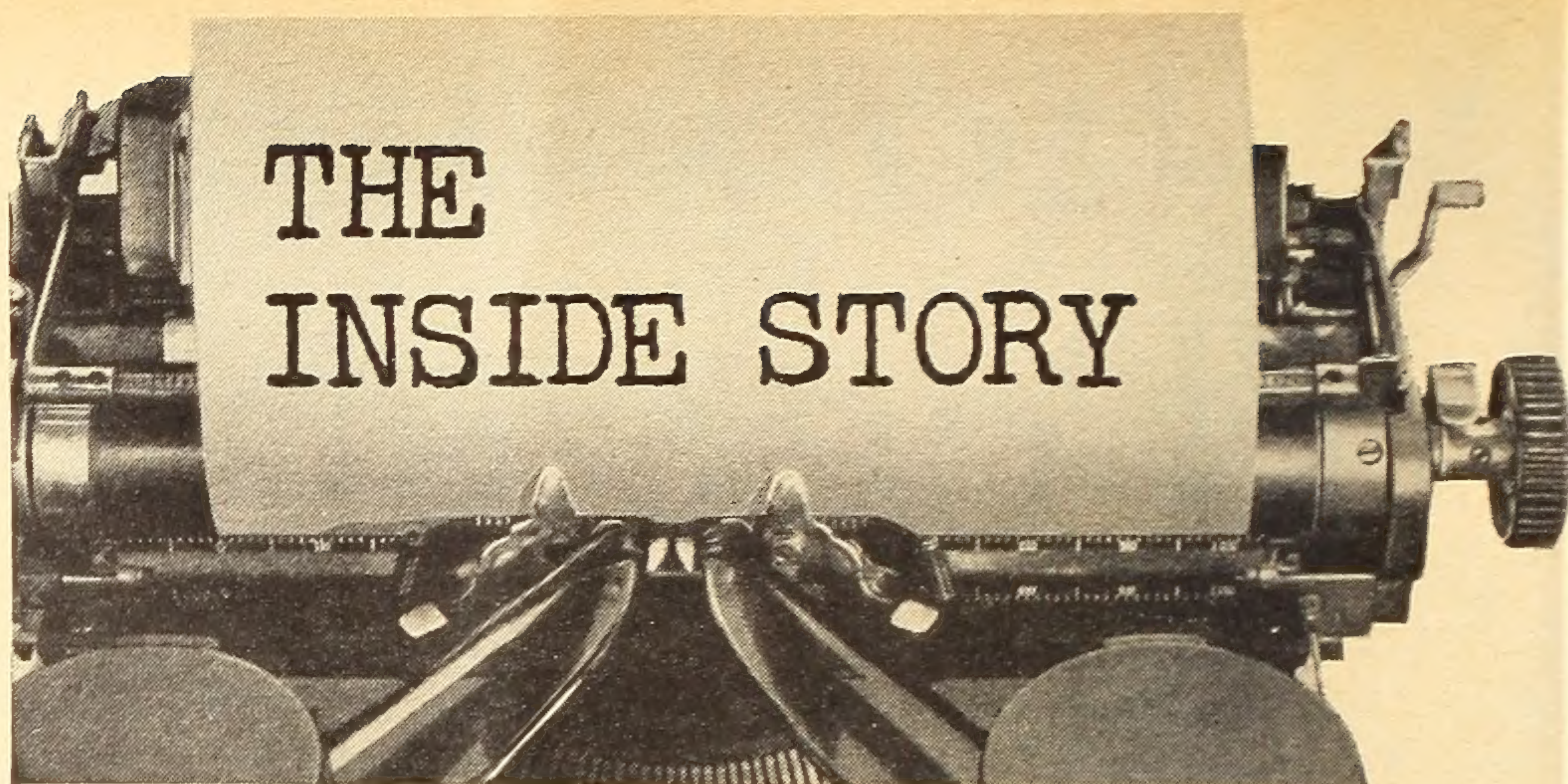


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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 68.

Q Every time a star is sick—he or she seems to be suffering from Hepatitis—everyone from **Kim Novak** to Mrs. **Efrem Zimbalist**. Is a bug causing a Hollywood epidemic—or is it just fashionable to suffer from Hepatitis? Incidentally—what is Hepatitis? And how do you get it?

—T.R., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A You don't want it. It's more serious than fashionable. The AMERICAN MEDICAL DICTIONARY defines it as "inflammation of the liver." The MERCK MANUAL OF DIAGNOSIS defines Toxic Hepatitis as "Hepatitis caused by a wide variety of chemicals taken into the system by inhalation, ingestion, skin absorption or injection." Amoebic Hepatitis is caused by "amoebas reaching the liver through the portal system." There's no epidemic in Hollywood but the "disease is prevalent in the tropics" and California is semi-tropical. It can be mild as in **Kim's** case, prolonged and serious as in **Ann Southern's** a few years ago, fatal if acute yellow atrophy results. When stricken before, the stars vaguely referred to their trouble as "an internal disorder" or "jaundice."

Q Can you tell me what was really behind all that publicity about **Brigitte Bardot's** desire to leave movies forever, and then her equally sudden desire to remain a star after all?

—L.M., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A A desire for all that publicity.

Q Is it true that **James Arness** is seeing an analyst about his marital problems?

—R.Z., BUTTE, MONT.

A He's seeing an analyst about all his problems.

Q Is it very serious between **Hope Lange** and **Glenn Ford**?

—L.V.H., MONTREAL, CAN.

A Not very.

Q I read where **King Farouk** and **Debra Paget** are interested in each other. This can't possibly be true—can it?

—F.D., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

A The ex-king is interested in **Debra**—and a few dozen others. Miss **Paget** was merely mildly flattered by his attention.

Q **Jerry Lewis** seems to be running around from city to city in a bell-hop's outfit—and acting real wild. Doesn't he think this is going a little far to plug a movie—particularly for a star of his caliber and considering the poor state of his health?

—R.D., STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

A The farther he goes, the richer he gets. Jerry owns the picture.

Q Last month's MODERN SCREEN featured a story on **Princess Margaret** and **Tony Jones**. Pardon me for being sarcastic, but just what movie did they ever appear in to merit a story in the top movie magazine in this country?

—R.T., NEWPORT, R.I.

A THE ROYAL WEDDING—in glorious Technicolor—seen by millions in movie houses throughout the country. (And **Jackie Chan's** in **SUSIE WONG**.)

Q If you possibly can, tell me what **Janet Leigh** was covered with during that "crucial" nude shower scene in **Psycho**?

—O.L., WILKES-BARRE, PA.

A Water.

Q Are **Yves Montand** and **Simone Signoret** as happy as they seem to be?

—L.B., DAYTON, OHIO.

A They are now in the process of working out several serious domestic problems.

Q With both her children half-Jewish, and **Harry Karl** all Jewish, will **Debbie Reynolds** convert if she marries **Karl**?

—E.R., WICHITA FALLS, KAN.

A Debbie has no such plans at this time.

Q I am a fan of **Dean Stockwell's** and I searched all the newspapers and magazines for a photo of his wedding to **Millie Perkins** in Las Vegas. Why hasn't one been printed?


—M.K., NOME, ALASKA

A Because none exists. A friend of **Dean's** passed on the fascinating theory that **Dean** and **Millie** were married a couple of months before they sent the wedding news out of Vegas. A check of churches and ministers seems to substantiate this.



# Linda Cristal

AND  
THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
THE  
BULGE!



Linda Cristal, a shapely girl, tells the story that when her studio discovered her in Mexico, she weighed one-hundred-thirty pounds.

Rather a lot for a small-boned, pretty gal, the studio told her; in fact, too fat.

But that's how the Mexicans like a girl, Linda protested, "weeth a leetle meat on."

No—said the always-right studio. Diet.

So, against her better judgment, Linda dieted down to one hundred and eight pounds.

Now, suddenly, for the first time in her adult life, something was missing. No longer the whistles walking down the street; no longer the stares in the restaurants. "And you know," she said plaintively, "we women do like a leetle admiration."

The studio kept brushing off her complaints until one day a few months later, everyone on the lot began to say, "Never saw you looking so well . . . See what a good diet does for you!"

Now that Linda felt she had won her point she could keep her secret no longer. She admitted that she had secretly put on seven pounds. "And you see what eet does for me . . . !"

But was the studio happy? No! Furious!

But Linda, she didn't care. She had the whistles again.

Linda co-stars in United Artists' *THE ALAMO*.

# JUST A'JUST

by  
*Exquisite Form*  
brassieres



I'm the  
magic tab that  
adjusts the bra  
to fit  
just you



Your form wasn't meant to conform to a cup . . . the cup must conform to *you*!

And I'm the magic tab that can pull the magic trick. Just pull me up . . . or down . . . for just the fullness and separation you *need* . . . just the comfort and attract-appeal you *want*!

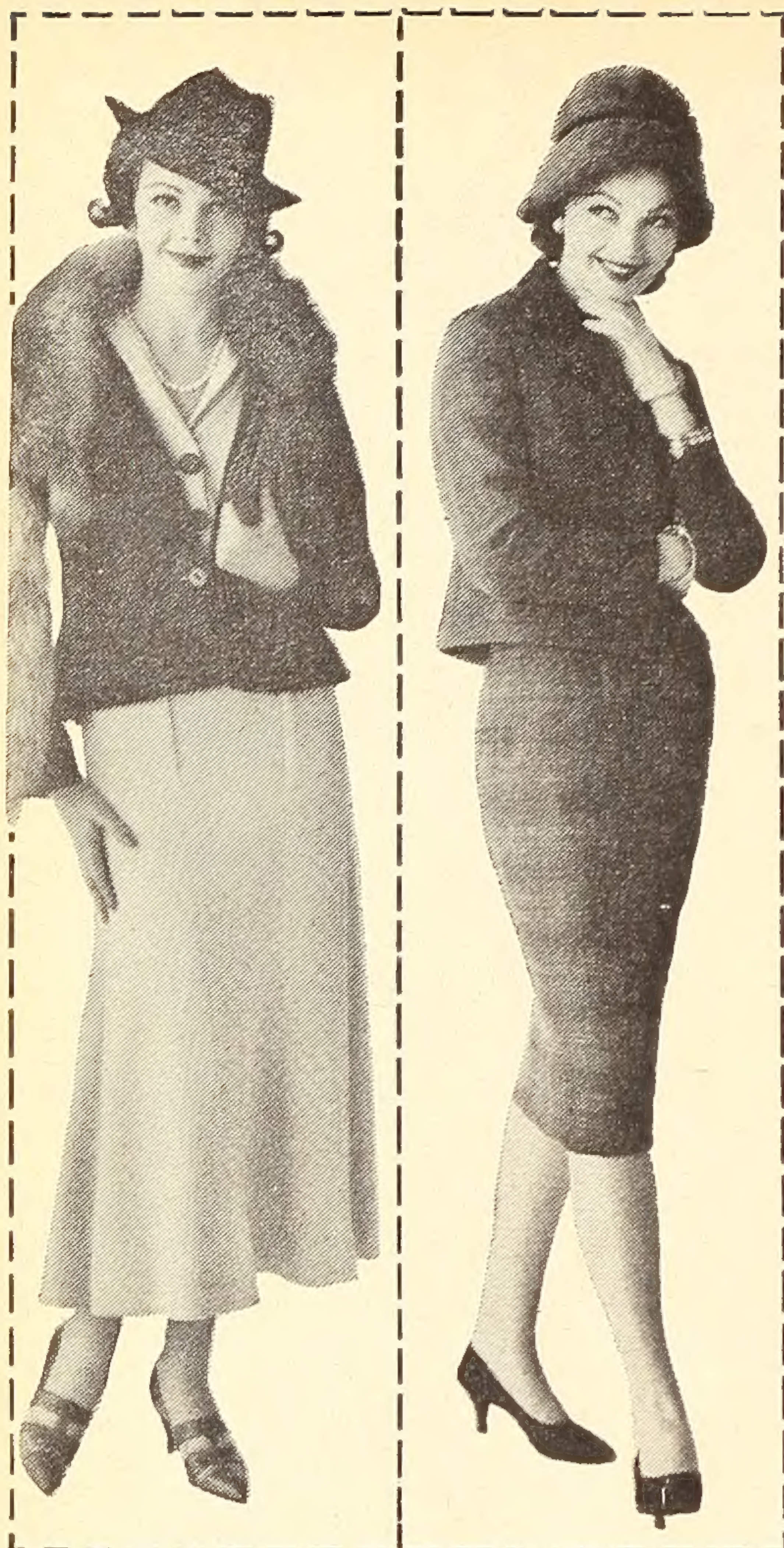
Imagine . . . custom fit at a ready-made price.

Available in Bandeau and Longline . . . black or white . . . embroidered cotton; nylon marquisette or nylon lace. Elastic of acetate, cotton and rubber. A, B, C and D cups. In bandeau, illus. . . . \$2.95 In longline from \$5 to \$7.50 (illus.) D cup slightly higher.

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FOR OVER  
25 YEARS

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**REASON:** Lets you bathe, shower, from the very first day. Properly inserted, Tampax cannot absorb water from the outside.

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**REASON:** Tampax is safe, sure, medically sound; invented by a doctor for ALL women, married or single.

Next month try Tampax® internal sanitary protection. See for yourself how Tampax takes the problem out of problem days.

**TAMPAX** Incorporated,  
Palmer, Mass.

# NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



*The tortured conscience of Anthony Quinn, as the doctor who murdered Lana Turner's husband in Portrait in Black is driving him—and her—to desperation.*

## PORTRAIT IN BLACK

*crimes of passion*

Lana Turner  
Anthony Quinn  
Sandra Dee  
John Saxon  
Lloyd Nolan

■ Lana Turner, the second wife of Lloyd Nolan, wants to become the first wife of doctor Anthony Quinn. Can this be arranged? Well, Nolan's dying anyway, so Quinn sends him off with an air bubble in a hypodermic needle. Perfect crime. Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her on a successful murder. Most disturbing. Was it the maid (Anna May Wong), the chauffeur (Ray Walston), Lana's step-daughter (Sandra Dee) or Nolan's lawyer (Richard Basehart)? Probably Nolan's lawyer because, ever since Nolan's death, Basehart has been ruthlessly taking over the shipping empire and proposing marriage to Lana. Together, Quinn and Lana plan to murder him. When his body's found the police naturally arrest Sandra Dee's boyfriend (John Saxon). John's been angry at Basehart for welshing on a tugboat contract. Another perfect crime.

Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her. That alone can make a girl nervous. What's worse is that Quinn's acting jumpy. He'd like to go to a hospital in Switzerland or on the moon for that matter. But he rolls up his sleeves knowing he has a job to do—and that is to find the letter writer and kill him—or her, or it. Which is it?—EASTMAN COLOR, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

## MURDER, INC.

*some local history*

Stuart Whitman  
May Britt  
Henry Morgan  
Peter Falk  
David J. Stewart

■ Murder, Inc., used to be one of the most successful businesses in New York. It specialized, naturally, in murder for profit. Names like Lepke, Anastasia, Capone still ring a bell in the hearts of middle-aged hoods. A lot of the "action" took place in Brooklyn, while headquarters was in the garment center. It's a big day for Lepke (David Stewart) when Abe



Reles (Peter Falk) joins the organization. Falk is built like a gorilla, retains little human feeling and is an expert at "handling iron." A young man (Stuart Whitman), who owes Falk money, is persuaded to be his driver on the various "contracts" Falk fulfills for Lepke. Whitman is weak rather than brutal, a fact which proves fatal to his pretty wife, May Britt. Even when Falk attacks May, Whitman can't do much about it. He gets deeper and deeper into the business. Falk sets the couple up in an apartment and, when the heat's on, Lepke moves in, using May as his cook. A new Assistant D.A. (Henry Morgan) finally comes along to clean up Murder, Inc.—a simple matter of catching Falk and making him "sing."—20TH-FOX.

## PSYCHO

Hitchcock's latest

Anthony Perkins  
Janet Leigh  
Vera Miles  
John Gavin  
Martin Balsam

■ Janet Leigh, of all people, steals forty thousand dollars from her trusting employer and leaves town. She's rushing to her boyfriend (John Gavin) who, only yesterday, couldn't afford to marry her. To refresh herself (she's under quite a strain) she stops at a deserted motel. As young proprietor Anthony Perkins informs her—12 rooms, 12 vacancies. Never mind, she just wants to sleep. Let me bring you a sandwich, he says. Certainly, she says. He goes up the hill apiece to where he lives with his old mother and Janet hears a loud argument. About her, of course. Mom apparently hates girls (dirty, scheming, contemptible creatures). Tony returns with a tray and he and Janet have a heart-to-heart talk in a room filled with stuffed birds. A boy's best friend is his mother, Tony says, in defense of her. A little mad, a little old-fashioned—well, maybe. If Janet weren't under such a strain she might have left the motel right then. Too bad she didn't. Whatever happens to her, and to the private investigator sent to find her? John Gavin and Janet's sister (Vera Miles) pursue this question to its startling conclusion. One scene is just a little too violent for my taste; the rest, forgive me, Hitchcock fans, doesn't seem a very palatable subject for what is essentially, a thriller.—PARAMOUNT.

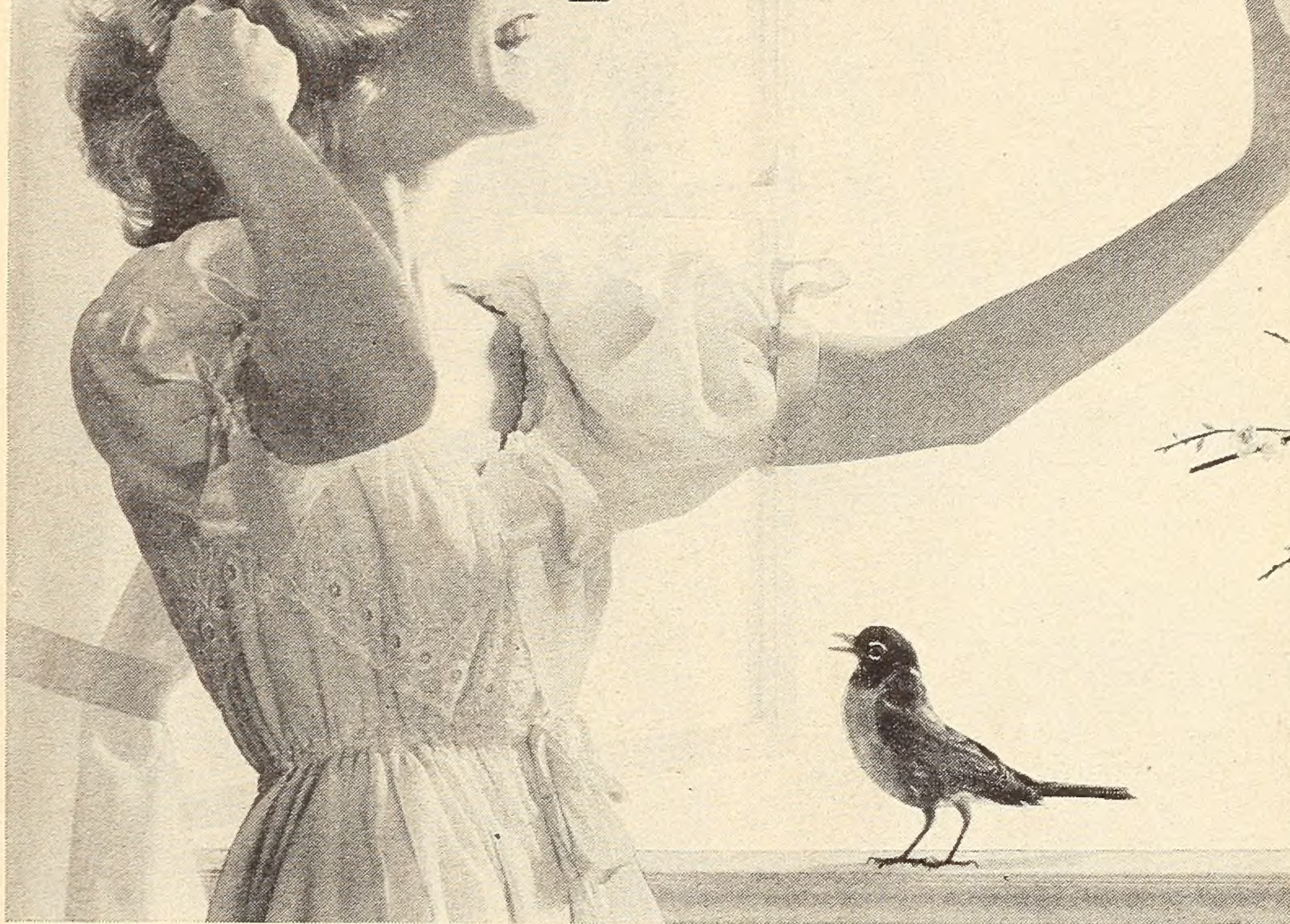


Stealing that money is the beginning of Janet Leigh's troubles in Psycho.

(Continued on page 8)

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

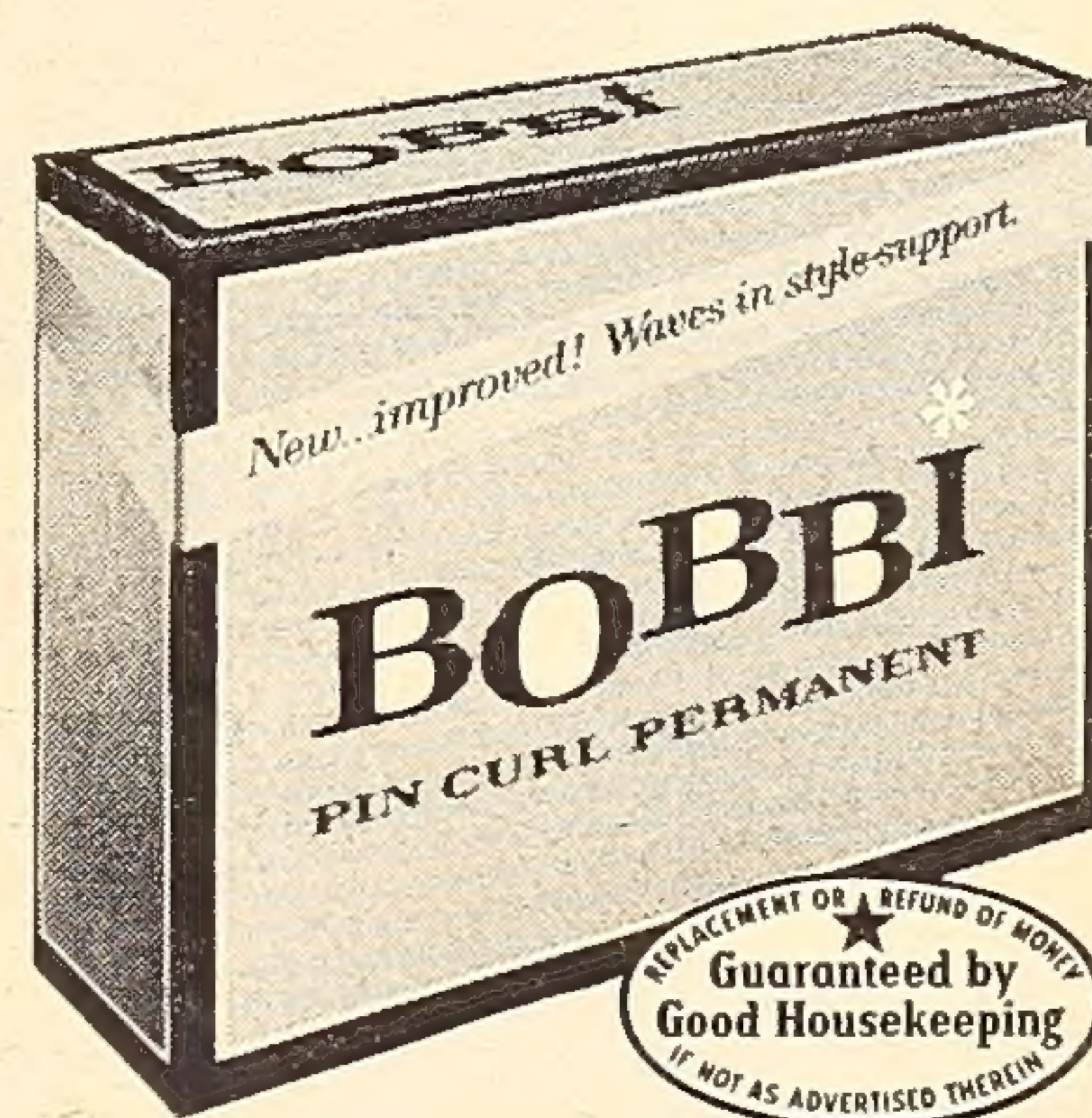
*wake up  
with a  
permanent!*



Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep...  
brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, \$2.00. Refill, \$1.50.



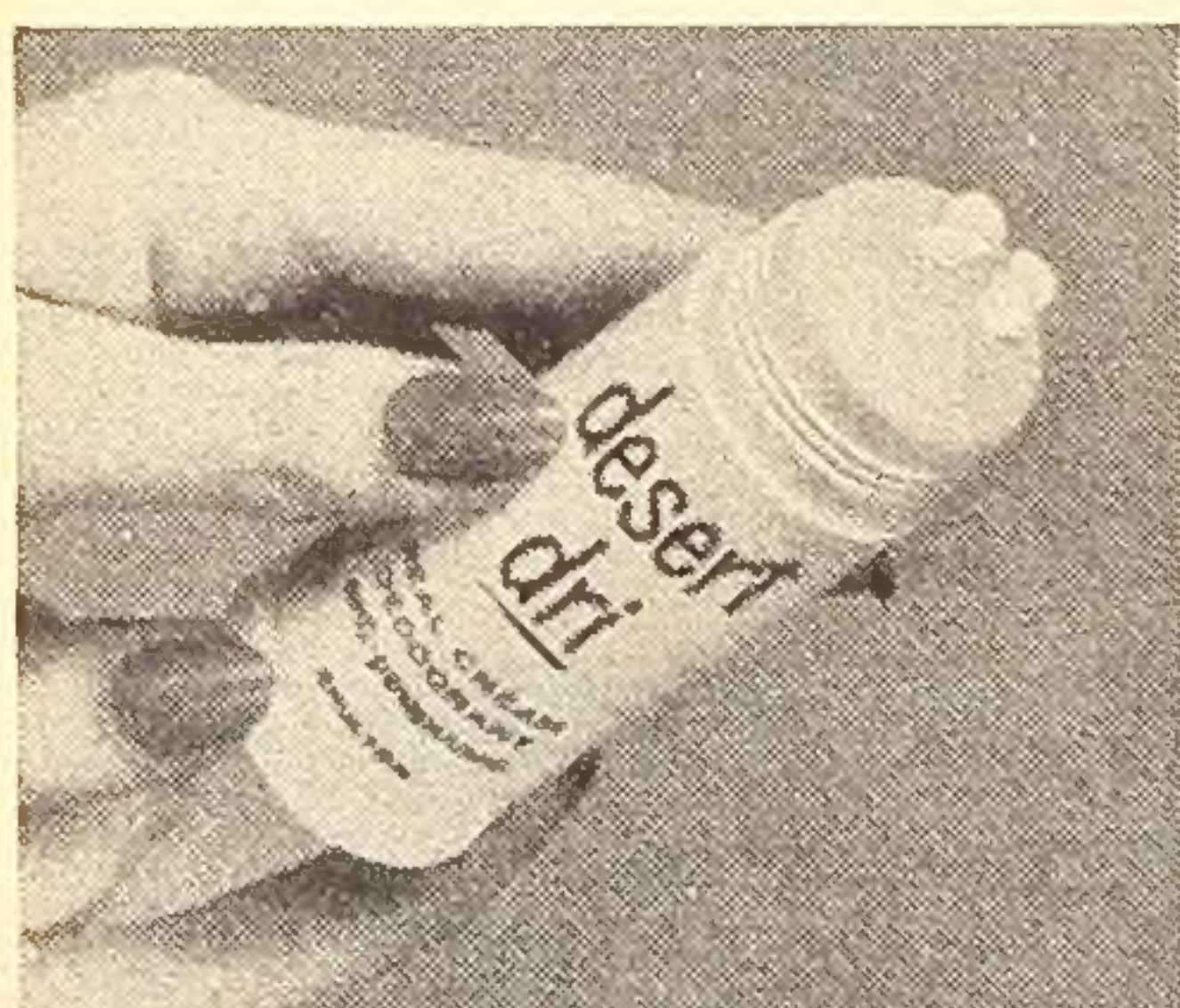
*The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!*







## Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!



*New glide-on applicator!  
Just twist the bottom . . .  
cream comes out the top!*

Now you can have the all-day protection  
only a real cream deodorant can give plus  
glide-on convenience—*both* in new Desert Dri.  
It glides on and rubs in right from its own  
exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on  
surface coating, it penetrates for positive  
all-day protection. Checks perspiration,  
stops odor, won't damage clothes.  
3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.

**New Desert Dri®—real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton**

©Shulton, Inc., 1960

## new movies

(Continued from page 7)

### THE HOUSE OF USHER

technicolor horror story

**Vincent Price**  
**Mark Damon**  
**Myrna Fahey**  
**Harry Ellerbe**

■ The House of Usher has been crumbling for years. *Bad blood*, whispers Vincent Price, last of the Usher males. *Don't be silly*, says handsome Mark Damon, fresh from Boston, *it's just a crack in the wall*. Mark likes to look on the bright side of things because he's engaged to Vincent's beautiful sister, Myrna Fahey. One look at that house would have sent any other boy home to mama. Mists surround it, spider webs hang all over it, chandeliers (heavy with lighted candles) come crashing from the ceiling. You can't talk to Vincent (it hurts his ears); Myrna has cataleptic fits and the cellar is full of occupied coffins. Mark wants to take Myrna away with him but Vincent insists another fate is in store for her—the old family madness. I'll tell you, my money's on Vincent.—AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL.

### SONG WITHOUT END

story of Franz Liszt

**Dirk Bogarde**  
**Genevieve Page**  
**Capucine**  
**Martita Hunt**  
**Ivan Desny**

■ Unfortunately, this movie lives up to its title. Dirk Bogarde, as Liszt, and his piano never part. He renders about forty selections, or bits of selections, before one glittering audience after another, all over Europe, in the 19th century. At least the women change. Countess Genevieve Page has left her husband to live with Bogarde and have two children by him. Her possessiveness finally drives this flamboyant, tortured genius out of the house. He goes on a triumphant concert tour where his biggest triumph is the beautiful Princess Capucine. Confident that she can get a divorce from the Prince, Capucine sets out to inspire Bogarde as a composer. This involves a lot of traveling. The Czar won't give her a divorce, the Pope won't give her a divorce, the Grand Duchess of Weimar (Martita Hunt) *can't* give her a divorce (but she can, and does, appoint Bogarde as Court Conductor). Truly in love, Bogarde composes and dedicates "Liebestraum" to Capucine. Since she can't live with him, he enters a monastery which, at any rate, has an organ.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

### OSCAR WILDE

the famous trial of . . .

**Robert Morley**  
**Phyllis Calvert**  
**John Neville**  
**Sir Ralph Richardson**  
**Dennis Price**

■ Oscar Wilde, poet and playwright who shocked and delighted Victorian England with his wit, also shocked and horrified them with his romantic preference for young men. Married, and the father of two sons, he is nevertheless attracted by one Lord Douglas (John Neville), a neurotic young man who can't stand his father, the Marquis of Queensberry. The Marquis, it turns out, can't stand Wilde and slanders him. Persuaded by Douglas to bring the Marquis into court Wilde sets the stage for his own downfall. It appears that Douglas was only one of a host of charming young men to win Oscar's favor. Brilliant performances by Robert Morley (as Wilde) and prosecutor Sir Ralph Richardson make entertaining a movie which is too superficial in treatment to be satisfying.—20TH-FOX.

(Continued on page 70)



## The Latest on Elvis:

I don't believe that his hand-holding and eye-gazing with leading lady **Juliet Prowse** on the set of *GI Blues* means anything serious romantically for Mr. Swivel Hips anymore than I believe his two or three dates with **Tuesday Weld** add up to anything.

Elvis hasn't yet found the girl—and frankly, I don't believe he's looking too hard. You have to hand it to him for not being thrown off base by all the females, young—and older—who throw themselves at this very rich young man.

Speaking of the Presley cash, his manager Colonel Tom Parker tells me he holds no reins on the way Elvis spends his money. "The boy works hard for his money. He has a lot of it. Why shouldn't he enjoy it as he goes along? Luckily, he is sensible and doesn't throw it away. But he's never been on an allowance from me—or anyone else—since he started

earning big money."

Since Elvis cut that pompadour—or whatever all that big shock of hair bouncing around over his forehead could be called—he is more handsome than ever. His director Norman Taurog says, "He's photographing like a million in the picture."

Most Hollywoodites who knew Elvis before he went into the service and before the death of his mother whom he adored—find the boy quieter and far more matured since his return.

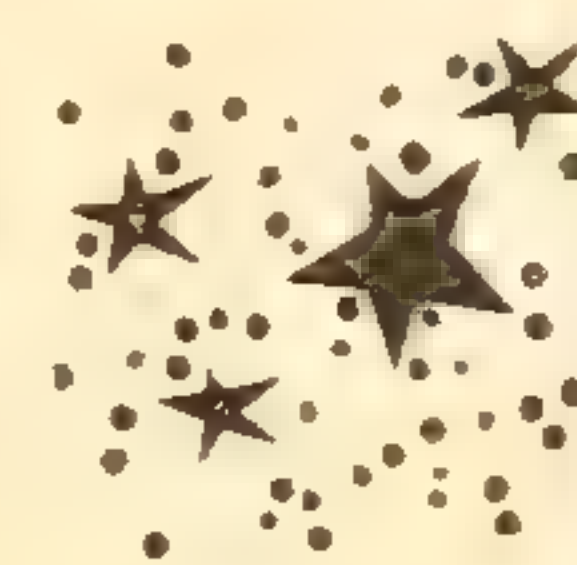
Speaking of his mother—he is keeping the big mansion he bought for his parents in Memphis about a year before Mrs. Presley's death, just as she had furnished and left it.

When his father announced his engagement to be married again, he told his dad: "I'll keep mother's home for my own. I'd like to buy a new one for you and your bride."

"It isn't fair to expect your new wife to step into a house so filled with memories of another woman. Besides, brides like to fix up new places."



*The one-and-only Elvis and pert dancer Juliet Prowse have been sharing some pretty private jokes but it doesn't look as though the romance is serious.*



*I nominate for*  
**STARDOM**

## Nancy Walters:

She's the first new young beauty to be put under a two-year contract at MGM in a long time—that's how much confidence they have in her future.

To watch her making eyes at **Dean Martin** and almost stealing him away from **Judy Holiday** in *Bells Are Ringing*, you'd never guess that for eight years of her childhood she was in and out of hospitals for crippled children!

The now curvaceous Nancy, whose figure is currently a large part of her good fortune, told me, "During one stretch of 18 months I was never out of my bed in the Hospital For Crippled Children in Amatilla, Florida."

It still upsets Nancy to talk about the childhood accident which brought on such serious bone infection that it was feared her leg might have to be amputated. "My brother Ernest to this day considers it a nightmare that his wagon slammed into my leg while we were playing in the yard and brought on my crippling injury."

Yet, she believes there was a pattern even to this near tragedy. "It was while I was in the children's hospitals that I started singing and putting on little puppet shows—trying to cheer up the youngsters who were worse off than I. Without knowing it, I was really getting training for my career." She believes the "miracle" of her complete recovery came when "I stopped feeling sorry for myself."

At fifteen, well and strong again, she was modeling in New York. At the same time she was studying drama at the Neighborhood Playhouse and landed a job singing and dancing in the Broadway musical *Anchors Aweigh*. This led to TV which has a way of leading to Hollywood—and did in Nancy's case.

Big-eyed, auburn haired and quite beautiful, Nancy exhibits a lot of common sense. She is saving her money and even whipped up the beautiful gown she wore to the Academy Awards. "I just can't squander my earnings like some girls—how far can you push your luck?" she asks.



## Gina's Glamour Party

It's not every hostess beautiful enough to seat **Marilyn Monroe** at her table at a party and hold her own—but **Gina Lollobrigida** did at her swank soiree at Romanoff's.

Can you imagine the eyeful of the sparkling beautiful brunette beauty Gina and the misty blonde Miss Monroe? What a rare mood Marilyn is in these days—and nights. She didn't miss a dance and she was as bubbling as the imported Champagne on the table.

Both beauties were fabulously gowned—Gina in off-white and Marilyn in a white sheath cut à la **Vikki Duggan** in the back and as tight as her skin. Others at Gina's table were Sir Carol Reed, the director; Mrs. Lew Wasserman, Rupert Allen, Jimmy McHugh and this writer.

Gina is one of the few big stars who really enjoys giving parties and knows how. Before her dinner-dance in the Crown Room, beautiful with its soft lights and centerpieces of pale pink roses, she and her husband Dr. Milko Skofic had arrived early enough to personally select all the wines served.

Even though all the girls were dressed to the teeth with diamonds sparkling, it was a fun party with everyone having a ball.

Irrepressible **Rosalind Russell** kicked off her shoes to dance with **Edward G. Robinson**, saying over her shoulder to me as they danced by our table, "I want to make a movie with Eddie and I'm proving I'm not too tall for him."

French **Yves Montand**, a "bachelor" since his wife **Simone Signoret** returned to Paris for a movie, was the dancingest gentleman present including many twirls with his co-star of *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn.

Oh, yes—another gorgeous white gown, long and very formal, was worn by **Dinah Shore**, with her ever lovin' **George Montgomery**, of course. White seems to be the color for the glamour girls this summer.

## Russ Tamblyn's On-and-Off Marriage

Exactly three weeks after **Russ Tamblyn's** spur-of-the-moment marriage to twenty-four-year-old British Chorus girl Elizabeth Kempton in Las Vegas on May 9th, they announced a separation!

A week later, they announced they were giving matrimony a further try.

Until a new communique—all's quiet.



*Gina Lollobrigida, here with husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, might be whistling over the success of their party.*



*Co-stars Marilyn and Yves Montand appear deep in conversation here, but they also danced up a storm at Gina's soiree.*





Sal and co-star Jill Haworth are authorities on the beatnik craze in Israel!

## Communique From Sal

Until I received an amusing letter from **Sal Mineo**, the last place in the world I would have picked to be "Beatnik crazy" is—Israel!

But according to Sal who is over there filming *Exodus*, the teen-agers of Israel can't hear enough about our bearded jive-talking cult.

"Since *Rebel Without A Cause* was released here," writes Sal, "I am known as the King of the Beatniks—big deal. But hard to live up to.

"On the set, I am constantly surrounded by teen-age extras who ask me so much about how beatniks live and act in the USA I ran out of answers—and also out of my popularity.

"So I wrote my brother in New York asking him to send me some books on Beatniks and ever since he airmailed *How To Be A Real Beatnik*—I'm back on top again.

"There's a terrific demand for guitars (frequently a pain in the neck to our director, Otto Preminger). None of the kids want to learn to play them but they hit long and loud chords chanting their favorite Beatnik phrase in English, which I taught them: 'Crazy, man, crazy.'

"Frankly, I am as puzzled as you must be over why such a crazy American development should have taken hold in a little country that is fundamentally and historically so serious in nature.

"Anyway, nice to write to you and best wishes always.

(signed) Sal, The King of the Beatniks."



A sad Princess Grace came to her father's bedside, then to his funeral.

## to Princess Grace of Monaco:

Not even in those early days when you were a glamorous movie star and you proved your liking for me by sharing your confidence, and many of your problems—with me, have I felt so close to you and held so much admiration as I did during these dark days of the illness and tragic death of your beloved father.

Your flight from Monaco, so sudden you did not even wait to be accompanied by your Prince, was the impulsive action of a loving American daughter, not that of a woman bound by royal protocol. After your arrival in Philadelphia you hardly left the bedside of Jack Kelly, your popular dad, except to accompany your mother home and comfort her as much as possible at the end of each day.

I remember your once telling me that as a little girl, you were rather frightened of your father, that he was a disciplinarian and very strict. You said, "I had to grow up and mature before I realized that what I mistook for sternness in my father was just his deep love for us, his desire that we should grow up to be good people—no matter what walk of life we followed. I love him very much."

It is almost a sad coincidence that the latest informal photograph you sent me, showing you so happy with Prince Rainier, little Princess Caroline and Prince Albert at the wheel of your station wagon, should have arrived just about the time the story broke of your worried trip back home.

You had written on the photograph, **TO LOUELLA, FONDEST REGARDS, GRACE.**

And that, your Serene Highness, is what the American public and I will always feel for you, "fondest regards."



Louella thinks Efrem may be sorry.

## Efrem's Divorce

Had an amazing chat with pretty Stephanie (Mrs. **Efrem**) **Zimbalist** at a small dinner given by the Jack Warners—Jack being Efrem's boss of the *77 Sunset Strip* TV series.

I seldom recall an estranged wife speaking so frankly of her trouble.

"In the middle of the night, Efrem told me to start packing and get to Reno—that he was in love with someone else and wanted a divorce. I told him I wouldn't go to Reno—so he went."

It's no secret that the "someone else" is **Kipp Hamilton** whom Zimbalist plans to marry as soon as he is divorced.

Stephanie said many of her friends thought she was foolish not to get an attorney and fight her case.

She just shrugged and said, "What good would it do me if he doesn't want me?"

Efrem went to Reno but didn't get his divorce there. Stephanie will now file for a California divorce as soon as they work out a property settlement.

The Zimbalists' little girl is four and a half years old and Efrem has two children by a former marriage.

Looking at the very attractive Stephanie—I couldn't help wonder if some day Mr. *77 Sunset Strip* Zimbalist might not regret his hasty divorce.



# LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Sandra Dee is not 45!



Nick Minardos: sexy!



Singing "Be My Girl," Fabian thinks of Louella.



A reader has some suggestions for names for Mel and Audrey's expected baby.



A lot of fans thought Elvis was "just wonderful" on the Sinatra Show.

## OPEN LETTER

All right, all you **Fabian** fan-atics—go ahead and be jealous about this telegram I received from your dreamboat: WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE JUST BEEN GIVEN A FOURTH SONG TO SING IN "HIGH TIME." IT'S TITLED "BE MY GIRL." I'LL BE THINKING ONLY OF YOU WHEN I SING IT. MUCH LOVE—FABIAN. How do you like that? . . .

Will you answer this truthfully—is the real reason such Hollywood stars as **William Holden**, **Ava Gardner** and **Van Johnson** have taken up residence in Europe because Hollywood is a cruel town where there is little friendship and much jealousy? asks **CHARLES B. BEERS**, JERSEY CITY. I'm afraid, Charles, the real reason has more to do with income tax than any such causes you list. . . .

Several really touching letters this month from girls in their teens, who admit to being very overweight, pouring their hearts out over the plight of **Bill Bendix'** daughter Lorraine who is staging a courageous fight to reduce from 300 pounds. Let me repeat—even though you are begging for Lorraine's diet—your case

may be different and the only sane thing to do is see your own doctor. . . .

There are no more beauties in movies is the startling comment of **JERRI PATTERSON**, ATLANTA. Pretty stars, yes. Pert stars like **Shirley MacLaine** and **Debbie Reynolds**, yes. Good actresses like **Joanne Woodward**, yes. No beauties. How about **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Gina Lollobrigida**, **Sophia Loren** or **Ava Gardner**, Miss Jerri?

**JEANETTE DE ROSA**, BROOKLYN, asks: Is **Audrey Hepburn** still looking for names for her expected baby? May I suggest **Jerene Marie** for a girl—**Jody** for a boy? You may—don't know whether you'll win or not. . . .

Comes a note from San Francisco signed "25 Fans of **Nick Minardos**": "We saw **TWELVE HOURS TO KILL** with Nick and think he is the most wonderful, adorable, fascinating, sexy, appealing, electric and fascinating actor since **Marlon Brando**." You're not relatives, are you? Such praise. . . .

The jealousy of **Elvis Presley** which started before he went into the Army continues now he has returned, and with such a fine record, too, complains **VERA DELANCY**, DALLAS. The TV critics panned him on the **Frank Sinatra** show. I hope Elvis paid no attention. All my friends and I thought he was just wonderful—but like you, I'm glad he's cut that pompadour. Elvis is the original and still the

best. I'm sure Elvis—and Colonel Parker—thank you, Vera. . . .

Eighteen-year-old **SANDRA MCINTOSH**, SEATTLE, took my breath away with the wildest rumor yet: My girl friend told me she read that **Sandra Dee** is really 45-years-old and had her face lifted. Is this true? I should say not! It's the craziest thing yet. I don't know how such absurd gossip starts and the only reason I print such nonsense is to deny it and stop it from growing. Sandra was a child actress just a short time ago and has movies to prove it. . . .

You don't have to be Oriental to think Hawaiian actor **James Shigeta** is the most attractive of the new actors, opines **ANN E. CHERRY**. Lots of comment about Shigeta—all to the good. . . .

A belle who signs her letter *I Knew It All Along* writes: Hear the **Jimmy Darrens** are already quarreling—and on their honeymoon, too. Didn't I tell you this marriage wouldn't last? As we go to press it's still on—and aren't you just a bit too gleeful about a possible break-up?

That's all for now. See you next month.

*Rue O. Parsons*

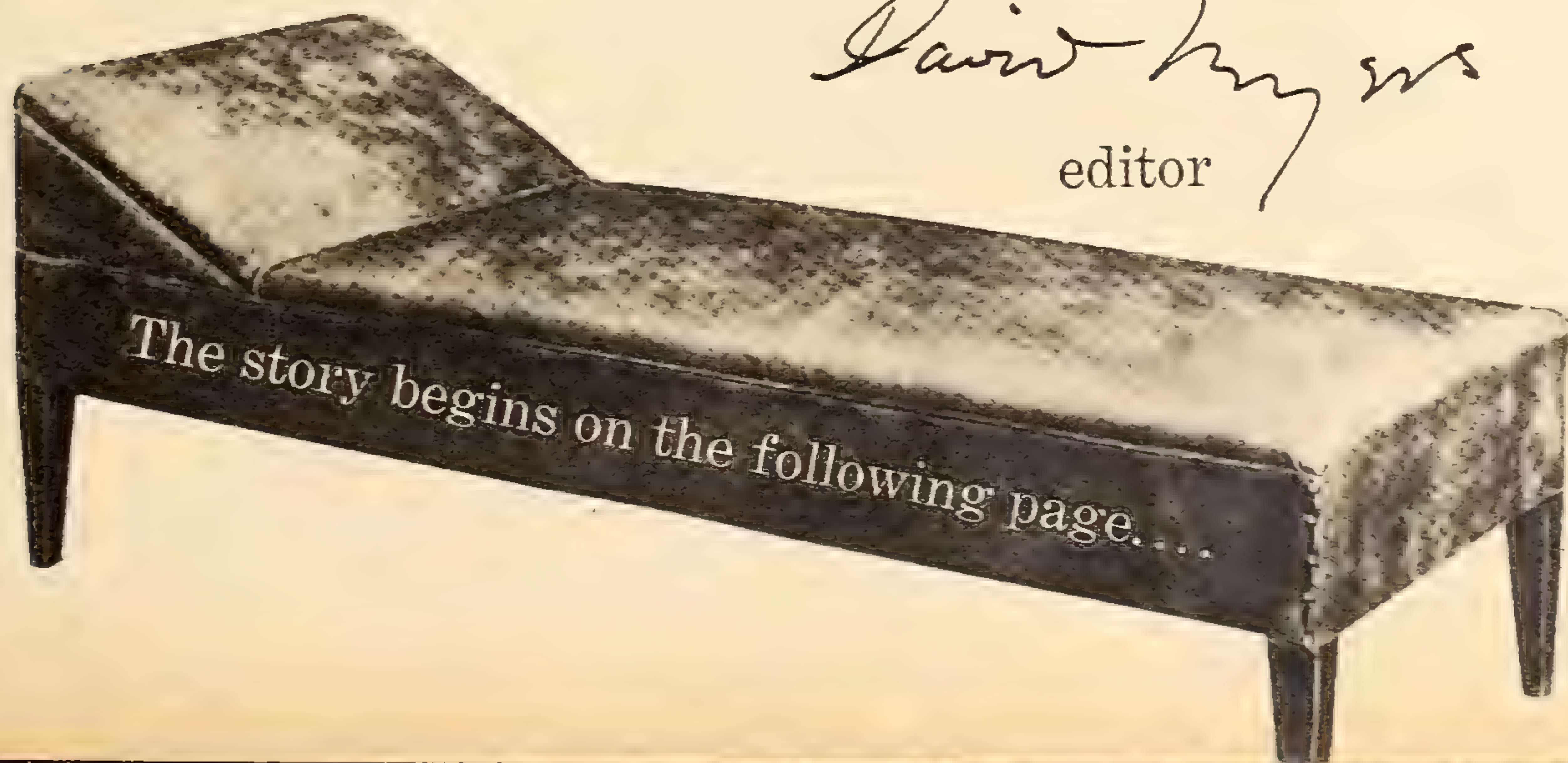


# AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY

To those of us in the motion picture field,  
Marilyn Monroe's behavior has seemed  
increasingly strange and anti-social. Some,  
like Tony Curtis and Hedda Hopper,  
have criticized her publicly. Others  
who, like us, have remained her friends,  
are disappointed that marriage has not  
smoothed Marilyn's relations with people.  
Now, we have received an extraordinary story  
which, like the key to a skeleton closet,  
unlocks the secret of her behavior.

After much deliberation we have decided to  
print this story. For, without the revelations  
it presents, Marilyn Monroe—one of the greatest stars  
of all time—will never be fully understood.

*David M. ...*  
editor









# THE GHOST THAT HAUNTS MARILYN MONROE

“COME on now, who’s kidding who?” the popular Hollywood columnist told the apologetic press agent. “That child has had difficulty from the day she was born. And now

that she’s gotten what she wanted, now that she’s one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, she’s bound and determined to destroy herself.”

This was the third time the columnist

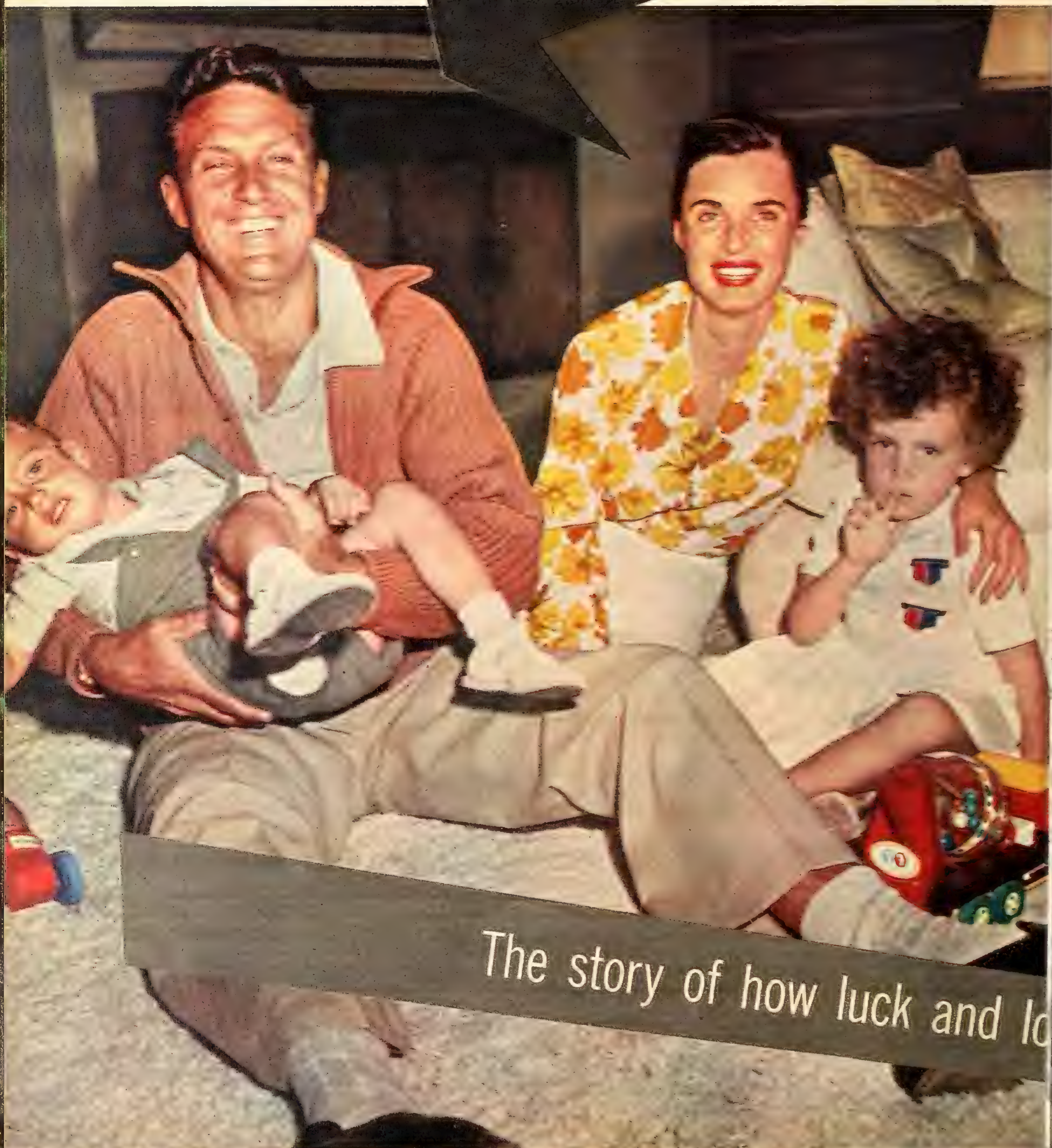
had been stood up by Marilyn Monroe. No, it wasn’t personal. Marilyn had nothing against her.

Nor did Marilyn have anything against the directors she worked with . . . who now refuse to

work with her again. Her tardiness is exasperating, her insistence on approving all the rushes from the day’s shootings, her prima donna demand to have her own private  
(Cont. on page 48)



THIS...ONCE...WA



The story of how luck and lo



# HOLLYWOOD'S MOST MISERABLE BACHELOR

■ It was an April night in Hollywood, 1957, Academy Award night—some two years before TV's "The Untouchables" would come machine-gunning its way to its present fabulous popularity—exactly two minutes before an announcement would be made, there in the crowded Pantages Theater, naming the best-supporting-actor of the previous year.

It was not a particularly tense two minutes.

Practically everybody present was convinced that Bob Stack, one of the five best-supporting-player nominees, and a stand-out favorite, would cop the Oscar for himself that night.

And so the crowd waited calmly, most of them looking over to where Bob and his wife Rosemarie sat waiting, all of them picturing the moment when his name would be called and getting ready to applaud him—a few of them even wondering what, exactly what, the victor-to-be was thinking to himself just then.

"They'd have been mighty surprised," Bob told us the other day, "to know that despite all the polls, all the predictions, I sat there those last few seconds realizing that

I wasn't going to win. The feeling hit me suddenly. I wasn't exactly prepared for it. But it came, and it said to me, 'Charlie, this isn't your night. You've been riding that old bad-

l u c k

streak a long time now. And it hasn't ended, Charlie. It hasn't ended.'"

Just before the announcement was made, Rosemarie, like the others in the theatre, turned to Bob, and she smiled.

"Honey," Bob started to say, whispering, "now I don't want you to be disappointed if and when I don't get it. Because—"

But he stopped.

The announcement, from the stage, loud and clear, interrupted him.

"The winner is. . . ."

And another name—Anthony Quinn's—was called.

"Now, honey—" Bob started to say to Rosemarie again.

But again he stopped.

Rosemarie was still smiling; or rather, she was trying to smile, as if with this smile she could hide the two big tears which had begun to come streaming down her cheeks.

Bob continued looking at his wife, at her smile, her tears.

And then, for a moment, he glanced behind him. He saw a few people he knew, sitting nearby, applauding the winner, while throwing him long looks of sympathy.

"Poor Bob," he (Continued on page 74)

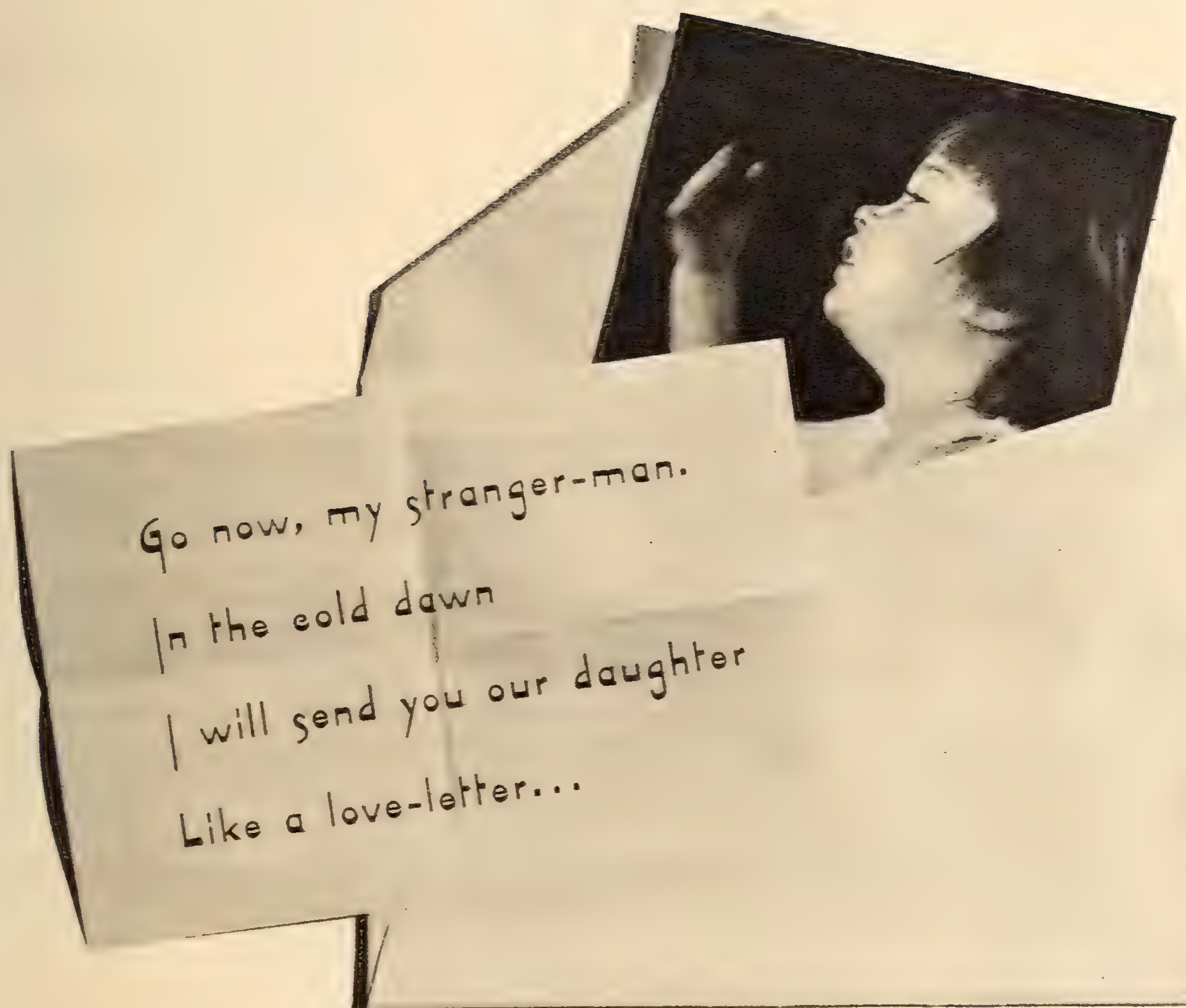
lobbered  
Bob Stack







## The heartache of Shirley MacLaine's marriage



Go now, my stranger-man.  
In the cold dawn  
I will send you our daughter  
Like a love-letter...

- "Will it be long now?" asked Shirley MacLaine's little girl, Sachie. "I'm so tired, mommy."  
"It won't be long, darling," said Shirley. "Here, why don't you just lay your head on my lap and try to sleep. I'll wake you when the plane is here."  
Shirley moved slightly on the wooden bench in the waiting room of the Japanese Air Line in Seattle. They'd been waiting several hours for the plane, unexpectedly delayed, and Sachie's eyes  
(Continued on page 72)







# MY GOD, WILL I END UP A SPINSTER?

■ Kim Novak sat quietly in the sculptor's studio as he worked on the large clay ball which a few moments before had been nothing but an odd-shaped lump. The sculptor's fingers, swift and sure, pressed, formed, squeezed as the fascinated Kim saw the moist mass take on the rough lines of a human head.

"I was hoping you'd give me your answer without my asking," the artist said to the actress, as he stepped back for a long view of his work.

Kim stared down at the floor. "I'll sit for the head, but—"

"But you won't do it the way I want to do it, is that right?" the sculptor interrupted.

"What would people say," Kim asked. "Wouldn't they think—?"

The sculptor stopped his work and looked at her. "Stop it, Kim, you know that isn't the reason. You've never been concerned with what people think or say. Have you?"

Kim said nothing.

"I'll tell you again, Kim. You have a beautiful body. (Continued on page 70)



# AN OPEN LETTER

*please, please, don't  
destroy May's career because  
of her romance with Sammy!*

■ By now it is no longer a secret. The whispers among intimate friends became hints in the columns, like "Could May Britt be the reason Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joan Stuart canceled their engagement?"—and those hints grew into bombs like the one Winchell dropped: "This col'm could have skewpt the field with the Sammy Davis, Jr.—May Britt thing . . . but we tried to protect her reputation . . . so she scooped all of us by admitting it."

You could sense the disapproval, the sneering behind every item. And May knew that with a little bad-taste publicity, her career could be completely wiped out, and Sammy could be hurt badly. In fact, after he announced their (Continued on page 57)

# CO - WORKERS &



TO MAY BRITT'S



FRIENDS ..... ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



# Having found the man she

*Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer*



■ All the kids at the party were beginning to talk about Tuesday. Some of them passed the closed door of the bedroom and snickered meaningfully. One of the fellows there said, "Hey, wonder why Tuesday's locked herself in there. She won't let anyone in." One of the girls replied sweetly, "Let's take a roll call and find out which guy is missing. . . ."

It had started out as a lively party in the apartment of John Franco, one of the arty young men in Hollywood. There were lots of pretty young girls, loads of young men swarming around. Tuesday Weld had come, too. And, so typical of Tuesday, in a short while she was up to something that made everyone talk about her. She'd shut herself up in the bedroom and if anyone tried to come in,

Tuesday would walk to the door, her hair tousled, her feet bare, look at the intruder like a sleepy child and say, "Shhh—now go away and leave us alone."


So—well, the crowd knowing, or thinking they knew, what Tuesday was, began to buzz. "What's the matter with that girl—holing up all this time in the one and only bedroom in the place. Can't she take her sex life somewhere else?"

To the crowd it all figured. Or seemed to. Inside the room, Tuesday held a shivering little kitten close to her breast. "There, there, kitty-pie," she whispered huskily. "Mama will take care of you." The girl seemed to gather some comfort from stroking the kitten. The kitten's shivers subsided and she purred softly against Tuesday's soft body. Tuesday's smile vanished at the knock at the door. Putting the kitten down, she tiptoed to the door, opened it a fraction and said again, "Please leave us alone. Go away. And don't bother us again."

The kitten snuggled close to her, and Tuesday put her sweater over it. "There now, kitty," she whispered, and she felt good to see the change that had come over the frightened little thing. She'd first become aware of it as she had started up the steps to John's apartment. The whining, faint sound seemed to come from somewhere in the alley, across the street. She'd followed (*Continued on page 53*)



loves, Tuesday Weld wonders—

A color photograph of a woman with short, curly reddish-brown hair swinging on a swing set. She is wearing a black, short-sleeved, knee-length dress with a large, rectangular gold-colored buckle at the waist. She is barefoot and has her legs crossed at the ankles. She is looking down and to her right with a thoughtful expression. The swing set has thick metal chains. The background shows a sandy beach, a clear blue sky, and a small building in the distance.

Is it  
too late  
for me  
to change  
my ways  
?



Bobby Rydell looked like a million dollars—  
Suit pressed, shoes shined, a great big smile on his face—  
But

# THE KID WAS STARVING !

■ The red and white '55 Pontiac convertible rolled toward Washington, D. C., when the driver, a dark-haired man in his thirties, pulled it off the road.

"I'm beat!" he said.

"Me, too!" said the blond boy with hazel eyes. "We ought to sleep before we visit the deejay."

"No money," said the man.

"I know," agreed the boy.

"But we don't have to rent a room. Let's take out the blankets."

The man took the blankets out of the rear compartment. He gave one to the boy, who stretched out in the back seat, wrapped the blanket around himself, and fell asleep. Then the man locked the doors from the inside, opened one window vent, set the alarm clock to ring in three hours, wrapped

himself in a blanket, and laid out in the front seat.

When the alarm rang in three hours, they woke with a start. Then they put away the blankets, and drove for another two hours.

"We're only a mile away, so let's wash up," said the man.

He drove into a gas station, and the boy got out and walked into the Men's Room.

*(Continued on page 32)*







# THE KID WAS STARVING !

holding a natty blue suit on a hanger. Inside, he took off his slacks and sweater, washed, combed his hair and changed to the suit, white shirt and blue tie.

Then the man followed him in, and washed up.

Both looking fresh and presentable, they drove over to the radio station and asked for the disk jockey.

"I'm Frankie Day," said the man. "I'm manager of Bobby Rydell, the singer. I wrote him, and he said to drop in today."

The deejay came out in a few minutes, accepted the new record, and spun it in his office, then said, "It's got a good sound, Bobby, and I hope it sells a million!"

Then he smiled, "Boy, you guys must be making a bundle! What do you do with all that loot?"

The boy said, "Got to put it in the bank. Can't touch my money until I'm twenty-one . . . It's the Pennsylvania law . . . They gave me a legal guardian, a lawyer, to watch over it."

*(Continued on page 50)*

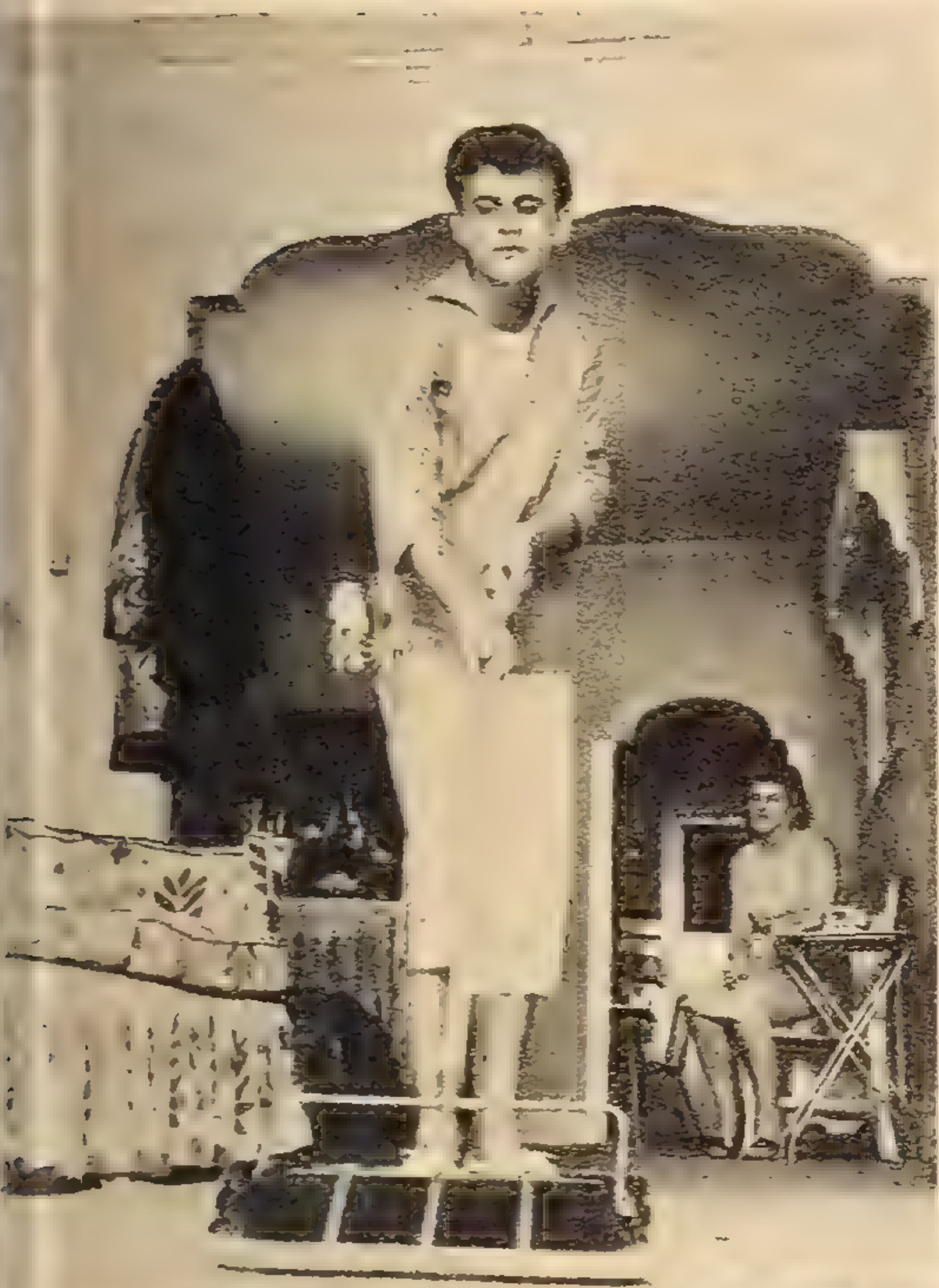
Bobby's fifteen-year-old cousin Angelo (right) remembers the rough time Bobby had getting started in show business and insists, "Not for me." But his manager, Frankie Day (below) is grateful he and Bobby stuck it out. "It was worth it," he says.



This is Bobby's new world.  
No more cheap hot dog stands,  
No more sitting  
Stranded on lonely roads,  
No more long cold nights  
Sleeping in the car.  
Bobby had kept a vow.  
God had answered a prayer.



It's so wonderful to be home it's even worth helping with the chores.



Al Ridarelli is sure proud of Bobby—a fine singer and a fine son.

Off again, but this time Mom won't have to worry about him.



He made that vow when he was only eight years old. Now his dream has come true.



He worked hard for the day he could do something big for Mom.





THIS IS

# VIVIEN

A SHAKEN WOMAN

BY SIR LAURENCE

AFTER 20 YEARS

THIS IS HER STORY



by Beverly Linet

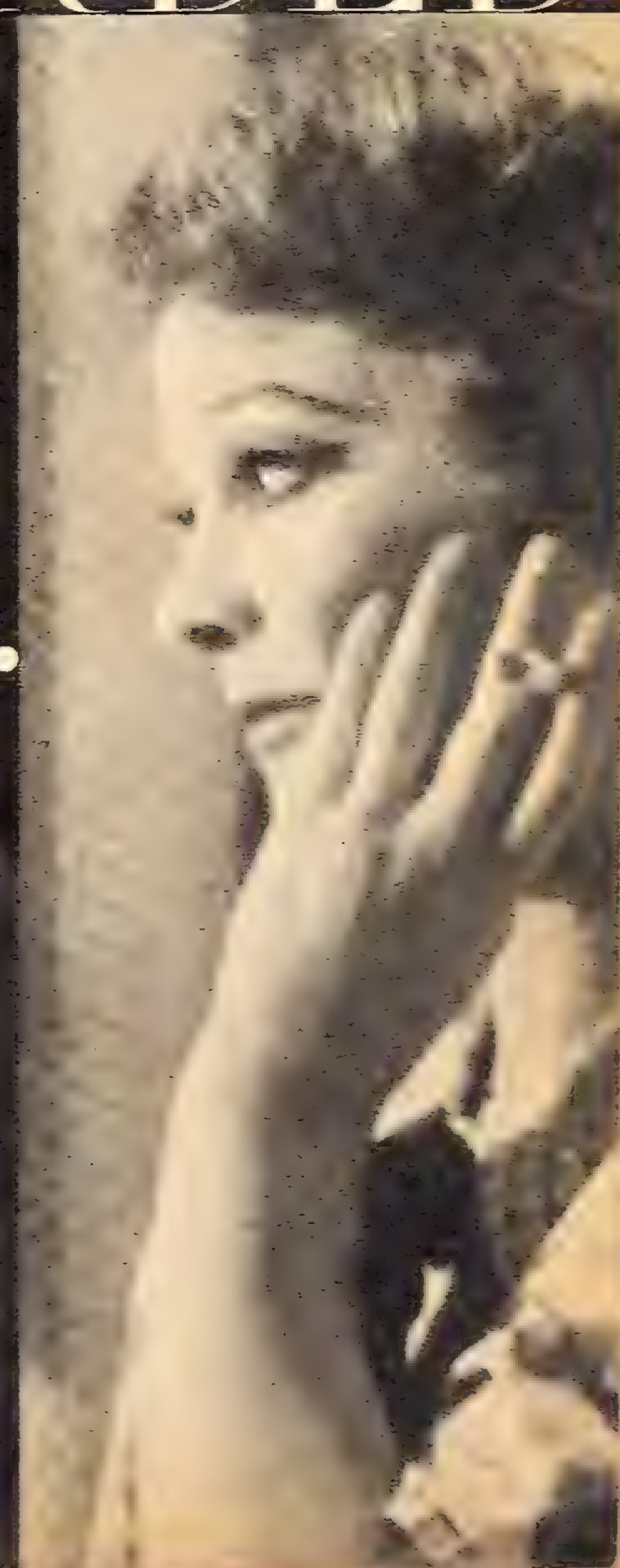
# THE GIRL COLDLY DISCARDED OLIVIER OF MARRIAGE.

■ She still looked beautiful the night she appeared on *Open End*—the lone woman among five men.

A little older, a little tired, a little nervous. But still beautiful.

She toyed absently with her pearls, smoked incessantly, and kept extending her hand to stare at her wedding band.

She talked a little too rapidly—and at times a little inaudibly. (Continued on next page)





# AFTER LIVING HALF WITH LARRY HE **SUDDENLY** FOUND A



Aug. 30, 1940: They were finally married and left for war-torn England together.

But when she smiled, a dazzling piquant smile, the tiredness, the nervousness—and the years slipped away.

She was Scarlett O'Hara again, sitting on her veranda, surrounded by a worshipping coterie of beaux.

And the most worshipping of all this night, was host David Susskind. The week before he

had successfully parried important political issues with the vice-president of the United States.

But in Vivien Leigh's presence he was reduced almost to the status of a love-sick puppy.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he kept saying.



# MY LIFE



1936: Film *21 Days Together*—prelude to 21 years of love.



1939: Vivien came to see Larry, got Scarlett.



1940: She won GWTW Oscar, admitted her love.



1953: After 13 years of triumphs, Vivien had nervous breakdown.



1956: Their happiest moment came when they were going to have a baby.



1956: But exhausted from that charity dance, Vivien miscarried. The marriage faltered.

# YOUNGER WOMAN

He could hardly keep his mind on the subject under discussion.

The subject was "Theater" and Vivien had a great deal to say.

But almost always the source of reference was "my husband."

"My husband thinks this . . ."

Or: (Continued on page 65)



1958: And Larry found solace with young Joan Plowright. →







From the shrine of the Weeping Madonna  
Annette Funicello tells why:

## I KNOW THERE ARE MIRACLES

*Annette, do you believe in miracles?*

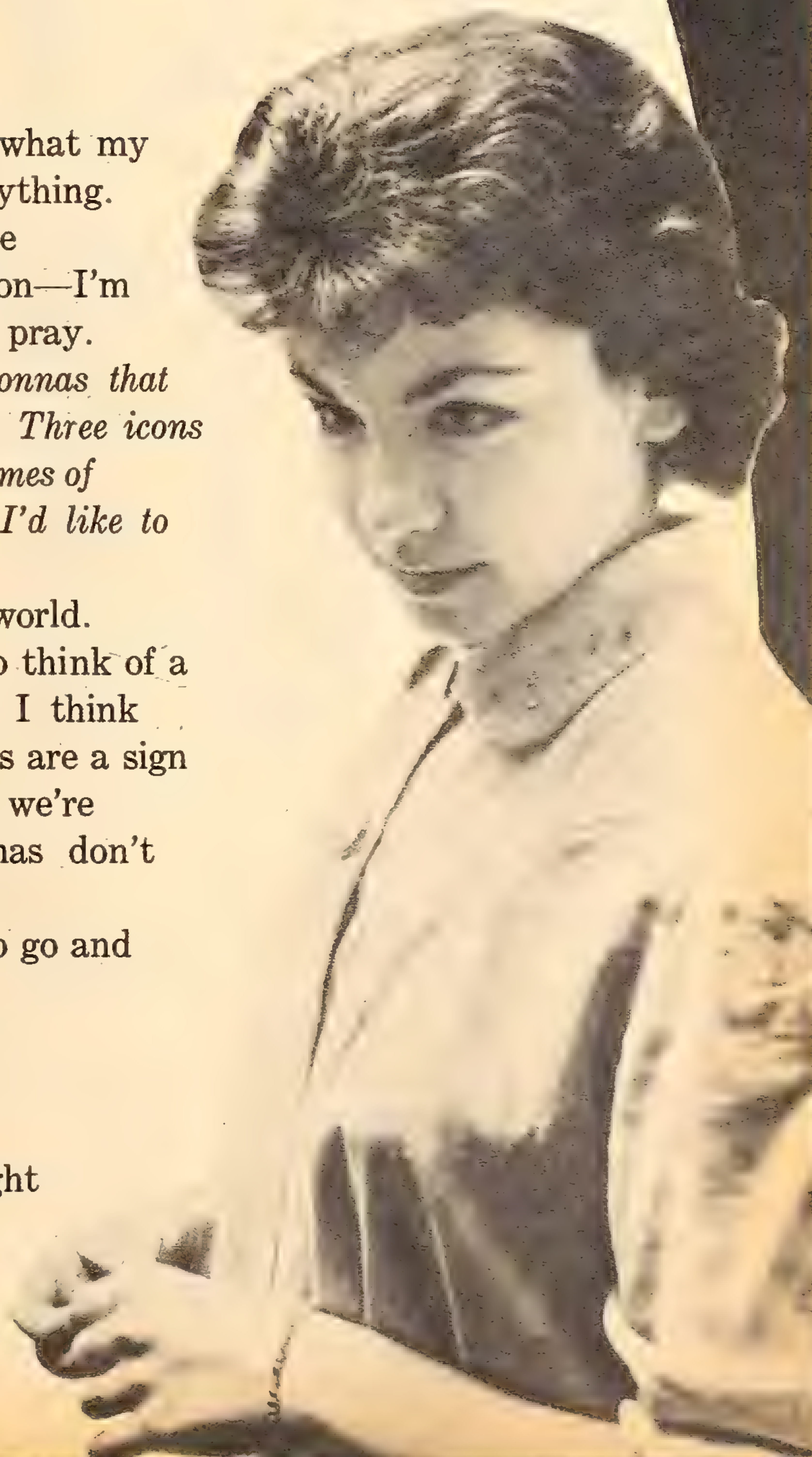
I believe in the power of prayer. That's what my religion's taught me—that prayer can cure anything. And this doesn't mean you pray once or twice for something you need or want. My religion—I'm a Catholic—believes a person should always pray. *What do you think of the "Weeping" Madonnas that suddenly appeared in New York this spring? Three icons of the Virgin Mary were found crying in the homes of several Greek families in Long Island, and I'd like to know what your thoughts on this are.*

At first I thought it meant the end of the world. I don't know why but I did. It scared me to think of a Madonna crying. But now—and the more I think about it—I believe that the Madonnas' tears are a sign of some sort. Perhaps they're a sign that we're neglecting religion, and that the Madonnas don't want to be forgotten.

Of course, the first chance I get I'd like to go and see them.

*Would you consider the Madonnas' tears a miracle?*

I don't think we can classify them as a miracle unless the church decrees it. Right now, I think everybody should pray because (Continued on page 69)





# LIZ WALKS OUT!

■ "I've had it," Liz shouted. "I've taken all I'm going to take. I'm just not going to take anymore."

Her violet eyes were blazing with fury. No one had ever seen her so violent before. And Eddie just stood there looking wretched and miserable. Yet he knew Liz was right—so he remained silent.

For weeks Liz had been angry and unhappy. Each night she'd return home feeling a little sick and ashamed of herself. Each morning she would awaken loathing to face the day ahead. Unable to make a decision she allowed herself to be subjected to indignity and revulsion. Finally she could go on no longer. So she did the only thing she could do: She walked out.

*(Continued on page 63)*







Liz with Laurence Harvey  
on the set of  
"Butterfield 8."





# WE'RE


■ I'm Bobby Darin, bachelor. But not for long. Because there's gonna be a Mrs. B.D. soon. And I'd like to tell you a little about her—my own darling Jo.

She's the prettiest thing you ever saw; brother, she is *pretty*. With that blondish hair of hers, like silk, like angels' hair must be, and those eyes, big and blue, blue as the prettiest blue you can imagine, and that little-girl giggle of hers when she's happy and that little-girl hurt-look about her when something's gone wrong—and with that figure of hers, which isn't little-girl at all, not at all.

Can she cook?

There's got to be a hitch somewhere, so I  
(Continued on page 77)

# GETTING





# MARRIED!



*A Modern Screen Exclusive*  
*by* **Bobby Darin**



# AVA GARDNER'S LOST Baby

■ Ava Gardner was suddenly bored. Like a flamenco dancer suddenly wearied, suddenly flinging down her castanets, she stopped what talking and laughing she'd been doing these past few hours, gulped some wine and got up from the table where she'd been seated with the other two—her old friend, a girlfriend, recently arrived from England, and a man, a Roman, tall, dark and leering, a would-be marquis or count or something—who'd been pursuing her these past couple of weeks, whom she'd invited to dinner this night, whom she'd been very pleasant with, (*Continued on page 59*)



Ava and Katherine Hill  
on the set of  
ON THE BEACH





# DEBBIE IN

● Once upon a time there was a teen-age girl who—

Was the life of the party—any party; you should have seen her

imitation of Betty Hutton singing *I'm Just a Square in the Social Circle* or Red Skelton wiggling out of a girdle;

Loved to talk—no-

body could outtalk her;

Played baseball and went bowling with the boys, and somehow managed to make them view her as a real friend

and not merely as a chance for romance;

Was devoted to her family, not just because they were her folks, but because she sincerely





# TROUBLE!

liked them as well;  
Threw herself into  
what she was doing,  
whether it was playing  
the French horn or go-  
ing off on a field trip


with the Girl Scouts;  
Got a big charge out  
of being alive.

She answered to  
Mary Frances in those  
days and later became

Debbie Reynolds, a  
topmost star of Holly-  
wood, but she kept  
those gay wonderful  
qualities and they were  
the qualities that made

the world fall in love  
with her.

No one has com-  
pletely explained the  
phenomenon, but  
(Continued on page 55)



*Read  
her own plea  
for  
understanding*



# The Ghost That Haunts Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from page 19)

drama coach on the set with her every minute—all these elements have given Marilyn the title of "The Most Difficult Star in Hollywood."

As for her personal life, there's the mess she made of her marriage to baseball star Joe DiMaggio, her unhappiness over her inability to bear children today, her rejection of good friends—never answering their telephone calls, refusing to see them socially.

Misery? When she's a top star, earns millions with every movie? When she's found a husband whom she adores and has his children to help look after? When she's found success in her work and happiness in her home life? What is it, then, that's really bothering her?

There is a ghost that lurks in the dark corners of Marilyn's mind, a ghost that's haunted her from the days of her childhood.

To understand the ghost we must go back, way back to the day of Marilyn's birth. She was born Norma Jean Mortenson on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles General Hospital, and her mother was Gladys Monroe Baker. Her father, Ed Mortenson, was a shady character who loved women promiscuously; and, as soon as they announced the news to him that they were with child he'd vanish, never to be heard from again.

Everyone who knew Marilyn's mother insists that Gladys Baker didn't love Ed Mortenson. He was one of many fly-by-night lovers, for Gladys Baker had the failing of falling in love with men who ran out on her. Ed Mortenson was an irresponsible man whose only pleasures in life were fast motorbikes and fast women. He married in Norway in 1917, deserted his family in 1923, came to the United States and wandered about on his motorcycle, loving whatever women he chanced upon and ditching them as soon as they were pregnant. On June 18, 1929, he was killed in a motorcycle accident near Youngstown, Ohio, when he crashed head-on into a Hudson sedan.

Marilyn never met her father; all she knew of him was that he was a lazy man, a baker by trade.

When Ed Mortenson ran out on Gladys Baker, she tried to locate him but she couldn't track him down. Alone, unwanted, rejected, Gladys Baker lavished her love for a while on baby Norma Jean. For support, Gladys worked as a negative cutter at a film studio lab (it's a known fact that if it weren't for a collection taken among her fellow employees, Gladys Baker wouldn't have had the money to pay the doctor for Norma Jean's birth).

## Sharp whispers

There were sharp whispers among her neighbors, among her co-workers, about Norma Jean's illegitimacy, but Gladys remained defiant and undaunted those first two years, even occasionally brought Norma Jean to work with her. Baby Norma Jean was the spit-and-image of her mom, and she sat by her side while Gladys inspected the negatives for quality.

Then, during the shattering starvation months of the terrible depression, Gladys Baker became sick. Not physically ill with a fever or cold. But moody, easily depressed, lax about everything, not even caring sufficiently to look after her own beloved child.

Her friends lectured her, tried to get her to snap out of her awful state of mind, but Gladys ignored their talk. She told Grace McKee, a friend and co-worker, that she was "fed up with everybody."

A true friend and a kind soul, Grace McKee moved in with Gladys to help her and to look after Norma Jean. She tried to pick up Gladys' dejected and downhearted spirits by dragging her and Norma Jean to the fancy premieres at Grauman's Chinese Theatre to gape at the slick and dazzling box office stars: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Janet Gaynor and Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo and Tom Mix. On Sunday afternoons she'd take Norma Jean and her mom for walks through Beverly Hills to stare at the pink stucco palaces of the movie stars.

Norma Jean nearly burst from excitement as Aunt Grace took them sightseeing through Hollywood, but Gladys grew more and more depressed, talking to no one, refusing to work, cursing the world that she'd been cheated of a decent and good life.

One summer evening at the shabby Baker apartment, Aunt Grace and Norma Jean were pasting photos of movie stars from the magazines in a dime-store scrapbook. "Someday," Grace told Norma Jean, "you're going to be somebody important, you're going to grow into a beautiful girl and a talent scout will find you and make you into the most glamorous movie star ever!"

Norma Jean trembled with inner joy over Grace's dream. "Mommy, mommy," she called out, "did you hear what Aunt Grace said?"

Her mother didn't answer. She sat in a chair by the kitchen table, slumped, mumbling something to herself.

"Isn't that right, Gladys?" Grace McKee called out in her sweet soprano voice. "Isn't our Norma Jean going to be a big star someday?"

Gladys didn't reply.

"Why don't we fix some supper?" Grace suggested cheerfully, a hint of nervousness in her voice.

Gladys remained slumped in her chair. She didn't lift a finger to help. Grace fried some eggs and browned a couple of potatoes, and when they all sat down to the square, oilcloth-covered table to eat, Gladys sat there, immobile, not lifting a fork to her mouth.

"Mama," Norma Jean chided, "your food's going to get cold."

"Let it freeze," her mother snarled.

"Gladys!" Grace reprimanded. "That's no way to talk at the table."

"The hell it isn't," Gladys yelled. And she got up and opened a drawer in the enameled kitchen cupboard, grabbed a gleaming butcher knife and lunged at Grace. "You're . . . you're trying to poison me, that's what!" she screamed out. Norma Jean let out a bloodcurdling yell, Grace

George Burns tells me Gracie Allen won't miss her TV audience because she never knew there was one. "She concentrated so much on her acting," George said, "that one day about a year and a half after we'd been on TV, she said, 'George, what's that red light doing on the camera?' I told her it'd always been there. She said, 'Well, I don't want it. It bothers me.' I said, 'It didn't bother you for a year and a half!'" Anyway, the red lights were taken off the cameras—so Gracie wouldn't be reminded she was on the air.

Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post

ducked and began running in circles around the room with Gladys Baker chasing after her. "You . . . you want to get rid of me so you can have Norma Jean all to yourself!" Gladys shrieked, lunging after Grace again to stab her with the sharp point of the knife.

Grace reached out for Norma Jean's hand, and the two of them ran out of the house. She phoned the police for help and when the policemen arrived they tied Gladys in a strait-jacket and took her to the hospital where the doctors found her mentally deranged.

## Grace's difficult decision

Grace McKee was then confronted with a dilemma. She was not, as Gladys Baker alluded in her hallucinations, a selfish woman. On the contrary, she was selfless giving generously of her time and love to Gladys and Norma Jean who needed outside help. And since Grace worked during the day at the motion picture studio and couldn't take care of Norma Jean during her working hours, she had to have the child decreed a legal ward of Los Angeles County when Gladys Baker was declared insane.

At the age of four, Norma Jean was placed in her first foster home, a farm south of Hollywood where she was treated like a miserable slave. The penny-pinching farmer and his wife worked Norma Jean to the bone, and, in the evenings they had her learn long, complicated prayers of redemption and salvation. They were wild religious fanatics, and if Norma Jean didn't chant hour-long prayers before bedtime she was beaten.

Every two weeks a follow-up check was made by an arrogant social worker who never paused to ask Norma Jean any questions about her life at the farm. All the social worker checked was Norma Jean's shoes to see whether or not there were any holes in the soles.

Norma Jean's only happiness, her only relief from the drudgery of slave labor she was forced into as a child, was going to the "picture show" on Saturday afternoon. The farmer and his wife would give her a quarter and tell her to stay in the movie house until it closed. Then, after they'd finish their Saturday shopping they'd come by and pick her up.

There were other foster families. One was an English couple who boozed every night and held rowdy gambling parties until the wee hours. Eight-year-old Norma Jean prayed for their souls as she fixed their dinner and did the dishes.

Whenever Norma Jean asked about her mother, she was told "Mumsie" was sick. Neighborhood children who had gotten wind of her mother's illness pointed at Norma Jean on the street, and, in hushed voices, whispered that "her mother's the one who's in the crazy house!"

One Sunday afternoon, when she decided to run around the block just for fun, one of the boys, loafing along the street, pointed at Norma Jean and cried out, "Where you running to?"

Norma Jean, in a printed halter and rolled-up blue jeans, laughed. "Nowhere special. Just running around for fun!"

But one of the boy's buddies interrupted cruelly commenting, "Let her alone. Don't you know she's crazy just like her mother? She doesn't know what she's doing half the time!"

Crazy just like her mother! The words tore at her insides like a raw, blistering wind. She knew her mother was crazy. Was she going to be crazy, too?

For weeks the words haunted Norma Jean. She didn't tell anyone about them but the threat tortured her heart. Every waking moment she prayed for her mother to get well, to (Continued on page 50)





*New! Now more than ever*

*Kotex is confidence*

*Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.*

*These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.*

*And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.*





show them that she wasn't going to be crazy forever.

And in late 1934 Marilyn's prayers were answered. Gladys Baker was released from the asylum, and she returned to her job in the lab of the film studio. But Gladys' well-being was short lived. She soon began getting depressed frequently, and one Saturday morning she awoke screaming. She screamed relentlessly for hours, and later that day the ambulance was summoned by the neighbors and Gladys was committed to the Norwalk Hospital for Mental Diseases.

#### Marilyn's horrifying family history

After her mother was taken by the men in white uniforms to Norwalk, Norma Jean learned the family history from Grace McKee who was made her legal guardian.

On her mother's side, both her grandparents had been committed to mental asylums.

Her grandmother, at her death, foamed at the mouth; a raving paranoiac.

And an uncle from her mother's side, in a moment of madness, killed himself.

Shaken, distraught, barely ten years old, a tall, gangling girl whose chestnut-colored hair was too curly, Norma Jean bawled. She cried for her grandmother, her grandfather, her mother, her uncle, for all the blood relatives that were doomed to a screaming world of madness. Night after night she sobbed into her pillow, wondering what was to become of her? Would she wake up one morning to find that she had gone crazy, too?

Within a matter of days she was shuttled off to another foster home where a tough, nasty-tongued woman worked Norma Jean from dawn until night. The woman not only took in foster children (she received twenty dollars a month for each child from the state), but she also took in boarders. And late one afternoon, toward twilight, Norma Jean was on her knees, scrubbing the upstairs hallway.

A door was ajar.

The landlady's favorite boarder, a sour-faced old man who was tall and portly stood by the door of his room. He called to Norma Jean, who had been trained by the landlady to be obedient to the boarders.

But she knew what the fat white-haired boarder was doing to her there in his room was wrong. She choked on short breaths, closing her eyes, clenching her fists tight until her fingernails clawed her flesh. . . .

When he dismissed her, she ran, sobbing, to the landlady to tell her what happened. And the woman reached out and slapped Norma Jean across the cheek so hard that Norma Jean fell to the floor.

"Don't ever tell me anything like that about my Mr. K!" the landlady shouted. "He's the finest boarder I have."

For days, nights, months, Norman Jean lived in fear. Hadn't she committed the unpardonable sin? Was she doomed now to the dark inescapable world of the unforgiven? She started stammering, fainting. The landlady no longer wanted her. Finally Aunt Grace came and packed her clothes to take her "for a ride."

In the car Aunt Grace couldn't stop crying. Norma Jean sensed something was wrong. The car pulled up to the colonial building at 815 North El Centro, and Aunt Grace clutched Norma Jean's hand and led her up the walk to the door. The gold letters on the walnut plaque at the side of the white paneled door read: LOS ANGELES ORPHANS' HOME.

Aunt Grace rang the bell.

Norma Jean screamed. "I won't go in," she cried, jumping up and down. "I'm not an orphan. My mother's alive. You can't put me in here!"

But the attendants came and carried the hollering, kicking girl into the ward. "I want my mother!" she yelled.

"Your mother's in the hospital!" a harsh voice told her.

"But I want to see her. Take me to her!"

"It's impossible!" the voice lashed out. "Why?"

"Because—because she can't see you. She's crazy," the heartless voice blurted, "that's why!"

Norma Jean lunged at the attendant, beating her with her fists.

"Stop that!" the attendant commanded, taking her hands by the wrists and twisting them.

Norma Jean winced, and a pained cry tore from her throat.

"If you don't behave yourself," the attendant barked, "everyone will think you're crazy, too!"

Like a bird who has lost its wings, Norma Jean's cry trembled and died. She lay back on the hard white cot, defeated. Her rigid body ached. She couldn't fight it anymore. She was an orphan. No one wanted her. Not even Aunt Grace.

Her only flesh-and-blood, her mother, was locked in the Norwalk place for crazy people. Couldn't, wouldn't she ever see her mother again?

And then the shiver went through her, the shiver that was to scare her every day of her life. Was this going to be her future, too? Awakening one morning to hear herself raging, screaming, unable to stop. And the siren-sounding ambulance would be called to take her to the fenced-in hospital on the hill.

No, dear God. No!

Never!

She prayed, harder than she ever prayed in her life, for God to help her, to look after her, to protect her from the madness that destroyed her mother and her grandmother and grandfather.

And to this day Marilyn prays.

She prays for protection against the skeleton in her closet, the ghost of insanity, the wraith that haunts her and never lets her rest. . . .

END

Marilyn stars in 20th-Fox's LET'S MAKE LOVE and United Artists' THE MISFITS.

## The Kid Was Starving!

(Continued from page 32)

"Yeah, yeah," laughed the deejay. "Remember me in your will!"

When Bobby and Day got outside, they looked at each other, and burst out laughing.

"He thinks I'm making a fortune," Bobby smiled. "If he only knew! Think we got enough gas in the tank to get back to Philadelphia tonight?"

"If we stick to hot dogs and coffee, yes!" his manager laughed. Then he added, "How could anybody guess that this jalopy has 70,000 miles on it and doesn't carry a spare tire because I can't afford it? How could anybody know that we're starving? . . . That the utility company cut off my gas in my house last week? . . . That the phone company disconnected my phone last month?"

"How could anybody guess that we've got a 600-mile trip to make, and only \$11 in our pockets?"

Bobby said, "Lucky Grandma packed some hero sandwiches for me . . . Let's eat."

They munched their sandwiches, sitting in the car, and then Day said, "Time to go to Richmond. We're due at WRVA-TV in five hours, for the Ray Lamont show."

He gripped the steering wheel, but before he started the car, he and Bobby bowed their heads in silent prayer, as they did before every trip in the old car.

"Thank you God for bringing us this far," murmured the boy. "Don't let the car break down before we get to Richmond!"

But when they were passing by Quantico, with only 50 miles to go, there was an awful hissing sound and then a big bang! Flat tire.

"There's only one thing to do," said Day, wearily. "Phone Lamont and tell the truth. No use lying."

He walked grimly to the nearest phone booth, and phoned Lamont. "We're stranded, and we don't have money for another tire, and this tire's old and bald and beyond patching. . . ."

"Wait!" cried Lamont. "I'll get a tire here, and bring it out. It will take me an hour. But be patient!"

An hour later, Lamont arrived with a good used tire. Then he and Day took off their jackets, rolled up their sleeves, and changed the tire.

Day told Lamont, "Ever since I became Bobby's manager, in 1957, I've told him 'Somebody up there must be looking out for us!' It must be so, because we don't have the money to do promotion, yet we're crazy enough to try it on a shoestring and a prayer. . . ."

He added, "Look at you! You leave your job to come and help us out! It's a miracle!"

They drove on to Richmond, did an interview with Lamont, and left with promises, "We'll send you the money for the tire, just as soon as we . . . er . . . get it."

On the drive back, Frankie Day sighed, "I was minding my own business at Bay Shore's when you came in . . ."

This remark had become a running gag. Yes, he had been minding his own business as bass player in Dave Apple & The Apple Jacks Band at the Bay Shore club, near Atlantic City, in the summer of 1957, when he decided to linger around the bandstand and watch the alternate combo, Rocco & The Saints. Frankie Avalon had been trumpeter for this combo before striking out for himself, and Day wondered if there was any other good talent left in the band.

So he watched, and was pleased. But when a thin sixteen-year-old blond kid with fluffy hair stepped out to do a drum solo, a bit of dancing, and a strong vocal solo, Day was held spellbound. Then when the lad did impersonations of Jerry Lewis and Louis Prima, Day was stunned.

"Such talent!" he gasped. He button-holed the boy later, and found he was Bobby Rydell from Philadelphia, which was also Day's home town.

When Bobby's parents, Adrio ("Al") and Jennie Ridarelli, arrived, Day told them, "I'm very much impressed with Bobby. I'd like to manage him."

But Bobby's dad was not impressed. "Bobby has been an entertainer since he was ten, and people are always telling him they'll make him a star; but nothing happens . . . He's been let down so many times . . . I don't want him hurt again!" he said.

He sighed, "When Bobby was younger, they were going to take him to Hollywood and make him a star . . . they were going to put him on the Jackie Gleason Show . . . they were going to put him on the Ed Sullivan Show . . . (Continued on page 52)





P.S. He was glad he waited...she looked so delicious in "Sugar Plum," one of the newest fashion-fresh colors by Cutex® in long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and creamy new Delicate lipsticks!



(Continued from page 50)

but nothing happened! He auditioned for so many people, and everybody said he's great, but he's too thin, or too young, or too good. . . ."

But Day was persistent, "This boy has enormous talent. Let me try . . . I'll do it slowly . . . I'll train him. . . ."

Finally Bobby's dad said, "I'm a factory worker . . . I don't have any money for special lessons. . . ."

### Electrifying news

Three months later, Bobby Rydell was being managed officially by Frankie Day.

Around 13th and Ritner, in South Philadelphia, the news that Bobby had a manager was electrifying. This was the neighborhood that produced Eddie Fisher, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Mickey Callan, Jimmy Darren and Mario Lanza . . . Why Fabian lived only half a block away!

The row house that Bobby lived in with his parents and grandma, Lena Sapienza, became the scene for new excitement.

Day came around regularly. He persuaded the drummer of his band to give Bobby drum lessons; he got the wife of another musician to teach Bobby new dance routines. Soon Bobby was also taking guitar and vocal lessons.

Day spent all his savings on Bobby's training, then started borrowing money. When he couldn't borrow, Bobby's dad contributed what he could.

After several months of lessons, Day took Bobby to a record hop at Berwyn, Pennsylvania. He wanted to see how the girls would react to Bobby.

What he saw pleased him: the girls screamed with delight.

"You passed the first test; they accepted you as a singer and a personality," Day told Bobby later. "Now we've got to get ready for the interviews; you've got to know how to handle them."

So Bobby and Day sat in the basement of Bobby's house in front of a tape recorder, and taped interviews. Day pretended he was the deejay interviewing Bobby. Then they'd play back the tape and analyze it.

When Day thought Bobby had learned the technique, he said, "Now we have to practice proper expression while singing." So he'd spin records of pop singers, and Bobby would pantomime the singing, in front of a mirror. Day would analyze his style, and Bobby would correct himself.

Finally, Day said, "I think you're ready now to make a record!"

Using his wife Mildred's contacts in the recording business, Day took Bobby to Warner Bros. Records, where they said, "He's not ready." He took Bobby to other record companies, and was turned down by every one. "He's too thin," "He's too young," "He doesn't have a sound," were some of the comments.

"Maybe we ought to forget the whole thing," Bobby said.

"No," said Day. "I haven't lost faith. There's only one thing left. We've got to start our own recording company!"

"How about money? Dad doesn't have any money."

Day said, "I'm broke too . . . But I'll borrow the money."

Day had a lot of friends, and he went around borrowing small sums until he had enough to pay the \$100 license fee and the \$700 for the musicians, to cut Bobby's first disk, *Dream Age*. They named the label Vico.

Day scurried around to get distribution, but it was tough. He tried to do promotion on the record, but he didn't have the money. In desperation, he got a loan from a finance company, putting his apartment's furniture up for collateral. When that money ran out, he borrowed more from

another loan company, using friends as co-signers.

Finally, he got another loan, using his Pontiac as collateral.

But the money was spent quickly in promotion, and unfortunately the record was a bomb. Broke and desperate, Day took Bobby to a local label, Cameo, which fortunately signed him. Bernie Lowe, head of Cameo, agreed with Day that Bobby had what it takes.

### Learning to be misers

His first disk for Cameo was *Please Don't Be Mad*. Day begged Cameo for expense money to take Bobby on a promotion tour. The expense money would be paid back from future royalties.

Bobby and Day then hit the road again, spending the meager expense money like misers. They became clever in cutting corners. They learned how to park the car behind a billboard and take a nap; how to change to their good suits in men's rooms; how to bring sandwiches along and go to the luncheonettes for coffee only; how to tip a porter fifty cents and get a railroad station cubicle for shaving and changing; how to nurse the car along when it started to sound sick.

The deejays, fortunately, were friendly. "Glad to see a quiet, clean-cut kid in a business suit," they'd tell Bobby. "We're tired of the professional teenagers in sports clothes and open collars."

Most of the deejays said, "You've got a good sound, kid . . . maybe you'll make it on the next record; don't give up!"

The next record, *All I Want Is You*, did a bit better. But Bobby and Day were getting deeper and deeper in debt. They couldn't even invite a deejay out for dinner. So they were honest and said, "We'd like to ask you out for dinner, but frankly we don't have the money."

Some deejays said, "Well, come over to my house for dinner, then," and some said, "Stay with us tonight and save hotel money . . . if you don't mind sleeping on the sofas."

### Good signs and trouble

There were good signs: Bobby was being invited to record hops, and more and more deejays encouraged him to keep trying—but the lack of money plagued them. The finance companies kept threatening Day with court action. One company wanted to seize the car. Bobby's court-appointed guardian kept reminding Day that his creditors were closing in on him. Cameo Records gave them expense money but the company's treasurer kept objecting this was too risky.

Everywhere there was trouble and tension.

At Bobby's house, his dad said, "Maybe it's better you go back with a dance band," His mom said, "Don't you feel bad that your records are not selling?" and Bobby kept assuring her, "No, ma." Grandma sighed, "You're not eating your spaghetti; you're too thin . . . You worrying too much?"

At Day's house, his wife had taken a job so she could pay some of the household expenses and enable him to concentrate on Bobby's career. Sometimes she'd leave him a note on the breakfast table: *Please leave your picture. I'm beginning to forget what you look like . . . you're away so much.*

Bobby was having trouble at school. He didn't have time to do his homework properly; he was often too tired to concentrate. Sometimes Day would ask, "Bobby, want to give up?" and Bobby would say, "No . . . I'm willing if you're willing."

On the road, they became increasingly sensitive to cheap living. They could spot

a three-dollar hotel room miles away; they instinctively knew the cheapest most filling food on a menu; they carried shoe polish in the car, to avoid having to pay for shines; they knew how to handle their suits in the car, to avoid getting wrinkles in them.

Day often marveled at how they survived. "To think we've had only one flat tire, traveling without a spare all this time! No doubt about it! Somebody up there is looking out for us!"

Only once did they fail to make a deejay date. Driving on the turnpike to Pittsburgh, they were caught in a snow storm. Without snow-tires, they couldn't move. So they pulled to one side, wrapped themselves in blankets, and waited for the storm to end and the snow-plows to come through. By the time they got to Pittsburgh, the deejay was off the air.

In the fall of 1958, Day's phone was cut off for three months, and he and Bobby had a frantic time communicating with each other. When Day's gas was cut off he and his wife were cut off without heat or cooking gas, and his wife had to take him to relatives for meals.

But, Day said, "As long as I can beg, borrow or steal, I'll stick with you," and Bobby said, "Me too."

In April, his new record, *Kissing Time*, came out. It started slowly, but Bobby was encouraged when friendly deejays wrote him, "You're getting close; this is a fine record!"

Day picked up band jobs one or two nights a week, and put the money into a kitty. When they had enough for a trip, they went off. "Well, we've got \$37," he would say. "If we sleep at a YMCA and stick to hot dogs and coffee, we can make it to Rochester and Albany and back, for two days. . . ."

### On the way

Then Dick Clark put Bobby on his show, and record sales spurted. Soon the disk was on the *Top 100 Chart*; and on the way up!

Day was still staving off creditors. His pockets were filled with lawyers' threatening letters; he couldn't get a credit card because his credit was no good in Philadelphia; his bank was angry at him for his many excuses for overdrawing his account.

Then when *Kissing Time* rose to the top Bobby had an attack of nerves. "What if I can't follow it up?" he asked. "What if I turn out to be a one-record singer? What if my next record is a flop?"

But his next record was a hit, too. *Boys and Girls*—*I Dig Girls* and *We Got Love*—became hits, and got on the *Chart*. So, for a while, Bobby had three songs on the *Top 100 Chart*—something only Elvis Presley had also achieved.

Bobby moved up quickly: the Dick Clark Show, Red Skelton Show, Danny Thomas Show, Perry Como Show. He was voted Most Promising Male Vocalist in Dick Clark's Fifth Annual American Bandstand Poll. The critics called him the most exciting teen singer since Elvis.

On his 18th birthday—April 26th—Bobby walked over to the neighborhood Epiphany Church, where he'd attended so many times with Fabian and other pals. He knelt and prayed, and thought of his dad and his mom, his grandma, and especially his manager Frankie Day, . . . everybody who had loved him and helped him and wished him well . . . and he thanked them and blessed their names!

He smiled wryly to himself as he thought of the Pontiac with 70,000 on some miles on it. "When I'm twenty-one and can spend my own money, I'm going to surprise Frankie and buy him a new car. . . . He deserves it!"

EN



# Is It Too Late for Me

(Continued from page 28)

the weak sounds and had seen the tiny kitten huddled in a corner. Her heart went out to it, and like a child she lifted it and tucked it under her sweater.

"No one's going to throw you out," she'd whispered into the ears of the soft, shaking animal. Upstairs, she'd gone to the refrigerator and taken out some cream. Then she smuggled it into the bedroom and began to feed the kitten.

The story of Tuesday's "bad" behavior at the party was whispered about for weeks afterwards. This is the first time the true story has ever reached print.

## When a girl loses her reputation . . .

Everybody's ready to believe the worst about Tuesday. When a teen-age girl loses her reputation everything she does is judged harshly. For every teen-ager has to know what Tuesday is just beginning to learn. A teen-age girl must avoid not only evil, but the appearance of evil. If she doesn't, and word gets around that she's fast or slightly shopworn, the gossip will grow and travel. The longer the gossip persists, the harder it will be for her to undo the damage already done.

This is what Tuesday is facing today. Is it too late for Tuesday to protect herself from her reputation?

A rather chastened Tuesday is asking that of herself these days. There is a very special reason why Tuesday is beginning to wonder: "Is it too late for me to be good?"

The reason is a boy—a tall, wavy-haired, clean-cut boy. So far he isn't concerned about her reputation. He's heard little about it, and doesn't believe what he's heard. But every day Tuesday wonders, "What will he hear about me today? Will he hear something that will make him want to leave me?"

And Tuesday is learning what a lot of teen girls learn—that she must guard her reputation as her most precious gift, for when a boy comes along whom she really cares for, her reputation may jeopardize his love for her.

## The boy in Tuesday's life

Richard Beymer is a handsome young actor—he played Millie Perkins' boyfriend in *Anne Frank*—and he is the boy in Tuesday's life. She met him for the first time several months ago on a plane flying to Stockton, California, when she was going on location for *High Time*. Immediately they felt attracted to each other. Then they stepped off the plane, Dick pulled her aside and said, "Come on—let's have the others and be by ourselves. Have a dinner with me. I want to know you better."

Tuesday looked at him and smiled softly. While they sat in the small restaurant, he talked about himself. He'd come from a small town in Iowa originally, but when his family moved to Hollywood, he fell into acting. But he'd never gone with the movie crowd. Then he said impatiently, "But it's you I want to hear about. You're a real sweet kid."

Boys had called Tuesday many things before that evening—*kookie*, *wild*, *serpot*. But she couldn't remember anyone calling her *sweet*, the way this boy did, as though he really meant it. She was startled. And because this boy believed this of her, she started showing him a side of herself no other boy had ever seen, except for brief flashes.

Right now, Dick Beymer is in love with Tuesday, and Tuesday with him. He and Tuesday have been virtually inseparable

since they met. It's an odd combination—this boy who doesn't smoke or drink, and Tuesday who has been smoking since she was fifteen and has had a reputation of being "sixteen going on twenty-six."

Their dates are more wholesome than any she has had with any other boy. Dick has a small speedboat, which he keeps in the garage of his parents' house in the Valley. He piles it on a trailer and ties it to the back of his Austin-Healy. Then he and Tuesday drive out in his little car to Balboa. Tuesday wears jeans and a bulky sweater over a bathing suit, her hair pinned back in a pony tail, her face with only a smidgin of lipstick. They get out on the boat and drive it out in the ocean toward Catalina. They share a lunch she's prepared herself. Sometimes Tuesday helps drive the boat. Her hair flies in the wind and she laughs a lot, the spray making her face glisten. Often, Dick cups her shining, young face in his hands and kisses her. "You're sweet, you're a sweet, wonderful kid." And Tuesday glows.

Tuesday has wanted this kind of wholesome date before, but most of her boyfriends thought she was putting on an act when she talked of it.

Once she asked a boyfriend to take her on a date outdoors. He laughed at her. "You're kookie," he said. He thought she was indeed being kookie—affected—and didn't mean what she said. So he took her to a coffee house instead. They sat around in the murky place, populated by beatniks drinking cafe espresso and weeping about the state of the world. That particular night Tuesday didn't like it. She was tired of the whole bit. She got up abruptly, sneaked off, ran up to her home in the hills above the coffee house. Then she got into her car, drove to the beach by herself and ran along the surf. Her boyfriend had waited in his car outside her house, and when she returned in the wee hours he didn't believe her story that she'd driven off to the beach alone.

Until Dick Beymer came along, very few boys believed that Tuesday was getting fed up with night life, that she was beginning to regret her own reputation for being wild, and wanted a wholesome date.

Wasn't she the little darling of the beatniks, Hollywood's *enfant terrible*?

People have tried to tell Dick about the Tuesday they know.

He shrugs off what they say. "I don't know anything about Tuesday's past," he says. "I know her for what she is today. She's a sweet, feminine girl—more like a white kitten than the wildcat they say she is. I've dated different girls, but never took anyone seriously till I met Tuesday. I never associated with actresses before. Not for any special reason, but they just didn't travel in my particular orbit. Tuesday is different from other actresses, anyway. She doesn't care for

parties. Actually, she finds them boring. Just as I do."

Since meeting Dick, Tuesday is not as restless for the parties and the crowds. The other day she told a friend, "There are always a lot of people around to help you get into trouble but you have to get out of it by yourself. So I don't go to parties any more. I like small groups."

"How small?" the friend asked. "Oh, two people," she replied. "The other person is Dick."

## It's different with Dick

Tuesday behaves differently with Dick than she does with any other boy. She not only loves him, she respects him. She can't twist him around her little finger as she has her other boyfriends. When Dick makes a date with her, she keeps it. With other boyfriends, she often broke dates, or came very late with no explanation.

Once, for instance, she had a date with John Franco, whom she used to date often. She was to meet John at his apartment at seven, then they were to go to a restaurant where they were to join other friends of his. Tuesday didn't show up at 7:00—nor at 8:00 or 9:00. John kept telephoning, but Tuesday was out. At 11:30 she showed up. She wore jeans, a red car coat and sneaks—hardly an outfit for dinner in a restaurant.

"What happened?" asked John angrily. "Oh," pouted Tuesday, "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? You knew about our date. . . ."

"Yes, but that's the way it is," replied Tuesday, vaguely.

Another time, when Tuesday had two boyfriends over at her house, she slipped out of the room while both were listening to records, and disappeared for hours. Both men were nonplussed. When she returned, she said, as though nothing had happened, "I just felt like driving in the hills by myself."

With one of her boyfriends Tuesday once went to a party barefoot, in a crumpled, soiled chiffon gown. It had gotten that way when she ran down the hill to meet him. Any other girl would have gone back home to change—but not the defiant Tuesday.

With Dick Beymer, Tuesday is different. She doesn't stand him up, walk out on him or dress in a way that holds her up to talk. She behaves actually wholesomely and normally.

One night when she got into his car, she didn't have a drop of make-up on her face. Her eyes were shining. She hadn't even smoked a cigarette all day. They stopped at a pizza place, which is frequented by kids, and had a great time eating pizza.

## Other men in Tuesday's life

If you're bold enough to ask Dick about the other men in Tuesday's life, he says, "I don't know anything about them—but there's only one guy in her life now, and that's me. I don't know the side of Tuesday that they talk about. I'm not interested in gossip about her. I've never seen that side of her. I love this girl for what she is—not for what people think she is. Tuesday has a lot of finding of herself to do. But we have plenty of time for it. She's only sixteen, I'm twenty-one. We haven't talked of marriage because we're both too young. But we date only each other."

How long, Tuesday wonders, can this idyllic state of affairs continue?

Tuesday has always been subject to swift changes of mood, bitter patches of rebellion—and at the same time there has always been a soft side to Tuesday that few people recognized until Dick fell in love with her.

What made Tuesday this way?

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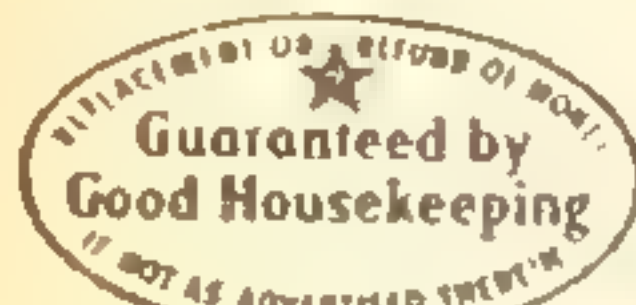
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Her father died when she was three; Mrs. Weld was left with three children—the youngest, Tuesday. Finding difficulty in supporting her three children, in desperation she accepted a neighbor's suggestion that Tuesday would be a good model in the Infants' Department of a nearby department store. Beautiful even as a baby, Tuesday was an appealing little model, and money began to flow into the Weld home.

This turn of events left her older sister, Sally, and her older brother, David, badly shaken. The idea of being supported by a baby sister revolted them, and they began to hate the baby sister they had loved till then. Both Sally and David began to call Tuesday harsh names and to torment her.

Tuesday had adored them. Now she suddenly felt like an outcast. Mrs. Weld said once that it took her hours to convince the child she wasn't as bad as her sister and brother said she was. "I'd have to

build up her ego again and again," her mother said, "while Tuesday cried and cried."

That was the start of Tuesday, the rebel. A Tuesday who had been rejected by her own brother and sister found it hard to believe that anyone else would accept her. To win acceptance as a teen-ager, she was willing to play the role older girls played—to appear harsh and brash.

She ached for attention. She wanted to be part of the gang. If playing at being the queen of the beatniks was the way to win this attention, Tuesday was willing to play.

There was no one to protect her—to teach her differently. If her father had lived, he might have shown her that a little girl is entitled to the strength and protection of a man.

Even after she learned that her reputation was cutting her off from the com-

panionship of nice young boys and girls and giving her a place among the fast crowd, Tuesday continued her attitude of defiance. Her face looked bold, her lips were mocking.

But underneath, Tuesday was hurt.

Even before she met Dick Beymer, former boyfriend of Tuesday's comment: "She was beginning to wonder if she hadn't made a mistake in defying public opinion. But she was too proud to admit it."

"One evening, at a party we both attended, an older man came up to Tuesday and said, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a girl of your age, smoking and drinking and going out with a man old enough to be your father? (At that time, Tuesday was dating John Ireland.) You're living wrong. You'll live to regret it.'"

"Tuesday couldn't think of any retort. She just turned white and began to sob hysterically, then turned to a boy nearby and said, 'Please take me away.' He did—he took her out to his car where she sat sobbing for hours."

#### Naughty child

To attract attention, Tuesday has often proclaimed that she would never get married, that she didn't want to have children. Then she'd sit back, like a naughty child, and notice the shocked expression of people's faces.

Another boyfriend, Mike McKee, an actor, said, "She used to run me ragged. She's unpredictable. Once she had me to her apartment for dinner. She made the dinner—she's a pretty good cook when she feels like cooking. We listened to records, danced. Then she went into her room. After a while, I missed her and called out to her. I went into her room and found she had gone. That's the way Tuesday is—like some wild bird."

But Dick Beymer sees nothing of the wild bird in Tuesday—only a soft little kitten, like the kitten that she herself had once rescued.

Not long ago he took her boating. The sea was stormy and the little craft began to lurch. Tuesday became frightened, and Dick put his arm around her. "Don't worry, doll," he said. "I'd never let anything happen to you. You know that, don't you?"

His arm tightened around her—not passionately, but tenderly, protectively, in the most comforting way.

Tuesday, who has known men's arms around her—most of them demanding seeking—was elated. In all her brief young life this was the first boy who treated her with the gallantry and protectiveness other girls take for granted. Who in the past had there been to protect Tuesday? Not the boys she used to go with—the boys who enjoyed the spectacle of Tuesday acting wild. Her studio has tried, but Tuesday would not accept dictation from them.

But love can achieve miracles that studio brass can't. What she wouldn't do for 20th Century-Fox she does gladly for Dick. She smokes less when she is with him; doesn't take on an attitude of defiance. The submerged side of herself—the feminine, yielding side—is coming out for the first time on her dates with Dick. For Dick she is willing to don an apron and be like every girl who wants to please a man—cooking his favorite dishes, hovering over him while she serves him.

To Dick she isn't a broad or a beatnik—but a sweet, lovable girl whom he adores. And because of it, there is a new softness about Tuesday these days. For the first time in her life, Tuesday is in love and knows what it is to be loved.

And love is working its own tender miracle on her, the miracle of knowing that it isn't too late to be good.

Tuesday is next in 20th-Fox's HIGH TIME



# Debbie in Trouble!

Continued from page 47)

Debbie, more than any other star of her time, had the personality to win everybody. She was the young girl's ideal, the teenager's alter-ego, the older woman's daughter and every man's "girl next-door." But the extent to which her fans felt involved with her was unknown until the day her husband walked out on her and her two little children for the love of another woman.

That day bedlam broke out.

Every magazine and newspaper was inundated with letters, ninety percent of them indignant, all of them emotional, written by people who had never penned a note to an editor before. Many of the letter writers felt that their lives and emotions had been forever altered by the tragedy that had befallen this innocent young mother.

Hollywood itself, a place where divorce and broken homes go unnoticed, found itself split into factions. Those who were on Debbie's side, and those who were violently on Debbie's side.

And as is often the case, all the fuss and emotion and heartache turned out to be very useful to Debbie's career. It did not escape the eye of the producers that Debbie commanded the loyalty of millions of fans, and that it would do their films no harm at all if they starred Debbie Reynolds.

Debbie too noticed this fact. She raised her price.

Hollywood wise guys pointed out a fairly stressing fact... that although everybody loved Debbie, not too many people went to her movies... because of this, no producer in his right mind would pay Debbie's price.

But the producers paid.

And nothing rankles like success.

People who began by admiring Debbie's over business sense ended by calling her the girl with the cash-register mind. "Didn't she make Eddie pay and pay and pay for his divorce? Wasn't she charging a quarter of a million dollars per film? And wasn't she looking for a new kind of husband? A rich one?"

## The effect on Debbie's fans

Hollywood is not a loyal town. Friends ordered their hearts towards Debbie. That care-free gaiety now looked like a commercial coyness to be turned on and off. Debbie felt it to her advantage. That sweetness, they said, was "for the rubes"! The fans too were losing interest. They didn't turn against Debbie, but they were writing fewer and fewer letters. Some of them wondered what she saw in Harry Karl, a man so much older than she.

This was not the Debbie they had fallen in love with. This was something else... and they weren't quite sure how they liked it.

And all of this came to Debbie's attention. This, she knew very well, was the beginning of trouble. It is still going on, and more and more letters ask, *Why has Debbie changed?*

It would be futile to contend that today's Debbie Reynolds is unchanged from the boy who starred for the Girls Athletic Association of Burbank High School. Debbie herself admits that it is impossible. She observes:

If I haven't changed since I was sixteen, better see a doctor, I'd need some new vitamin pills or something.

I believe I have grown up in the past years. I don't believe I have matured completely. I sometimes wonder if people

ever really mature, even when they grow old."

The change in her financial status is immense. From a girl who earned Christmas money working at J. C. Penney's for fifty cents an hour she has become a star who can make Hollywood's top money deal. Recently her outstanding commitments were estimated to be worth eight million dollars. This turns out to be an underestimate. Ten million would be more realistic.

Naturally, someone with that kind of earning power is not going to remain The Girl Next Door. And yet, it is amazing how little Debbie has changed in her ten years in the movies. This is not sheer sentiment; in many ways, she is little different from the fun-loving teen-ager from Burbank.

## Debbie on the set

Life of the party? Recently, on the set of *The Pleasure of His Company*, she was all over the place, exchanging banter with the script girl, make-up man, hairdresser, sometimes in a Hungarian accent à la Zsa Zsa, sometimes in a French accent, sometimes in Japanese. Her longest routine came when she learned George Seaton spent his spare time learning German because he was next going to direct *Counterfeit Traitor* in Germany.

"Are you a Cherman boy?" she kept asking him. This was a routine of Tommy Noonan, whose comedy act she watched nightly for five weeks when he was appearing on the same bill with Eddie Fisher at Las Vegas' Tropicana. She got Fred Astaire into the act, instructing him to play straight man in the Noonan routine:

Debbie: Are you a Cherman boy?

Fred: No, I'm not.

Debbie: You must be a Cherman boy—aren't you?

Fred: No, I'm not.

Debbie: But you must be. Say you're a Cherman boy—say it!

Fred: All right! I'm a German boy.

Debbie: Dot's funny—you don't look like a Cherman boy.

Fred went away laughing, and Debbie went into her dressing room to continue her imitation of Noonan. She went through his whole routine of a television chef making a gourmet dish while testing all the liqueurs that went into it. She ended up gassed and cross-eyed while her listeners were in stitches.

Debbie the Clown shifts into Debbie the Serious Talker—with no clashing of gears—when she is asked if she has changed.

"Not really," she begins. "Not in the things that matter. My life is pretty much the same as it was before I was married. I'm very happy this way. I have time to spend with the people I love. And I have time to devote to my career."

"If I were married, I wouldn't be able to have as full a career as I have had in this past year. I didn't have a full career when I was married. When you are a wife, you must devote yourself to your home and your husband. Your life centers around him, and in some businesses it means a lot of social life, too. You must give parties and go to certain functions that are important."

Without a husband to look after, Debbie says her life has settled down to this: "Work, family, a few dates, my charity work."

By "a few dates," she means just that. When she's working in a picture, as she has almost steadily for a year, she dates only on Friday or Saturday nights. She won't go out during the week because it would prevent her from seeing her children. Since she leaves for the studio almost at dawn, her only time to see them is in the evening.

"That time is very important to me," she says. "I resent it when something interferes so I can't get home in time to see them."

## Debbie's social life

What about her dating? One of her steady beaux is millionaire Harry Karl, a far cry from the hot-rodders she used to date in Burbank.

"But you'd be surprised about Harry," she says. "He seems very dignified, and he can be dignified. But he has a very sly sense of humor. He can be lots of fun, too."

"As a matter of fact, Harry and I often have the same kind of dates I used to have in high school. We go bowling. Yes, I mean it—Harry and I go bowling! We don't go to the fancy places around town, because I don't like to get all dressed up when I go out. In fact, the thing I like to do best is go to the movies. Harry loves them, and so do I."

"That's another thing that hasn't changed about me. When I was very young, I went to the movies about once a week, because that was all I could afford. But when I was sixteen and starting to earn my own money, I always went to the movies at least three times a week. I'm still crazy about the movies. I love to go and stuff myself with all the popcorn and Coke I can hold. There's nothing I like better."

Another bowling partner of Debbie's is Leon Tyler. In contrast to millionaire Karl, Leon is a part-time actor who also pumps gas at his father's service station. Debbie's friendship with him goes back to the age of thirteen, when he taught her to jitter-bug.

"Leon is my best boy friend," she explains, contrasting those two words with the term *boy-friend*. "It is strictly platonic, but we have wonderful times together."

"Like last week end. He took me to a roadhouse out in the San Fernando valley. What a place! I didn't know such places existed. The people there were really flying and having a ball. They had a four-piece rock 'n' roll combo of high school boys, and the juke box played between sets; Leon and I danced up a storm. I've got to take Fred (Astaire) out there some night."

Another boy friend of Debbie's is Paul Lillard. He also goes 'way back in her life.

"It was during the Korean War," she recalls. "My mother and I would go through the fan mail, and we noticed a certain boy who kept writing from Korea. He was a private in the Army and he had no family, so we sort of adopted him."

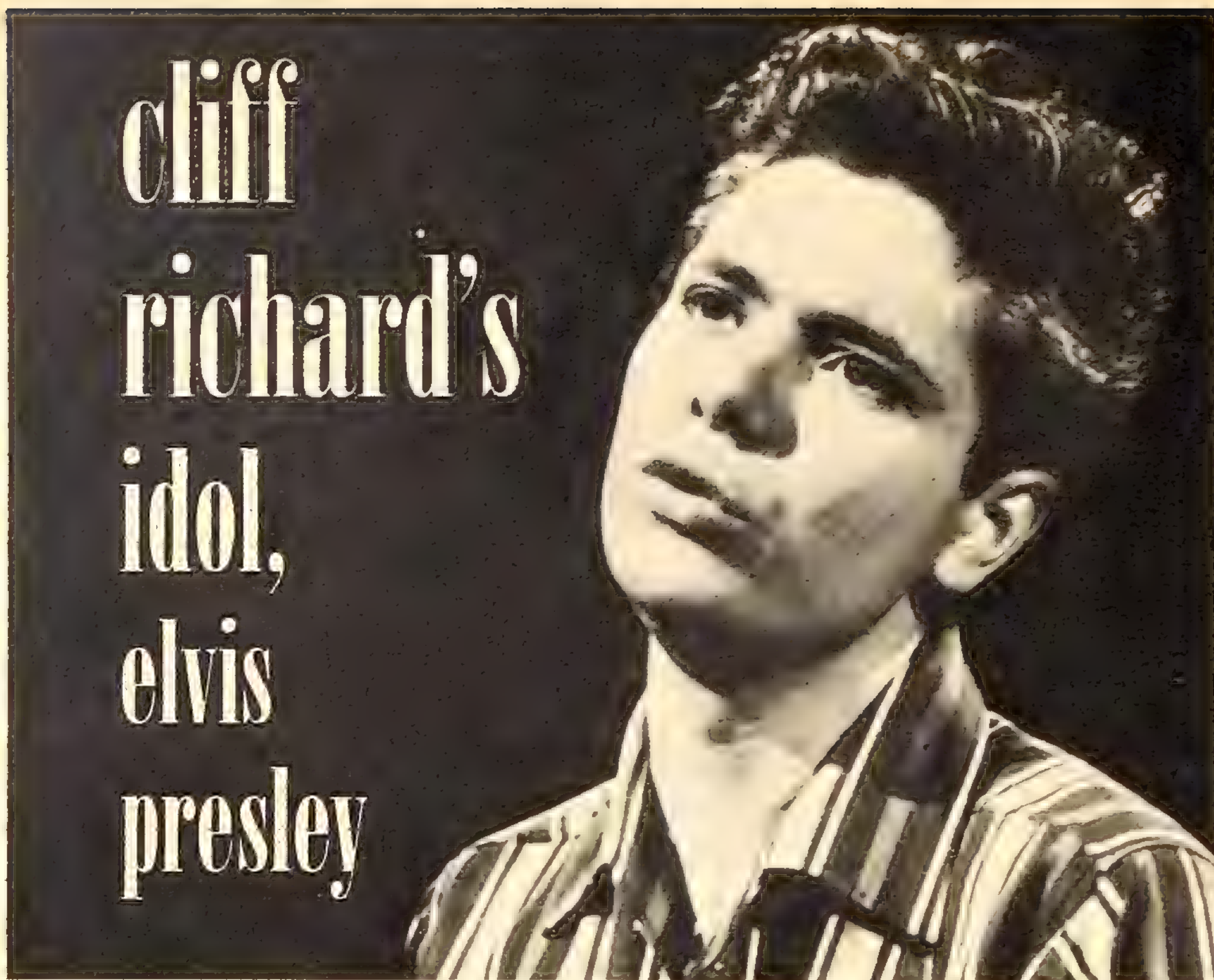
"He really had a fantastic life in the service. He was in one outfit that had only ten survivors, another that had only four. Then he was put in charge of a group of Greek soldiers who were absolutely fearless. He had a charmed life. He was wounded twice and captured twice, but he escaped both times. He always says, 'The Good Lord saved me to hang.'"

"When I went over to Korea with Walter Pidgeon and Keenan Wynn, the Army took him out of the front lines so I could meet him. They gave him a new uniform and a shave, because he looked like Fidel Castro with his beard. He and I hit it off great."

"He came to California when I was away in Jamaica. My folks took him right in; he moved into my brother's old room and became a part of the family. He stayed for two months and decided to settle in Burbank, where he works for the post office."

"He remains one of my best friends—I call him my adopted brother. He drops by the house occasionally and when I give a party, he acts as bartender. He's a character—wears a Confederate cap and keeps





It began the day that England's Cliff Richard first heard a new record called *Heartbreak Hotel*. Elvis Presley was more than just an original new singer to Cliff; he was pioneering the kind of music that Cliff himself intended to make his way of life. And whenever Elvis issued a new disc, Cliff's family knew it wouldn't leave their gramophone for weeks.

By the time rock 'n' roll star Cliff Richard had become Britain's answer to Elvis, he prized every Presley disc ever issued. Cliff didn't even mind the criticism that he was a complete imitation of the "King of Rock."

When El was stationed in Germany, Cliff became determined to meet his only idol. But he had been voted Britain's most promising new singing star, and with numbers like *Livin' Doll* and *Travelin' Light* topping the British hit parade, he was never left time for vacations in Germany or anywhere else.

So Cliff wrote a fan letter: *I hope to visit Germany soon, and when I do, could you possibly spare the time to see me?*

A month later the reply came. Eagerly Cliff studied the Bad Nauheim postmark and ripped the envelope open. It contained one postcard picture of Elvis—and that was all.

*My letter must have been handled with all the usual fan mail, thought Cliff. For surely if Elvis himself of Cliff Richard. He decided*

Finally Cliff got a vacation course. But at Elvis' house, a the door. "You'll have to see if you want to see him," said she's making appointments

They managed to get El's that proved just as fruitless. Richard?" said a voice at "So what do you want—an

Cliff left, disillusioned.

bid to do a tour in America with Frankie Avalon. He was thrilled—but worried, too. Maybe they'd be as unimpressed with him as they were in Germany.

A half an hour before take-off a telegram arrived for him at the airport.

All his worries disappeared. The wire read:

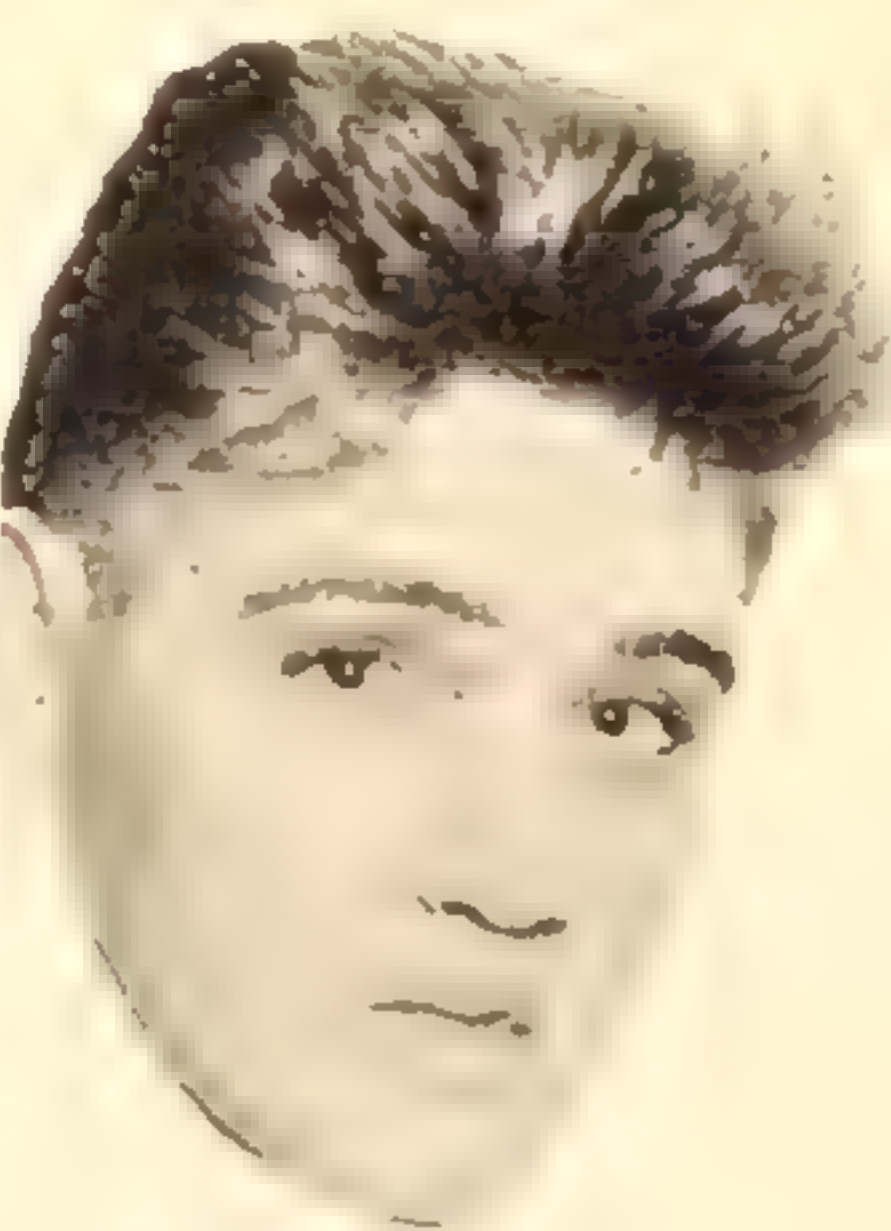
DEAR CLIFF, I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE OUR BAD MANNERS RECENTLY. I UNDERSTAND YOU CAME TO BAD NAUHEIM SPECIALLY TO SEE ME, AND WHEN YOU CALLED, SOMEONE WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A WHOLE LOT BETTER ACTED AS IF HE'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU. I CAN ONLY APOLOGIZE.

I'VE WATCHED YOUR PROGRESS ALL THE TIME AND HAVE LIKED YOUR RECORDS A LOT. I HOPE WHEN I GET OUT OF THE ARMY WE CAN GET TOGETHER SOMETIME AND I CAN MAKE UP FOR YOUR LAST VISIT. MEANWHILE, HAVE A BALL IN THE STATES. I KNOW THE AMERICAN AUDIENCES WILL LIKE YOU A LOT.

YOUR BOY, ELVIS

P.S. They did, too!—and especially his new film *Expresso Bongo*.

Elvis' latest film is Paramount's *G.I. BLUES*.



telling us "The South will rise again."

Debbie's oldest and best friend is Jeanette Johnson. She's a gym teacher at Gledale High School. They have known each other since they were ten.

"Jeanette is busier than I am," says Debbie. "She's always sponsoring dances, clubs or something. It has gotten to be a joke between us. I call her up and say, 'How about having dinner with me tonight, or do you have a meeting of the Hi-Y Tri-Y Sky-Hi or something?'"

Another close friend is Camille Williams, whom she has known since she was thirteen. She is also busy; as part of D. Dailey's dance troupe she is rehearsing traveling most of the time.

"All three of us are really close friends even though we sometimes don't see each other too often," Debbie explains. "It takes years to make friends like that."

"With true friends, you don't have to see each other all the time. We have to arrange our schedules so we can get together. But when we do, it's as if we have just seen each other yesterday. Recently all three of us were together for the first time in a year. We didn't talk about what happened to us a year ago. We said, 'What did you do yesterday?'"

Debbie's best friend among her fellow performers is Marge Champion. The friendship dates back to when they made *Give a Girl a Break* for MGM.

"I didn't get to know her very well then," Debbie says, "because we were both very busy with our careers. Later, we each had a baby at the same time and we became fast friends. Marge is a wonderful person so warm and understanding."

"Now our children are very close, too. Gregg Champion is Carrie's boyfriend, and they both admit it. He talks to her on the phone from New York and says, 'Carrie, why don't you take a plane and come and see me?' She answers, 'Why don't you come and see me?'"

Nowadays, Debbie could afford to eat nightly at Romanoff's. But do you know what she likes best? Mexican food. Enchiladas, tacos, fried beans, tortillas, churros, tamales—the whole works.

"I've always loved Mexican food best," she says. "Another passion of mine is black olives. I'm mad about 'em. When I was a little girl, I used to save up my money to buy black olives because we usually couldn't afford them."

She still doesn't smoke or drink—"maybe a little red wine with dinner. But whiskey or any hard liquor—just the smell of it makes me ill."

Another item: she still goes to Sunday school every Sunday. Now she attends with daughter Carrie.

There they are: the arguments that Debbie hasn't changed. You'll hear other testimony to the contrary. There are those who claim she has lost her sweetness, citing her performance with Jack Paar as an example. But Debbie was never really sweet in the manner that Ann Blyth is, though many writers tried to sentimentalize Debbie's early romance with Eddie.

Her cutting up with Paar was no different from her riotous Miss Burbank cost test imitations that began her fame.

Debbie will go on leading the same life the only kind she has known.

"I don't think I've changed in anything that is really important," she says. "I live the way I do because I like it this way. It may seem dull to a lot of people. But it isn't dull to me. I hope people will understand. I pray they'll understand. Yes, I've changed, but not in any way that's deep and important . . . not one bit."

Debbie stars in Paramount's *THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY*; guests in Columbia's *PEPE*.



# May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr.

(Continued from page 26)

forthcoming marriage, his London show was being picketed and May herself denounced.

What hasn't been printed is the circumstances that led up to a relationship which has become the talk of the town. That is what we want to do now:

The story begins when May Britt's young husband, Eddie Greggson, left her. She was in a country foreign to her, in Hollywood, with no one to help her get over the shock of her broken marriage. Her once promising career was now in a state of limbo. Her studio did not know what to do with her, how to spot her in the right part.

Her life was crumbling before her. Yet May's career had begun in a most promising fashion. Following a bit in *War and Peace*, she won her first good reviews playing the sensuous German temptress in *The Young Lions*.

Twentieth put her under contract and tried to ignite the same sort of fire under her that had caused American audiences to take Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo to their hearts.

She made *The Hunters* for Twentieth, but it came off less than effectively for her. Then they gambled on May in the remake of *Blue Angel*. The critics' comparison of May to Dietrich (who played the part originally) made her come off second best.

With the poor results of *Blue Angel* beginning to haunt her, and with no other picture lined up for her, she turned to her husband for the assurance that she so desperately needed. . . .

Her marriage, too, had begun in a most promising way. She remembered the first night she had met Eddie. His father, a friend of hers, had asked her to drop by the house, and when Eddie held her hand to welcome her, her heart did a fast pitter-patter.

Eddie was still in his teens, younger than she was, but May felt that with him she would always know the meaning of giving love and accepting it warmly in return.

A whirlwind courtship swept May off her feet, and she gave of herself in accepting Eddie as she had never dreamed of giving herself to any man. But, Eddie, the college boy, was not yet ready for the responsibilities and problems of marriage. He left, and as the front door to their honeymoon retreat slammed shut on her, she began to doubt herself as a woman.

Soon she was to flinch reading items like this from Winchell: *Cara Williams is now the adored of Eddie Greggson, and he has asked May for a quickie melting so that he can make Cara his next wife.*

May thought it all out carefully. There was nothing she could do to win her handsome, dark-haired Eddie back, try as she might.

May, her heart smashed to bits, took to staying alone and seeing no one. She would walk alone along the beach and let the wind blow the misery from her for a few peaceful moments.

Actor-director Theodore Marcuse said of May, during the beginning of this trial period for her: "May is a most sensitive creature. She never had that much confidence in herself to begin with, and now, the man she believed in, and trusted, has left her. No woman I know feels more alone than she does right now."

## The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A. It's true! One is "physical,"** caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A. The "emotional" kind.** Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



**Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?**

**A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop\*. So effective, yet so gentle.**



**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A. Because of Perstop\*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."**

## Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop\* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



**49¢**  
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\*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants





# SPENCER TRACY: *states' rights*

The young man looked furtively up and down the street, hurried along until he came to a building with the flag of the State of California, then scurried through the open door. Inside, he drew a breath of relief and muttered, "I'd sure hate to have *him* see me here."

He got out a bunch of papers and took his place in the long line. As he waited, he thought over the incredible events of the evening before. He'd gotten a phone call from his idol Spencer Tracy! The boy's aunt was an old friend of Mr. Tracy's but he was much too proud to "use" anyone, much too proud to trade on family pull to meet anyone.

It even hurt his pride to be standing here, in the Unemployment Compensation line, but his last film—his *only* film, to be truthful, though he'd had a small but good role—had ended months ago and he hadn't been able to find anything else since.

He'd been seriously thinking about quitting; he could hardly call himself an actor after one job. If he didn't get something by the time his Unemployment checks ran out, he'd admit defeat and go back home. . . .

And now to think that Mr. Tracy had phoned *him*, had told him he'd "shown a great deal of promise in your last film" (what a kind way to put it!) and said he had to be downtown the next day on some "very important business" and suggested lunch. The restaurant, the boy knew, was very near the Unemployment Office. So he'd have to be very careful not to let Mr. Tracy see him.

His business completed, he turned from the window and hurried away. He thought for a moment that he heard someone calling after him, calling his first name. But it was probably another unemployed actor, and he had no time for that today. . . .

The boy entered the restaurant, safely unseen as far as he could tell, and sat down to wait. Quite some time later Spencer Tracy arrived and said, "Sorry to keep you waiting, Son. I got held up at the Unemployment Office."

"—the where?"

"Got held up signing for my next check at the Unemployment Office," Spencer Tracy repeated. "Matter of fact, I thought I saw you there too. You know it's quite a meeting place! Young man looked like you but he rushed on out, so I guess it wasn't." He added with a twinkle in his eye, "If you haven't already signed up for it, you really should. We pay taxes for it, you know. It's our right and our privilege. I believe that every actor should preserve his franchise—never can be sure there won't be a long siege of bad times."

And with that, the two actors sat down to order lunch.

Producer George England became a friend. But, with his marital status still in doubt with his actress wife Cloris Leachman, May chose not to be the one to break up a marriage and leave Cloris as unhappy as she was.

George England still speaks highly of May. "She deserves so much. I wish her happiness in her search for it."

Then, Sammy came on the scene. He seemed to understand the great strain she was under. And he offered to help her. For a while, May relegated all her insecurities and fears to the decisions Sammy seemed to have for each problem.

Sammy's reputation scarcely recommended him for the role of father-confessor or decision maker. His whispered-about romance with Kim Novak had put heavy pressure on him to stay clear of Kim. Sammy protested that theirs was only a friendship, but rumor had the late Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures at that time, just about ready to kill Sammy should he persist in courting the studio's \$20,000,000 investment.

Shortly after that rumor came out, Sammy married dancer Loray Scott. It was reported that their courtship lasted a lengthy six days.

Divorce quickly followed for Sammy, as Kim hiked herself off to Europe and dated such international charmers as the late Aly Khan and Count Mario Bandini.

Sammy was good for May, in the beginning. With the perpetual energy of a hurricane, he left her little room for brooding, by keeping her as busy as possible. After a while, however, she began to sense his personal magnetism was beginning to creep under her skin.

With each step they took, her feelings changed. She had taken his compassion and understanding and turned it into something that was beginning to frighten her. She had begun to fall in love.

They tried to fight the feeling that was overpowering them with each passing moment. And May tried desperately to keep her heart from the world's gaze.

She even tried to break with Sammy. She was about to tell him that they could no longer see each other, even though it would hurt her to have him gone from her life. But May could not end their friendship. Dangerous though it was to both of them, it had lasted too long and meant too much to die easily.

Then in London, Sammy startled the world with his announcement that, after May's divorce became final September 28, he and May would marry and raise a large family. He admitted that the marriage might affect their careers. "But I'm ready to take the risk," May said staunchly. "I'm my career is so flimsily put together," Sammy insisted, "that my marriage may ruin it, then my career isn't worth much."

Less than forty-eight hours after, the first ugly insults began. Pickets threatened to boycott Sammy's show, demonstrators carried signs vilely attacking May.

May has no Harry Cohn, as Kim Novak did, to save her career. She does not have the millions of fans to rise to her defense.

But she is going through this difficult time with courage, supported and strengthened by the love of the man she loves. She is "aware that this marriage is crisis in my life." And she knows that Sammy "needs loving as much as I do. Lots of it, and lots of children."

As for trouble, well, she expects it. "My film career will suffer in the States, will make films on the continent."

We hope it won't have to come to this. We hope May's career is not destroyed because of her romance.

EN

May stars in 20th-Fox's MURDER, INC. and Sammy in Warners' OCEAN'S 11.



# Ava Gardner's Lost Baby

(Continued from page 44)

gay with, up till now. Except that now the mood had overtaken her suddenly, the sullen mood, the had-it mood. And so she'd dropped the gaiety, gulped her wine and gotten up from the table.

She walked across the room, to a phonograph, and she put on a record.

She listened for a moment, to the voice on the record.

It sang something about nightingales singing, singing sweet.

"Si-na-tra?" called out the man at the table, teasingly.

"That's right," said Ava. "Sinatra. And me," she added, shrugging, as if for no particular reason, "I'm the ex-Mrs. Sinatra." She laughed. "Amen."

The man at the table laughed, too. "Sei ubriaga," he said. "You are drunk."

"Am I?" Ava asked, shrugging again.

The man got up from the table and started walking towards her.

But Ava barely saw him coming.

She was listening to the voice on the record, as it sang something now about a *bandman bringing dreams of you*.

The man began to put his arms around her.

"Dance with me," he said, not asking.

Ava drew herself back. "No," she said.

The man tried again.

"Don't you touch me," Ava said. "Not when he's singing."

She closed her eyes. The voice was singing something about a *new kind of love you brought to me*.

The man tried once more.

"Stop it . . . beat it," Ava said, snapping her eyes open.

She tried to get away from him, but the man had his arms around her waist now, tight, and he wouldn't let go.

Ava began to struggle.

"Beat it," she said. "Let go of me and beat it."

The man wouldn't.

"We dance," he said, whispering, pushing his weight against hers, bringing his mouth up to her ears.

Suddenly, Ava bent her head and bit at his arm, hard, savagely.

The man cried out. Stunned, he took a step back. Then, with all his might, he slapped her.

"The lady gets old," he said, "with the g bags under the eyes. And the older she gets, the meaner she gets, eh?"

Ava, furious now, hysterical now, began to shriek. "Beat it, you jaded louse," she said. "Beat it before I call the cops."

She turned and ran to a fireplace a few feet away. She picked up a vase, small, fragile, pink-tinted, a smiling cherub dancing lightly over the belly of the vase.

She aimed it at the man.

She threw it at him.

It missed his head by inches.

"Beat it," she shrieked once more.

And then, as he turned and left, she began to sob.

**What do they want from me?**

"Why don't they leave me alone—these lonies?" she asked, turning to the table and to the chair where her girlfriend had been through all this, quietly, nervously. "Why?"

She brought her hands up to her face.

"What do they want from me anyway—these creeps?" she asked.

She was silent for a moment.

She stood there listening to the voice on the record, still singing, singing now about how he was the slave, his girl the queen. She began to dig her fingernails into her face.

"And what did he want from me?" she asked.

Her sobbing returned now, and grew louder, more convulsive, more hysterical. "What," she asked, beginning to scream, "what . . . what . . . what . . . *wwwwhhhhaaaattttt?*"

Her friend jumped up from her chair. She rushed over to Ava.

"Stop it, honey," she said. "Cut it out." Ava didn't.

"Stop it," her friend said, bringing up her hand and striking it across her face. Ava stopped.

And as she did, she grabbed her friend's hand and held it, tightly, viciously, furiously.

For a second, neither of them said anything.

And then, very softly, Ava spoke.

"Don't give me this," she said. "I've had all this before . . . the slapping . . . the treatment."

She let go of the woman's hand.

And then, as softly, she said, "I'm sorry."

And she turned and walked across the room once more, to the terrace and to a chaise there and sat back on it—and she closed her eyes to the beautiful and expensive view of night-time Rome below her.

## To kill the boredom

It was about an hour later, a little after midnight. They both sat on the terrace now, Ava and her friend, Ava smoking and holding a drink—and talking, the friend letting her talk.

"I don't know about Europe anymore—Spain, now Italy," Ava was saying. "I was so bored in Hollywood . . . Hollywood," she said it again, hollowly. "Hollywood. . . . Do you know that there were days there when the most exciting thing to do was to get up in the morning and pick up the papers and read all the columns? Can you imagine that? Can you believe it?"

"No," her friend said.

"Hollywood," Ava said again. Then: "So I came here to Europe, to mad gay Europe. And now after six, seven years I'm bored here too."

"The other day," she went on, "before you came, I was so damn bored, you know what I did? I went to the beauty parlor and said, 'Dye my hair blonde.' Just for the hell of it. 'I want to be a *bionda*,' I said. . . . Oh boy, did I look like something when they got through with me. I had it dyed back the next day and the boy in the beauty parlor sighed gratefully. 'You must never do that again, Miss Gardner,' he said. And he was right, too. Because I won't. Because it doesn't help the boredom, being blonde. Not one bit."

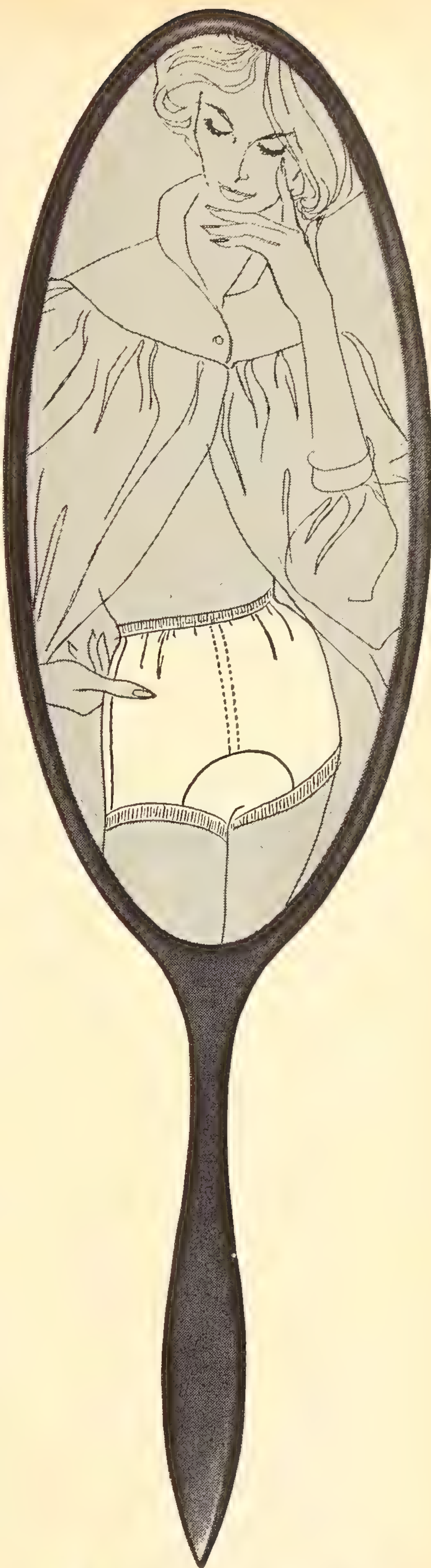
She took a drag from her cigarette, then a sip from her glass.

"I fought a bull once to kill the boredom," she said then. "And what happens? The bull nearly kills me."

"I bought a dog once," she said. "Corgi. Do you remember Corgi?"

"Yes," said her friend.

"The sweetest pooch in the world," Ava said, "with the most beautiful, the most loving eyes in the world." She stopped for a moment. "A few months ago," she said then, "this man—I call him a man; ha, I call him a man—he was here. He began to fight with me. I forget what started it. Who ever remembers what starts those things? And he began to curse and shout. And at one point he picked up that little dog and he began to thrash him. And he thrashed him so hard that his eye fell out—"

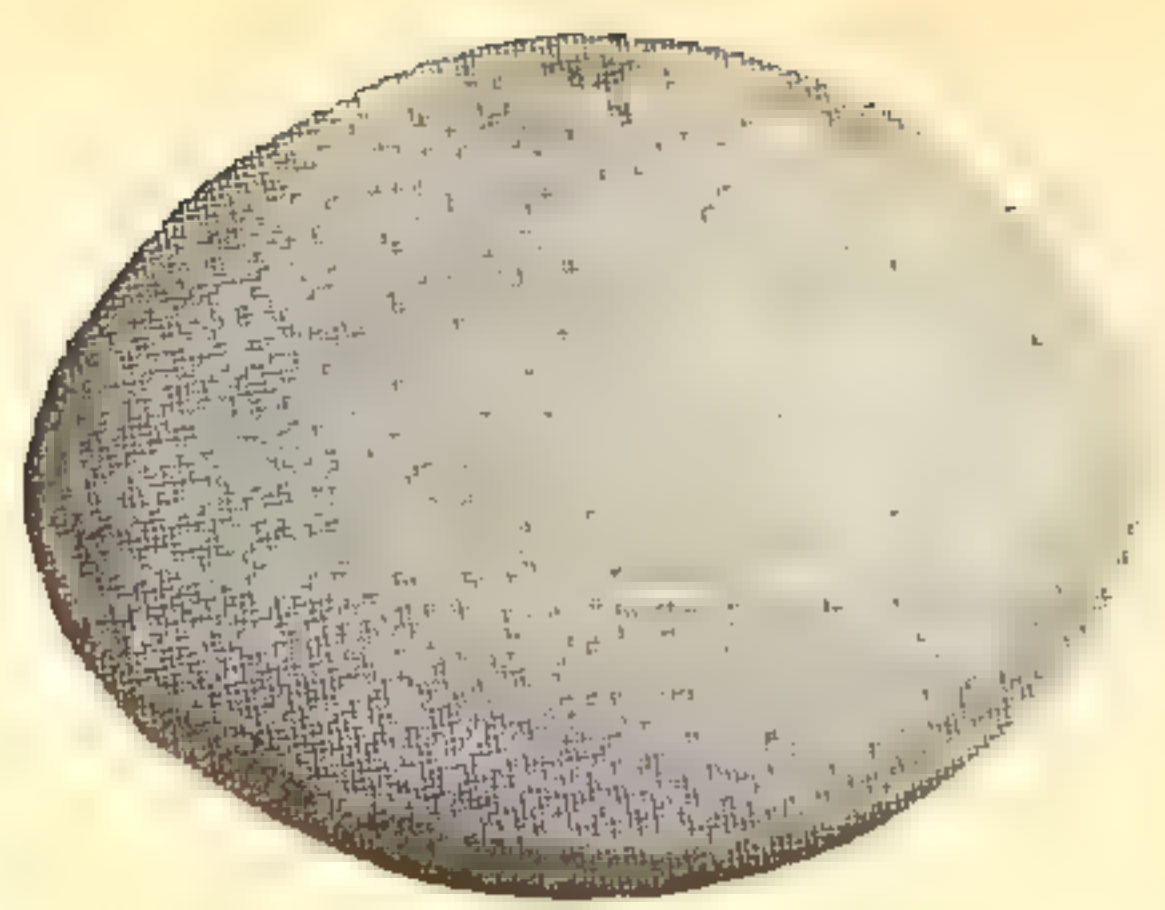


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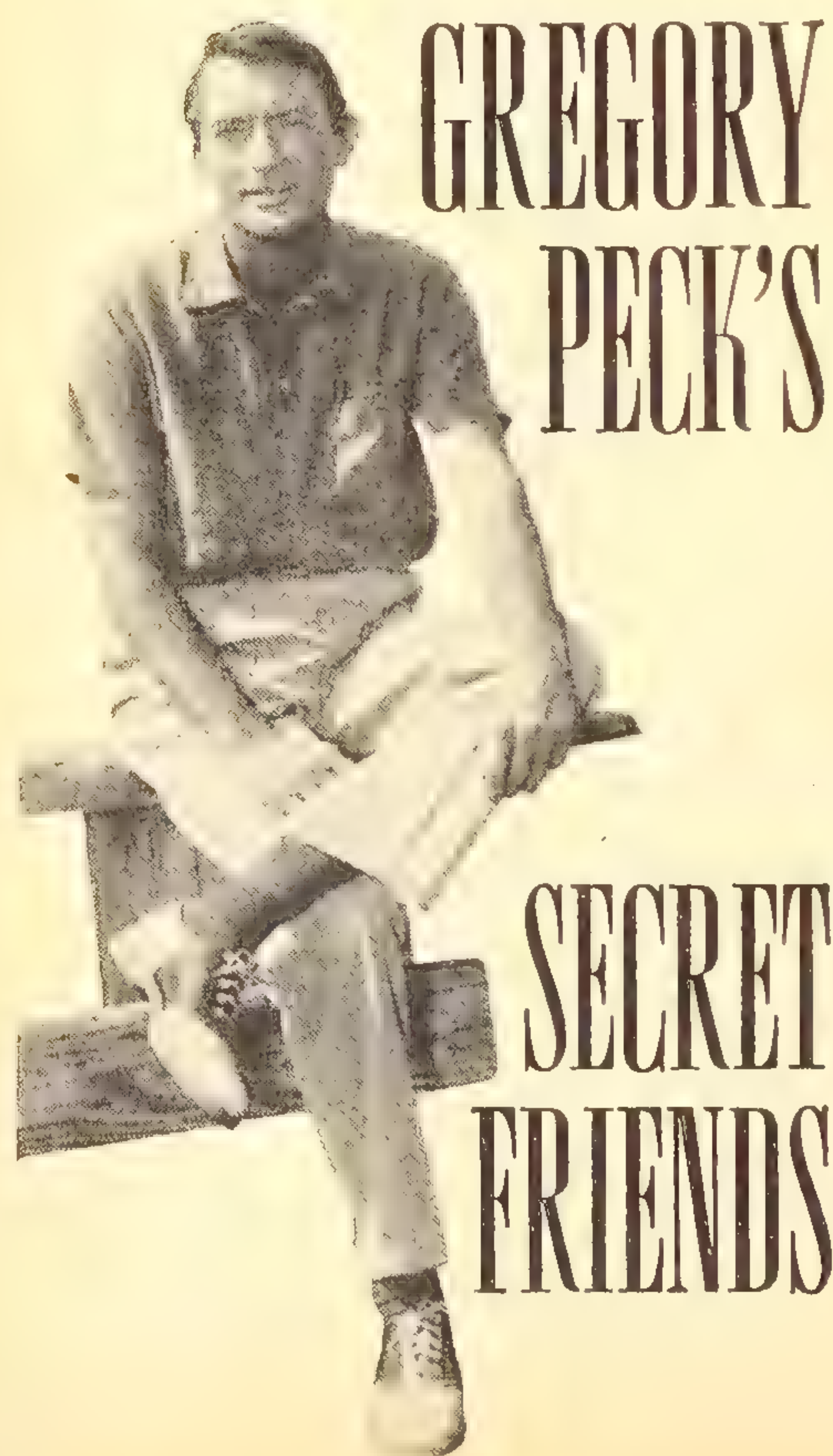
Time after time Gregory Peck's been asked about his personal life, and about his feelings for his fellow man, and he remains tight-lipped and taciturn.

Still, a man's character can't help but be revealed to the friends he makes. And when Greg was filming Carl Foreman's *The Guns of Navarone* on the poverty-stricken island of Rhodes, off the mainland of Greece in the Aegean Sea, he made some firm friends.

Every lunch hour, it seems, Greg would disappear. News reporters would search for him in vain for interviews. But Greg was not to be found. Promptly at twelve o'clock noon he mysteriously vanished. Where?

To a rundown orphanage for homeless Greek boys on a hill-top near the location. Greg went there every day to share a peasant's lunch of goat cheese, bread and olives with the boys at their bare wooden tables. And, after lunch, Greg played touch football with them.

When he chose to disclose his noontime rendezvous, it was only to enlist the film company's help before they departed from Rhodes for London. Greg passed the hat for donations for the destitute orphanage, and by the end of the afternoon Greg had collected close to a thousand dollars for his football buddies, the poor orphan boys of Rhodes.



GREGORY  
PECK'S

SECRET  
FRIENDS

She stopped again, in a dismal silence. She brought her glass up to her lips and drank down what was left of the drink.

"It's a funny thing about me," she said, half-smiling, "but I just can't seem to keep anything. I mean *keep*. Three husbands, one dog, a head of blonde hair, two minutes of excitement with a bull. . . . Nothing. . . . I just can't keep things."

She put out her cigarette and then she reached for a bottle which sat alongside the chaise and she poured herself another drink.

"Sometimes—" her friend started to say, as she did.

"Sometimes what?" Ava asked.

"Sometimes," her friend said, "to keep something, you have to want it very much."

"I've wanted," Ava said. "Don't kid yourself about that."

"But I mean, Ava," said her friend, "—what do you want now, out of life . . . very, very much?"

"Things I should have had by now," said Ava, without pausing to think twice about it. "An education, for one thing. If I could be born all over again and I could have my pickin's from the beginning I'd say, 'Mr. Stork-man, that's one thing you've got to guarantee me. High school, good high school, and college and all that there stuff. So's people don't think they're all the time smarter than me. So that nobody can ever pull anything over on me—or think they're doing that.'"

"And what else, besides an education?" asked her friend.

"A baby, of course," said Ava, simply. "That, I can tell you, would be first choice on my list."

"You can still have a baby," said the friend.

"Yeah?" Ava asked. "How?"

"You get married again someday," her friend started to say, "and—"

"No, huh-uh," Ava said, interrupting. "Three flop marriages are enough for me. If I got married again and something went wrong, I think—I think I'd kill myself right there on the spot."

"You could adopt a baby, then," said her friend.

"Me?" Ava asked. "At my age—thirty-seven—start taking care of a baby? Alone? . . . And give up my wild and wonderful life?"

"You could adopt one, you know," said the friend.

#### Heart's desire

Ava threw back her head and began to laugh. But the laughter did not last long. Because soon, suddenly, seriously, she was saying: "I'd pick a girl, a little girl. And no matter what her name was I'd change it and I'd call her Lisa. That's the name I used to think I'd call my own little girl when I thought I would have one. Those nights I used to lie in bed after I was married, the first time, the second time, the third time, and think about the day I'd find out I was pregnant, the day I'd give birth, the moment I'd hold my baby in my arms that first time and look at her and say to her, 'Honey child, your name, in case you don't know it, is—'"

She stopped and looked over at her friend again.

"Could you see me as a mother?" she asked, half-smiling again.

"Yes," said the friend.

"This whirlpool, this life," Ava asked, the smile beginning to fade, "do you think I still have time to get out of it?"

"Yes," said the friend.

Ava looked down into her glass, at what was left of her drink.

She was silent for a while.

And then, she said, "I'd insist on that, though, if I ever went to adopt a child, even *thought* of adopting one. Not that I

would think of it. . . . It would have to be a little girl, I'd say. . . ."

"Yes," the tall old nun said to Ava that morning, a few days later, "in a few minutes you will see her, the child we have selected for your consideration. But before you do see her, before you decide definitely, you must know this, my dear lady. The rearing of a child is a tremendous responsibility. Especially with these children, here at our orphanage, who from the beginnings of their young lives have only known the sadness of things, the heartbreak, the aloneness. So that those who adopt them must pledge to God and to their own hearts that they will offer care, and love, and time, and attention.

Only these—the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children of ours have known. . . ."

#### A baby for Ava

Ava thought they would never end, those long long minutes she sat waiting for the nun to return with the child.

She breathed hard when finally, she heard the door open, when she turned and saw the little girl standing there.

The girl, she saw, immediately, was a beautiful child, a tiny child, no more than three years old, brown-haired, fair-skinned, with great big eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, the mouth half-covered by a little yellow flower she was holding. The girl, Ava saw too, looked confused, and frightened, from the moment she'd stepped into the room, to this moment, now, as the nun who'd brought her bent and whispered something about *la etichetta*, the politeness, and then stepped back outside the door and disappeared.

Alone with the child, Ava rose. She walked towards her.

"Isn't that a pretty flower," she said, in broken Italian. "Is that for me, maybe?"

The little girl nodded and handed Ava the flower.

"How beautiful," Ava said, "—and how sweet it smells." She got down on her knees. "Now," she said, smiling, "I've got something for *you*."

She opened her purse and took out a small package. "This is for you," she said, giving it to the girl.

The girl took the package and stared down at it.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Ava asked, after a moment. "It's a present."

The girl looked up at Ava.

"Don't you know what a present is?" Ava asked.

The little girl shook her head.

"A present," Ava said, "—it's when people like each other, they give each other something to show their friendship. That's a present. Like this flower you gave to me. Like this package I give to you."

The little girl didn't seem to understand.

"You know," Ava said, changing the subject, "this is very interesting—but you do you know that you look just like I did when I was a little girl? Really. At home I have some pictures. Snapshots. From way way back. From a place in America called North Carolina. And when we get home someday, I'll show them to you. And you'll see." Again she smiled. "Of course," she said, "you'll see, too, that I wasn't as pretty as you are, but—"

She began to reach for the little girl's hand.

The girl clenched her fist.

"—But," Ava went on, pretending not to notice, bringing her own hand back to her side, "I've got to say, from what I hear from my family, that I was a lot more talkative than you are, when I was your age. . . . Oh, how I used to like to talk they say. Even worse than a toy duck



used to have, a little cheap thing that used to go quack-quack quack-quack when you'd wind it. Except, they'd say, that fortunately the duck would get unwound once in a while and quiet down. While I, I'd just keep on chattering away. Worse than any toy duck, or any other child, in fact."

### This silly lady

She took a breath and looked at the little girl, who continued staring up at her. "Don't you like to talk?" Ava asked then, softly.

The girl said nothing. "Don't you like to talk to me?" Ava asked.

Still, the girl said nothing. "Don't you like me?" Ava asked, almost pleading for an answer, "—this silly lady who comes from out of nowhere one day and says all the wrong things to you? But who likes you so much. . . . Don't you like me?"

But the little girl seemed suddenly distracted. She turned and faced the door. She was listening to something else now, to a light tramping noise that came from down the hall somewhere.

"Are those the other children, your friends?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said, speaking finally, whispering.

"And do you want to be with them?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said again.

With that, she dropped the package Ava had given her and she began to run towards the door.

She'd practically reached it when she fell, fell hard, and began to cry.

Ava rushed over to her.

"Sweetheart," she called out, "are you all right?"

She reached to pick up the little girl, but the girl resisted.

"No," she shouted, "I want to go outside, away. I want to go."

But Ava, knowing that she was hurt, seeing the deep scrape marks on her arms, paid her no mind.

She picked her up, anyway.

And she carried her over to a chair, and sat.

And she held the sobbing child close to her, rocking her, kissing her, saying softly to her, "It will go away, the hurt— Soon you won't feel it." Rocking her some more. Kissing her some more.

Until, gradually, the girl's crying lessened and lessened. And until, finally, at one point, after she'd stopped crying altogether, she lifted her little arms and took Ava's hand with both her own hands and clasped it, while with her mouth and with her eyes she began to smile a little.

"Some day," Ava asked, "soon, would you like me to come and see you again?"

The little girl nodded.

"I will come someday soon," Ava said. "The day after tomorrow, the day after that—no later."

"And then," she said, "in about two weeks maybe, if everything is all right, I will come one fine day and when I leave, you'll be leaving with me. And after that, forever after that, we'll be together, you and me."

She bent her head and kissed the child once more.

"Just you and me," she said.

It didn't occur to Ava at the time that she had spoken those last few sentences in English, rather than in Italian.

That the child hadn't understood these last few sentences, their meaning.

And that, perhaps, strangely, it was better that way. . . .

The American, a playboy, an old friend, phoned Ava that next night. He asked her to go out with him—"Come on," he said,

"a big night on the town." Ava could have said no. She did hesitate for a moment or two. But she ended up by saying yes.

That was the way it always was with Ava.

That was the way this night began.

It was one of those whirlpool nights, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

She and her friend began by having cocktails at her apartment—a rye-and-brandy concoction; a little too strong, a few too many.

They left the apartment at about ten o'clock.

Just before they got to the restaurant where they were to have dinner, Ava and her date noticed a young news photographer following them on a motorcycle.

"You like this kind of stuff?" asked the date.

"No," said Ava.

The date stopped his car, got out and flagged down the photographer. When the photographer had stopped, Ava's date grabbed him, grabbed his camera and smashed the camera against his head.

Dinner, which followed, was relatively quiet—lots of food, lots of wine.

But after dinner, things started moving again.

First, Ava and her date went to the Bat Club, a swank nightspot not far from the Coliseum. Here they drank champagne. And they danced. Here, too, after a while, while they were dancing, a stranger tried to cut in on them.

"Scat," said Ava.

"You insult one of your admirers?" asked the stranger.

"You heard the lady," said Ava's escort.

The stranger smiled. "This is a lady?" he asked.

Whereupon Ava's date slugged him and he slugged back and a general free-for-all began, with the place in an uproar and Ava and her escort getting away only minutes before the police arrived.

From the Bat Club they went to another place, where they skipped the dancing, and only drank.

Then they went to another place—with more to drink.

And another.

And another.

Finally, at five that morning, they were entering a private all-night club when Ava, stumbling a bit, spotted another photographer standing near the bar, about to take her picture.

"Stop that," she shouted. "Leave me alone with that damn thing."

The photographer ignored her.

A flashbulb popped.

"I said stop," Ava screamed, picking up a dish from a table she was standing alongside, and flinging it; then a glass, and another dish, and another glass.

### This was the worst

It was one of those whirlpool nights, all right, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

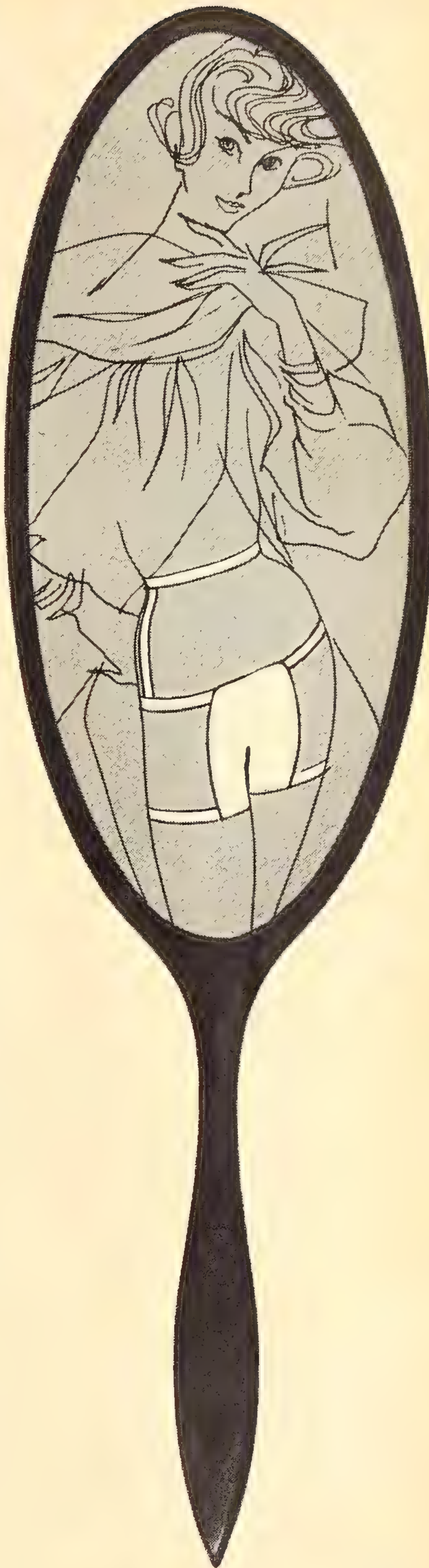
She got back to her apartment at about six o'clock that morning.

She went straight to her bedroom.

She kicked off her shoes and was about to struggle with the buttons on her dress when the telephone rang.

She let it ring a few times, thinking at first that she wouldn't bother answering.

But then when she couldn't stand the sound of that bell, knifing its way into her head that way, into her brain, she jerked the receiver up from its hook and she



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Every day Larry watched her be charming to everybody. She dressed in plainer clothes than any woman he'd ever seen. But she walked and stood with such poise that they seemed fabulous on her.

He discovered she'd been separated from her publisher husband for some time (did he say spinster?), and she had no other romantic interest. But after several days of continually being told she was busy, Larry began to wonder if his technique was wrong.

On the first night of the show he had an idea. During one of their scenes together Larry paused purposely, as if unsure of the next line. Margaret thought he'd dried up, and turning her back to the audience she whispered his next sentence to him.

He made a point of thanking her profusely afterwards for "saving my big night."

Margaret told him not to worry about it—the same thing could happen to anyone, she assured him.

In fact, she looked so sympathetic and comforting (as he'd hoped) that he dared to ask her to dinner again.

"I'd like that," said Margaret with hands on her hips. "But there's something I must tell you before I change. With the acoustics in this theater, when you stand out on that stage, you can hear just about everything people say at the back of the stalls. Yes, I think a good dinner would be fine for this lost-looking spinster with the stringbean figure."

**ED. NOTE:** On August 8th, 1957, Margaret Leighton became Mrs. Laurence Harvey.

Laurence's newest films are *United Artists' THE ALAMO*; *MGM'S BUTTERFIELD 8*, and *EXPRESSO BONGO*, for *Continental Films*.

Laurence Harvey had waited for that morning in 1952 for so long. At last he'd been accepted by the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theater Company at Stratford-on-Avon, and it was his first day. He stood back of the stalls with another dedicated young actor, Richard Burton, watching a rehearsal of *The Tempest*.

A tall, willowy girl with short blonde hair stood in the center of the stage. Larry whispered, "Who is that lost-looking spinster with the stringbean figure?"

"Margaret Leighton," said Richard. "They're mad about her down here."

"Really?" answered Larry incredulously. "Well, I've never heard of her."

Yet as the morning wore on he realized why they were all "mad about her down here." While some of the company were moody, Margaret was very friendly. She tried especially hard to make the new members of the company feel at home. "Need any help with your scene?" she'd ask them. "Can I hear your lines for you? I can never get mine right."

Consequently it was more of a shock than a surprise when Larry invited her to lunch a couple of days later and she told him quickly: "No, thank you. I'm very busy today."

It wasn't any better when he suggested dinner. "I'm having a sandwich in my room and an early night, thank you," she said coldly. "We've all got plenty to learn."



## MEETING

## MARGARET

asked, painfully, angrily, "Who's this?"

A man at the other end of the phone identified himself as a reporter for one of Rome's English-language newspapers.

"I hear you had yourself quite a time tonight, Miss Gardner," he said. "I just wondered what your side of the story is."

"What the hell do you care?" Ava asked. And then she hung up.

And she threw herself back on the bed. And she thought:

"Don't they ever leave me alone . . . the press . . . the gentlemen of the press?"

She took a deep breath as she pictured the stories in the papers later that morning.

All over the world, she thought, —Ava Gardner, lady runaround, on a night out, for everybody to read about.

All over the world, she thought, for *them* in Hollywood, *them* in New York, *them* in the rockets and *them* in the mines.

All over the world, she thought—even here, in Rome, for everybody to read . . . even the good nuns . . . even the good nuns in the orphanage she was to re-visit later this day, before she saw her little girl again, before—

She gasped.

She repeated it to herself, slowly, what she had just thought of.

*Even the good nuns . . . the orphanage . . . today . . . her little girl. . .*

She closed her eyes.

She saw, in the darkness, for a moment, the face of the little girl, the beautiful little girl.

And then the face disappeared and was replaced by another, the face of a nun.

The nun stared at her, hard. And then she shook her head.

"A tremendous responsibility," she said, "a tremendous responsibility. Only the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children have known."

"But I love her," Ava heard herself saying aloud. "I love her."

"A tremendous responsibility," the words came again.

"Oh Sister . . . Oh God," Ava moaned, opening her eyes. "Please . . . don't take her away from me."

Her voice became high, shrill, uncontrollable.

"I'll be good to her, God—I swear it," she said. "Oh please, give me another chance and I'll be so good to her."

"God? God? Do You hear me?"

"I need that baby. And she needs me."

"Do You hear me?" she asked again.

"I am begging You. I am begging You."

"Can't I have my girl, at least?"

"Can't I keep something, *one* thing, in this life of mine?"

She felt dizzy, suddenly, wet and feverish. She pushed herself up from the bed.

She walked to a window and opened it.

A breeze came rushing into the room.

It came in hard, so hard that it knocked down a glass that had been sitting on the windowsill. Ava heard it fall and crash.

And when she looked down she saw, lying in the midst of the shattered pieces of glass, a flower, little and yellow, which she'd been given two days before.

She fell to her knees and she picked it up.

"Lisa," she said, desperately, as she tried to fix the flower's broken stem, so that it might stand straight again.

"My baby," she said.

"My baby," she said again and again, as she tried to mend the stem with all the warmth and strength and tenderness in her fingers.

But it was too late.

The tiny flower was dead.

END

Ava's last starrer was *United Artists' ON THE BEACH*.



## Liz Walks Out!

(Continued from page 40)

When she walked out of the door of the Gold Medal Studios in the Bronx, she took a whiff of the cool, fresh air, and felt clean inside.

"No regrets?" Eddie asked.

"Not one," she replied vigorously. "And I don't care if I ever work again."

She meant it.

She hadn't wanted to do *Butterfield 8*—from the very beginning. When she received the script she wasn't prepared for what she'd find, because she hadn't read the book.

Her own literary preference was toward *Black Beauty* and *Snow White*, when *Butterfield 8* was published back in 1935. At that time *Butterfield 8* was banned in many cities and severely condemned as lewd and offensive.

When MGM first bought the story, they were warned by The Hays Office to see that it was "excessively laundered" before putting it on the screen.

But even with such laundering, the script was "put on the shelf"—where it lay half-forgotten for nearly two decades.

### Ready for *Butterfield 8*

Back in 1939, Hollywood was shocked when the singular usage of the word "damn" in the climactic scene of *Gone With The Wind*, was approved by the censors. It was a revolutionary concession.

By 1959, however, *damn*, *hell*, and practically every other four, five and seven letter word was being used indiscriminately in movies.

And by 1959, Hollywood felt it was ready for *Butterfield 8*. It was dusted off

and scheduled.

But ironically when Liz Taylor, the woman who had been morally castigated, was finished reading the script her first instinct was to tear it into a thousand shreds.

Eddie walked into the room as she was struggling to rip the heavy duty paper.

He had never seen his wife in such a snit.

"Bad part?" he grinned.

"Depends on what you call *bad*," she answered, giving up the struggle and tossing the manuscript into the waste basket.

"Oh—I'm sure a dozen actresses would want such a fat part—but Eddie, it's positively—well—nothing but sex and sensationalism. I just won't do it—and that's all there is to it!"

"Worse than *Suddenly Last Summer*?" he teased.

She laughed.

"Oh you never will get over the fact that you didn't want me to do that picture, will you?"

"Nope. Not even for six Oscar nominations. Not even if you get the Oscar."

"All right, I grant you that *Suddenly* wasn't exactly suitable for a kiddie's matinee. But Eddie, at least it was subtle. I mean, if you didn't know about such things—it would go right over your head. And if you were old enough and sophisticated enough—what harm would it do? Adults are aware that such things exist."

"Such things as cannibalism among Caucasians?"

"Oh Eddie, you're impossible. You *know* what I mean." She playfully tossed a throw pillow in his direction.

He ducked and came up fighting. . . .

"Now—about *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*? Kiddie Matinee?"

She grew serious.

"That was for Mike. He wanted me to do it. He was so proud because . . ." Her voice trailed off. "But that was cleaned up—and if you didn't know the play, well . . . Funny, and most of the critics complained because it was 'watered down.' But darling, this one is so different."

Now Eddie grew serious.

"Then, of course, you're not going to do it. . . ."

### The threat to Liz

But Liz had one more picture to make while she was under contract—and she would make this one, Sol Siegel felt, or else. . . .

She was threatened with a suspension—until she came around to the studio's way of thinking.

A furious Liz told the United Press, "It's a terribly mean thing they've done to me. I don't think the studio is treating me fairly. But they have the power to keep me off the screen for two years unless I agree to do *Butterfield* and it looks as if that's what they are going to do."

"I've been with the studio for seventeen years. During that time I was never asked to play such a horrible role. The leading lady is almost a prostitute. It's so unpalatable I wouldn't do it for anything—under any conditions. I was going to set up a trust fund for my children from the money I make in *Cleopatra*. I don't understand how one man can take a million dollars from me and my children."

Equally furious, Sol countered with:

"We are willing and happy to have Elizabeth earn a million dollars for *Cleopatra*—if she fulfills her contract and makes *Butterfield 8* for us first."

He also went on to imply that Liz had overestimated her own importance—and she was not needed at the studio that badly. . . .



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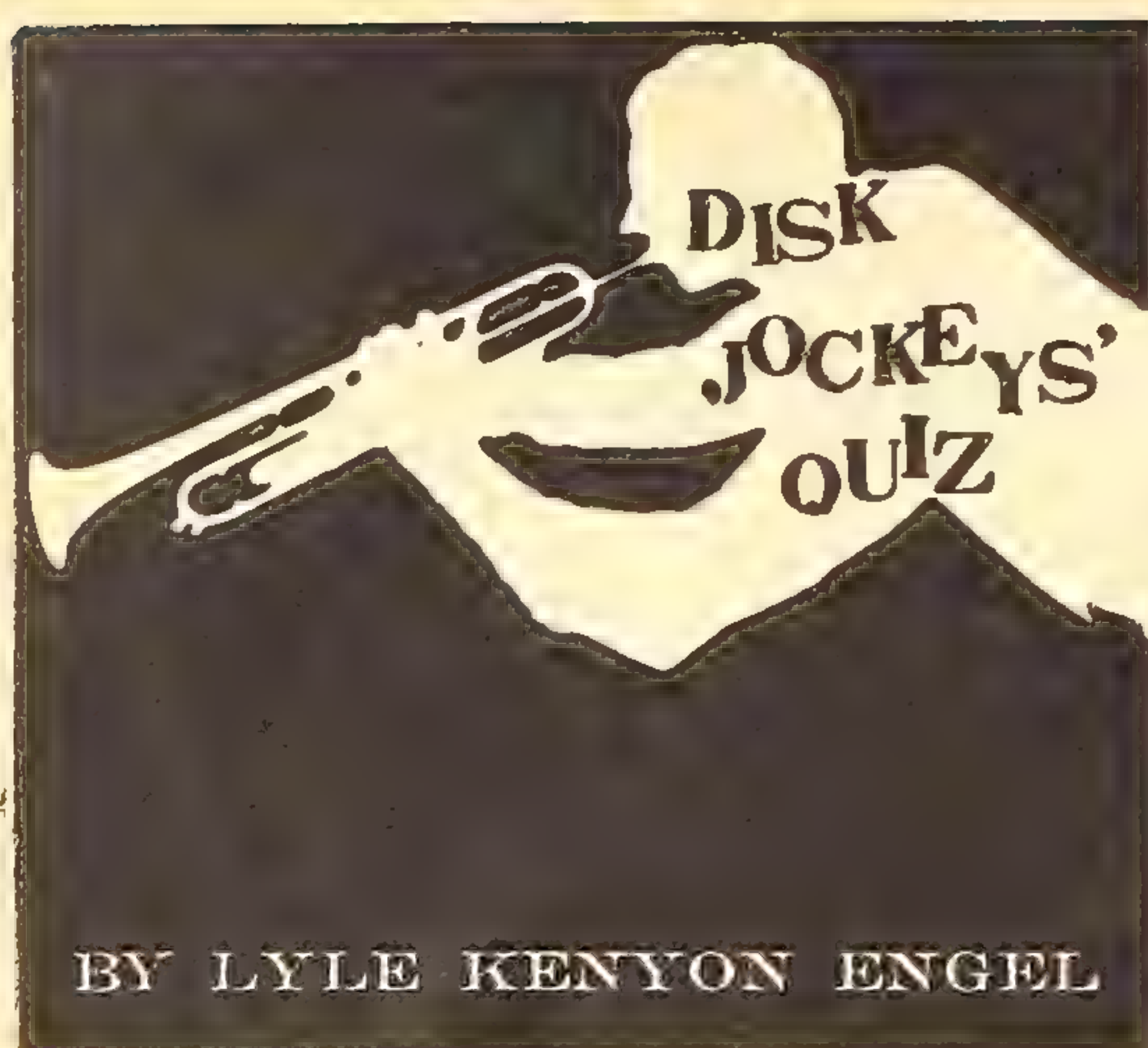
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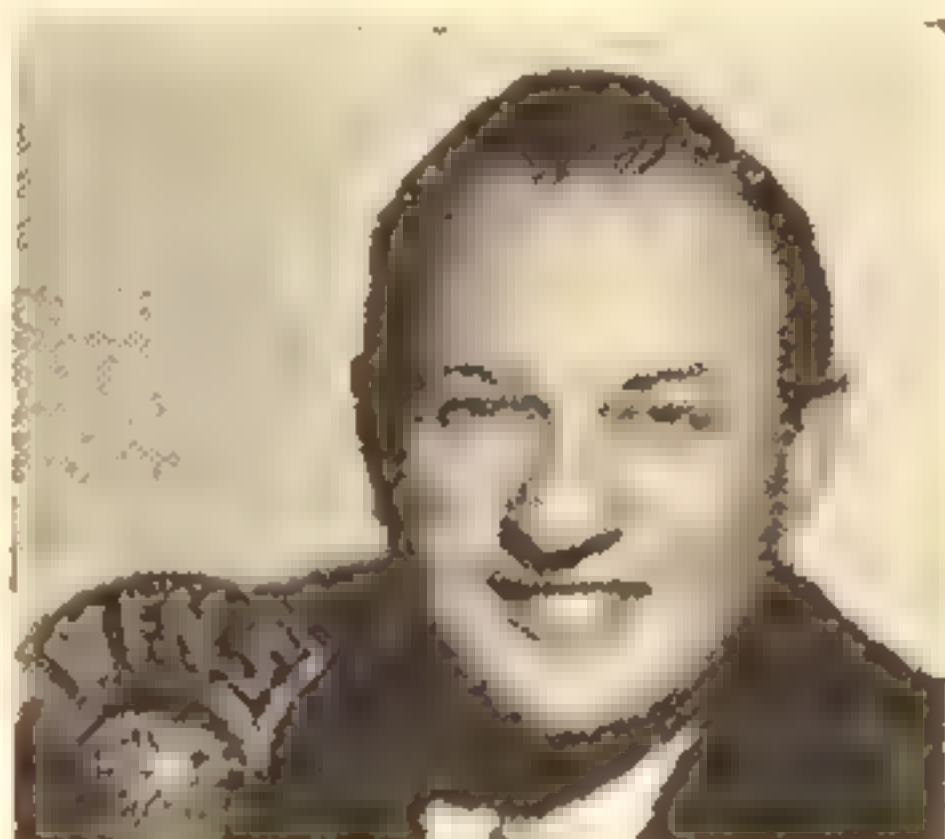
The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

**1.** Both boys in this singing duo are known by their first names. Their family name is Farina. One plays the steel guitar, and the other the rhythm guitar. Their latest record is LAZY DAY.

**2.** He started singing in show business at the age of eleven.

Now 19, he can be heard on the Columbia label. His past hit was DON'T DESTROY ME and his current release is titled ONE LAST KISS.

**3.** She is a movie star and is seen on TV in HAWAIIAN EYE. She sings, but not under her real name which is Concetta Ann Ingolia. Her latest record is SIXTEEN REASONS on Warner label.



Les Keiter,  
Station WINS,  
New York, N. Y.

**4.** A one-time member of Billy Ward and the Dominoes, this boy is currently heard in a big-voiced pop recording of NIGHT. He's 23, hails from Detroit and numbers songwriting among his many accomplishments. His latest album is titled LONELY TEARDROPS.



Lee G. Rothman,  
Station WRIT,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

**5.** On the Victor label, his big disk is STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1939, he studied music at Juilliard. Past hits were OH CAROL and THE DIARY.

**6.** He hails from Memphis, Tenn., and heads one of the hottest combos in the business. He used to play guitar behind Elvis Presley. His big record now is WHITE SILVER SANDS.

**7.** Two sisters and a brother sing under a group name. They hail from Pine Bluff, Ark. Their names are Jim, Maxine and Bonnie. They record for RCA Victor and their big platter now is THE OLD LAMP LIGHTER.



Jim Ameche,  
Station KABC,  
Hollywood, Cal.



Gene Kaye,  
Station WAEB,  
Allentown, Pa.

1. Santo & Johnny  
2. Crash Craddock  
3. Connie Stevens  
4. Jackie Wilson  
5. Neil Sedaka  
6. Bill Black  
7. The Browns

But obviously MGM needed Liz more than she needed them. The script was rewritten—and presumably cleaned up. And Liz agreed to start work.

As a bonus—or, as some cynically called it, a bribe—they offered Eddie the role of her piano-playing friend.

"You know," he told her, "there are going to be charges of nepotism. It might be better if I turned it down."

"What does it matter?" Liz answered. "We've been charged with almost everything else. And Eddie, with you in the picture, at least it might be bearable. Please say yes."

He said yes, but it was still unbearable. Just before the picture was to start, Liz became violently ill with bronchitis and fever. The starting date was postponed. She secretly wondered if the illness wasn't a psychosomatic reaction to the thought of going to work.

But when she recovered, she could put it off no longer. "I don't know how good it'll be," she said, "but I guess like it or not, I'm a professional. I'll do my best."

But her best didn't include "selling the picture." She closed the set to the press. She would talk to no one. When she finally broke down and agreed to see Herald Tribune reporter, Joe Hyams, an old friend, the studio was jubilant.

They shouldn't have been.

#### That "unprintable" interview

Hyams started the conversation by saying that he had read the original novel but hadn't seen the script.

Liz countered with: "Save yourself the time." Then she made Hyams "promise to print everything" she said, although most of what she said wasn't printable—in MGM's eyes.

"Doing this picture gripes the hell out of me."

Eddie tried to smooth things over. "Elizabeth is superb in everything she does—and it will be commercial."

"That's the trouble," Liz interrupted. "It's too commercial. It's in bad taste. Everyone in it is crazy, mixed-up, sick—except the part Eddie plays. This is the last picture in my contract—and I'm doing it, but I don't want to and I don't like it—and remember you promised to print everything I said!"

After that there were no more interviews.

A week later the actors went on strike and no one knew if—or when Butterfield would ever be completed.

"You know, Eddie," she said when the studio went dark, "if it wasn't for the crew and the stagehands and the actors who really need the money, I wouldn't care if the strike lasted twenty years. Then I'd be a doddering old grey-haired grandmother—and they'd have to get someone else."

The following day she and Eddie left for a vacation in Jamaica.

They swam and danced and frolicked in the sun—and never discussed the movie. Except, whenever Eddie wanted to tease Liz he'd sing out in a high falsetto voice "B-U-T-T-E-R-F-I-E-L-D-8," and Liz would throw something at him—like sand or sea-shells—or a baby crab.

When she and Eddie left Jamaica to return to Hollywood for Oscar night, it looked as if the strike was about over.

Boarding the plane west, she tripped and broke her ankle.

It was almost as though she subconsciously willed herself into being incapacitated.

While the doctor was applying the heavy tape, she teased: "Hmmm, maybe I won't be able to walk for a year, then they'll have to replace me if the strike ends soon."

"What—are you trying to ruin my career or something?" Eddie teased her. "And my scenes haven't even started yet. Some loving wife."

"You should talk, you have the healthy part."

"Better get well soon, sweetheart. There isn't a chance of replacing you. You'll just get to play the rest of your scenes in bed."

"Come to think of it," Liz laughed bitterly. "That's where I think the rest of them take place anyway."

She was kidding—but her words were almost prophetic.

When she returned to work, strange things began happening. Things that weren't written into the script.

Through direction, through lighting, through camera angles, the suggestive became bolder.

Words weren't necessary.

The action spoke for itself.

And that's when Liz began to feel dirty and ashamed of herself for being part of it.

And when she could take no more, she walked out!

Eddie didn't try to change her mind. They hadn't done his scenes. He knew he could be replaced. Liz' well-being and happiness was all he was concerned with.

But her lawyers felt differently.

They pointed out that she could be barred from the screen forever if she didn't return to work. They pointed out the millions that had already gone into the preparations for Cleopatra.

"You have an obligation to those people," they insisted.

Liz said, "I also have an obligation to the thousands of teen-agers that come to see me in a movie. Some of these films can only give them ideas. Dangerous ideas. There is enough juvenile delinquency and pregnancy and sex crimes without inciting emotions through motion pictures. My children are too young to see me in this kind of movie now. But when it's released to television they will. They'll be teen-agers then. . . ."

All night long there were arguments. And deadlocks. And finally a compromise was reached. Liz would return. But she would do no more objectionable scenes.

She had guts to put up a fight and win.

And she's to be admired and respected for it. Although she has been held up to scorn and great criticism in her personal life, what she does in this area can hurt only herself. What she does professionally can, as she has protested, hurt many others.

#### Deep concern

Last month, MODERN SCREEN was deeply concerned with the increasing amount of filth that has been allowed to seep onto the nation's screen. We pointed out that the realistic images of love, marriage and premarital sex have been deeply distorted. What has been respected has been defiled, where certain behavior that should be condemned, has been glorified. We have cited opinions of experts on how to keep pornography from the screen, opinions that ranged from censorship to the classification of "For Adults Only."

We asked you for your suggestions, and you sent many good ones.

Yet the best suggestion has come through Liz' actions:

Stars, like all adults, should exercise good judgment and self-censorship in choosing roles to play.

Liz has raised her voice in protest against the lewd and immoral material brought to the screen in the guise of entertainment.

Others can learn a lesson from her. END

Liz and Eddie star in MGM's BUTTERFIELD 8; Liz, later, in 20th-Fox's CLEOPATRA.



# This Is Vivien Leigh

(Continued from page 37)

"My husband has done that. . . ."

Or:

"My husband is the world's greatest living talent."

And at one point Susskind interjected, "How wonderful to say my husband and have it mean Sir Laurence Olivier."

Vivien just smiled. Her loveliest "Scarlett" smile.

And anyone who watched the show might have thought: "How wonderful, that after twenty years of marriage, such love and unrestrained admiration still exists. . . ."

They might have thought that—if they hadn't read the papers that morning, if they hadn't seen the headlines which announced: OLIVIER ASKS VIVIEN LEIGH FOR DIVORCE. ACTOR WISHES TO MAKE NEW LEADING LADY HIS LADY.

But almost everyone had read that headline—except, it appeared, Susskind—who seemed guilty of an embarrassing, ill-timed faux pas.

Actually he wasn't.

The show had been taped a week earlier—when there had been no headlines.

But maybe Vivien had sensed what was coming.

Maybe that was the reason for the constant glances at the wedding ring, the continuous use of the phrase, "my husband," when—always it had been simply, "Larry."

It was as though she desperately wanted to hold onto the last remaining vestige of her marriage.

## Letter from Larry

The special delivery letter from London arrived May 21—the day before Larry's 53rd birthday.

She had known about Joan Plowright for a long time.

She had known ever since she had seen the two rehearsing for *The Entertainer*.

The signs were there.

The smiles, the glances, the magic rapport of two people creating something exciting—and falling madly in love in the process.

She knew all about that—because that was the way it had happened with Larry and her nearly twenty-five years before. . . .

He had first seen her on the London stage and instantly wanted to meet her. Within a few months they were co-starring in an unpretentious little love story called *21 Days Together*. By the time the film had been completed, they were desperately in love.

It didn't matter that she had been married four years to barrister Leigh Holman and was the mother of a two-year-old daughter.

It didn't matter that he had been married for over six years to Jill Esmond, who had just told him she was expecting their first child.

His son was born during production of *Fire Over England*—in which he was co-starring, once again, with Vivien Leigh.

Shortly afterward, he told Jill that he wanted his freedom. Jill, still very much in love, agreed only to a separation.

That same week Vivien asked Holman for a divorce. But he, too, would give no definite answer, beyond that of consenting to a separation.

Censured by a shocked press, Vivien was defiant. She loved Larry. She wanted him. She couldn't help it if there was a husband and a wife and two babies to be hurt. She hadn't sought this emotion which was overwhelming her!

"But you wouldn't give up your baby, would you?" she was asked.

"No, not exactly, but she's more with her nurse than she is with me."

"And your husband?"

"Well I see him so seldom."

"But your home . . ."

"It no longer matters. . . ."

All this Vivien was prepared to leave. And her reputation. No argument could change her. She would have her love.

They went to Elsinore, Denmark, to appear in an outdoor production of *Hamlet*. As they rehearsed in the castle's courtyard, pelted by wild summer storms, their romance reached its climax. They vowed never to be parted.

So when Larry was offered the role of Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, he insisted Vivien must be signed for Cathy.

But Merle Oberon was already set.

It was Vivien who finally talked him into going without her.

"We'll only be separated a little while. I'll join you by New Year's Eve, I promise."

Six thousand miles away he bombarded her with heart-wrenching passionate letters, filled with desperation and longing.

Troubled, she dashed to Hollywood for a five-day visit . . . a month early.

But in his slow deliberate way he began laying plans to keep her longer.

## Vivien's private life

He knew Selznick was searching for a girl to play Scarlett in *Gone With The Wind*.

He had made up his mind that only Vivien should play the part.

He wangled an invitation to visit the set where Selznick was in the process of burning Atlanta—although his stars hadn't yet been chosen.

By the time the evening was over, the search for Scarlett had ended.

But the job that was meant to keep them together, very nearly was to tear them apart.

As an English actress only vaguely known in this country, Vivien's private life was her own business.

As the girl chosen to play Scarlett O'Hara, it became everyone's business, and was the prime concern of David Selznick who had millions and his entire professional reputation staked on the film.

The night before the contracts were signed he took her aside—"like a father."

"I think," he said, "that it would be better if you and Larry do not see so much of one another until after the picture is released. Even a hint of scandal might queer the film. *Gone With The Wind* will make you a big star. You can make this small sacrifice for now, can't you?"

"No."

"But you don't seem to understand. . . ."

"I understand only that I will not be separated from Larry . . . for any role. If this is not satisfactory to you, then perhaps it would be better if you sign another girl."

Selznick relented. He had no choice. There was no other girl. After testing eight, he knew. But he sought every trick of the trade to keep the love story from the public, and Larry and Vivien agreed to "co-operate" by staying away from public places.

Instead they took apartments around the corner from one another in Beverly Hills. To guard against snooping newsmen the nervous studio posted guards in the doorways and on the corner.

In her white Colonial house, Vivien and Laurence spent all their leisure hours together.

They went over each other's roles, each suggesting and helping the other, scheming together how to take the ramparts of Hollywood.



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*Dale Dennis*

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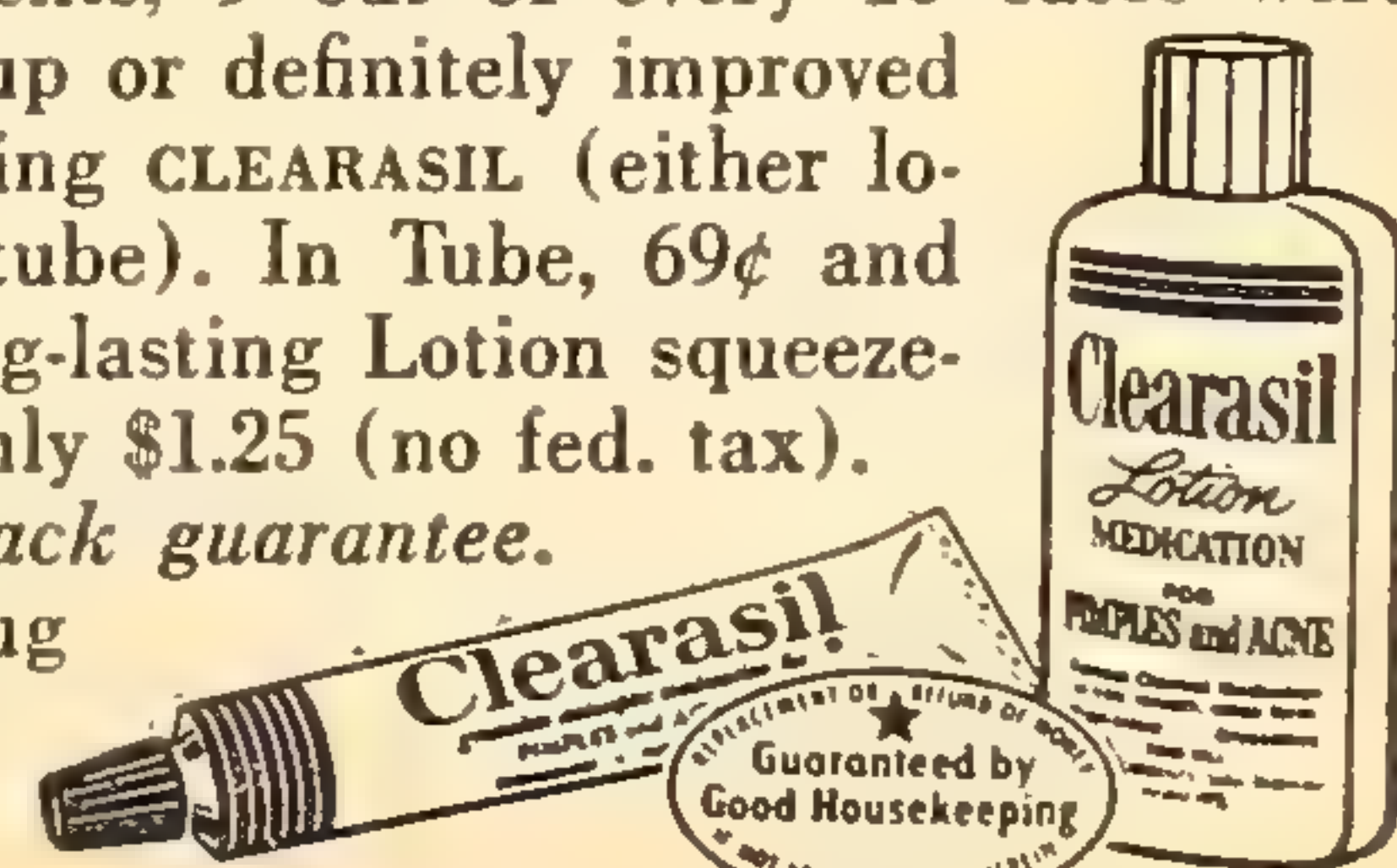
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## THE RED AND THE BLUE

■ Autumn in New York, and the air had a nip in it—especially for young lovers and most especially for a girl named Irene Dunne. The man of her fancy was a successful young dentist, Francis Griffin—and her problem was how to get him to propose.

She was walking happily along Fifth Avenue, excited at the fact that Flo Ziegfeld had chosen her for the lead in *Show Boat* on tour, when she spied a wicked, but very handsome, red silk dress in a store window. "All men like red! If that doesn't do it," mused the future sensational star of *Cimarron*, "nothing will."

Irene Dunne wore the devastating dress at her next date with Dr. Griffin. They went dancing on the roof of the St. Regis to the music of Vincent Lopez; the menu was perfect and Irene wore her beau's corsage like a decoration. Everything was just right—except that young Dr. Griffin didn't even notice the new dress!

The dates continued with a regularity that was monotonous except that each time he *might* be going to propose. Soon Irene Dunne would be going on tour, and there were already signs of Hollywood interest in the talented young actress with a voice like a canary.

One early spring day, the telephone rang. "Would you like to come to Mass with me on Sunday and lunch afterwards?" he asked. "That's unless you have other plans. . . ."

"Oh, no," said Irene. "I have no plans. . . ." Later she thought, *Spring? I need a new hat!*

The luncheon at one of New York's nicest hotels was only half over next Sunday when Dr. Griffin said, "That's a very pretty hat you're wearing—that reminds me, would you care to marry me?"

"Yes!" said Irene unhesitatingly. . . .

Somewhat later she asked, "Why did you never mention my new dress? I thought it was such good bait!"

"Well, uh," he said. "I thought—for anything I had to say—it was something of a STOP sign. Today I felt you were wearing a sort of GO sign."

"But," said Irene. "my hat isn't green—it's blue!"

Dr. Griffin grinned at her wickedly. "So now you know my guilty secret," he said. "I'm color blind!"

Today Dr. and Mrs. Francis Griffin are just as much in love as ever—and blue is still their favorite color.

They were separated in March when Larry flew east for a Broadway show, but they talked constantly on the phone, and he secretly flew to California on weekends.

In July, when *Gone With The Wind* was completed, he took leave of the play and they sailed for London together—for long, long talks with Jill and Leigh Holman.

By this time they were living together almost openly and both mates knew they were fighting a losing battle—that this was no passing infatuation. They filed for divorce. Jill named Vivien as co-respondent, Holman named Olivier.

The romance was out in the open and the world fell in love with their love story.

### The most divine fairy tale

With Larry, Vivien flew to Atlanta for the world premiere of *Gone With The Wind*.

With him she spent the night of the New York premiere, hiding away in a little French restaurant on Third Avenue. On this night she didn't want the crowds, the acclaim. Only him.

The next day she laughed about it.

"By the time the premiere was over and Jack Whitney was putting on his big party, we had both gone to bed."

By the time the premiere was over, they were talking their heads off about their feelings for one another.

"I don't suppose there ever was a couple so much in love as we are," Larry said happily. "I was only half alive before I met Vivien."

And she chimed in: "Our love affair has been the most divine fairy tale, hasn't it? And I'm not going to allow my new fame to interfere with my private life. Even if I have to resort to outlandish disguises I'll do it because I insist upon living like a human being."

On the night she won the Academy Award for Scarlett, she revealed—to no one's surprise—that they would be married "as soon as possible."

"All we want to do," he said, "is spend the rest of our lives together."

At one minute past midnight—August 30th, 1940, they took their vows in the moonlight—at Ronald Colman's Santa Barbara ranch.

They had lost every cent they had possessed two months before in a disastrous production of *Romeo and Juliet*, and had returned to Hollywood for *That Hamilton Woman*, only in order to make enough money to pay their debts.

They were swamped with other offers. \$250,000 apiece for six weeks' work but turned them down.

Their country was at war—and they were needed at home.

They returned to England at the height of the Blitz.

Although both had always hated and feared flying, he joined the Fleet Air Arm as a pilot.

She returned to the stage in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, doubled as a fire-watcher between shows and spent her week ends and vacations entertaining the troops.

Like other couples in war-torn England, they never knew which night might be their last. When they were together they were always holding hands, always kissing.

She turned a deaf ear to Selznick's plea to return for another picture—even though he had raised the ante to \$350,000.

Her answer was always the same.

"I will not leave Larry."

### A miracle—and a tragedy

In spite of the war, the buzz-bombs, the insecurity, her one big dream was to have a baby.

And in July, 1944, while she was work-



ing before the cameras in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, her doctor broke the happy news.

The picture had a long and strenuous schedule. When she told the director she was pregnant, he speeded up her scenes. She worked day and night, in flimsy gowns on a damp and chilly set. Coal was a precious commodity. She was exhausted most of the time and plagued with a racking cough. But she wouldn't slow down. She had a deadline to meet.

The cough grew worse. Her strength diminished. And one day she collapsed. Larry was at her side when she awoke in a stark hospital room. He tried to help.

"We're still young. There will be other babies. The doctor assured me we will." But he didn't have the heart to tell her then—what else the doctor said.

That the wracking cough wasn't due to a bad cold—as she had insisted, or too much smoking or nerves.

But that she was suffering from a severe case of TB.

She was hospitalized for five long months.

When she was finally released, she was frail and spent. The little girl look he had loved so much was forever gone.

A few weeks after she was out of the hospital—in spite of Larry's pleas to rest, she was in rehearsals for a new play.

### Triumphs and tragedy

The next few years sped by in a whirl of professional triumphs.

In 1947 he was knighted by the late King George. But the joy of being Lady Olivier was overshadowed by the tragedy of another miscarriage.

In 1948, he won the Academy Award for *Hamlet* and she laughed: "Oh I'm so relieved. He used to hate the sight of my Oscar around. I had to make up one for him as a gag."

In 1950 they returned to Hollywood—for the first time in a decade. She to make *Streetcar Named Desire*, he to make *Carrie*. It was only the opportunity to be there at the same time that made them accept the roles. Previous offers would have meant separation. "It's the most beautiful thing," sighed a friend. "They hate to be out of each other's sight for an hour. Their eyes still continue to light at the sight of the other. Their hands still continue to cling. Wherever he went he carried with him a miniature of his wife. If she wasn't working with him, she was watching him work."

Business kept him in England and Vivien arrived in Hollywood a week ahead of him. Only a week but Vivien couldn't sleep. "I miss Larry so. England seems so far away when someone you love is there—instead of beside you."

When their assignments were completed, they took the long way home via a slow freighter. "It's our first vacation in too many years," she sighed blissfully. "Nothing to do except be with one another. . . ."

The following year she won her second Oscar for *Streetcar*, and the Oliviers invaded Broadway as a team again alternating the two *Cleopatras*—their first appearance in New York together since their ill-fated *Romeo*.

This time there was nothing but praise. And a reporter who paid several visits to their dressing room wrote, "They seemed sincerely in love and happy in their careers. I have seldom seen a happier, better adjusted couple. They addressed each other lovingly and they spoke of their home in England with nostalgic affection."

But a year later Vivien strayed alone into the darkness.

They were offered co-starring roles in

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*Elephant Walk*, but busy with pre-Coronation duties, Olivier declined. Vivien accepted, causing many to marvel that she would leave her love. The producer sought reassurance on the state of her health.

"She's completely recovered from her lung ailment," said Larry. "I believe a new environment and an interesting role would do her a world of good."

But in Ceylon, tormented by sleeplessness, she'd wander at night among the ruins or sit till daybreak watching the natives dance. When she was urged to rest so she would be "your most beautiful self," her reproach was "I'm no longer young. I shouldn't look like an ingenue."

Larry flew out and found no cause for concern. Besides, his very appearance seemed to calm her. They flew to Paris and he put her on the plane to New York. He promised to come to Hollywood as soon as he was free of his commitments.

But he came a great deal sooner. He came in response to a frantic call from his friend David Niven.

Vivien had been acting strangely in Hollywood. Eyes overbright, she chattered ceaselessly. Obviously weary, she dreaded solitude, refused to be left to herself for five quiet minutes. She shocked people by sitting for hours by a radio with her head pasted against the loud speaker, the volume turned up to a pitch that deafened all others in the room. Exhausted after work she'd spin into a useless whirl of activity—sweeping, dusting, washing dishes.

And on the set, completely unaware of the slip, she kept calling Peter Finch, her leading man, "Larry."

On March 9th she collapsed on the set in hysteria.

Put to bed she moaned over and over the lines of the unhappy Blanche Dubois of *Streetcar*. She kept crying: "I want my

daughter to get married. I want to become a grandmother."

This time her husband's arrival failed to calm her. There were moments when she didn't even recognize him.

Larry took her home. Under sedation she was borne on a stretcher to the airport. Again hysterical as the sedatives wore off, she was half carried onto a London bound plane by her husband and Danny Kaye.

In Hollywood, the breakdown was explained by her intense panic-reaction to air travel, a panic attributed to three near-fatal accidents she had been in in the past. The trip from India amounted to being "scared to death for 72 hours."

But the psychiatrists in the Netherne Hospital in Surrey felt differently.

"Your wife's fear of flying is a substitute for a much deeper fear buried in her subconscious. Perhaps it is a manifestation of the rejection she felt when her parents sent her to England to be educated when she was a child.

"She's all wound up. We will put her to sleep for three weeks and let her unwind slowly. It will be better if you are not with her at this time."

Heartbroken, he returned to Italy—while the press had a field day with its own diagnosis.

In firm black print they recorded their findings; that except for Vivien's illness the Olivier marriage would have been called off.

### The end of a dream

To live and work with Larry had been her dream—and her life. Approaching the age of forty she saw the dream fading. For years she had taxed her frail body to keep pace with him. At thirty-nine she felt her forces fail. All lesser fears stemmed from the great, the paralyzing fear. Losing vital-



ity, losing youth, would she lose him too? Would he be snatched away from her by a younger, more vital woman—in the same way she had taken him away from his wife? It had happened once. It could happen again. Or would he stick by her merely in an act of decency and dull duty? Such a prospect reduced her to quivering anguish. Yet to lose him meant losing the will to live.

Peering into the chasm he shuddered away from it. Under the burden of terrible conflict she broke.

But within a month she had forced herself back into the world of the living.

And within two months she was preparing to return to work.

According to one of her doctors—"Larry made her re-entry into public life his cardinal interest."

And it was true. Knowing she was anxious to work with him again, he agreed to do *Sleeping Prince*—although in the play the male part was not of primary importance. Throughout the rehearsals and on opening night he devoted himself to rebuilding her confidence.

The show was a smash hit, but in her personal life, Vivien still felt a tremendous need.

"If only we were able to have another baby . . . ?" she'd say over and over again.

And two years later she learned that she would.

She was working in *South Sea Bubble* at the time—and Larry, upon hearing the news, insisted she take leave of the show immediately.

But she begged to stick it out "just a little longer. My doctor has pronounced me fit." Still, she kept her pregnancy a close guarded secret from all but a few close friends. Superstitiously she refused to talk about it until she was in her fifth month, and didn't, until she gave notice to her producers.

But while in her fifth month she and Larry teamed up in an energetic song and dance number at the Palladium for the Actors' Orphanage. She rehearsed a total of thirty-five hours—and played a performance of the show each night.

On August 11, she took leave of the play "to be a full time lady-in-waiting."

She was gloriously, ecstatically happy. Her baby was due in November—around the time of her 43rd birthday.

On August 13th—the pains started.

In agony, she was rushed to the hospital.

The doctor's worked feverishly. They barely managed to save her. They couldn't save the baby.

Trying desperately to check his emotions, Olivier said: "We are bitterly disappointed and terribly upset. The main concern now is Vivien. The important thing is that she should make a complete recovery."

Then he got into his car and drove the forty-five miles to his country house, Notley Abbey.

He walked into the little yellow and white room which was to be the nursery.

And he cried bitterly.

Over the babies he had lost.

Over the love story which he now knew was ended.

After that, it was all downhill.

#### Reasonable explanation

The following summer the Oliviers, who could never bear to be apart, shocked England by going off on separate vacations; he with his ex-wife Jill Esmond and his son to Scotland, she with Leigh Holman and their daughter to Italy.

"Did this mean a divorce?" they were asked.

"Of course not. It's just something we've never done before. We thought it would be a good idea to try something new."

When she was soundly criticised by a female member of Parliament, she cabled tersely: "Criticism ill-considered and unmannerly. Presence of our daughter gives reasonable explanation of holiday to any reasonable person."

In the fall they returned from their individual holidays happy and refreshed.

In the fall he met Joan Plowright, "a brilliant young actress," and cast her as his daughter in *The Entertainer*.

The following spring he and Joan came to America for the New York run.

Vivien stayed home.

The rumors started again. Vivien shrugged them off. "People have been saying for the last seventeen years that Larry and I would part. We love each other. We have a happy married life."

The following winter Larry left for a six-month stay in Hollywood for *Spartacus*. The night before he left, he and Vivien dined at a romantic Mayfair restaurant—where she had the orchestra play tender love songs.

But she never joined him in Hollywood. "Can't leave my play."

Joan, in England, couldn't leave her play either. But she quietly left her husband, Roger Gage.

When Larry returned from Hollywood, he went straight into a small apartment in Stratford. Vivien remained in London. Her daughter Suzanne had filled her greatest wish. She had made her a grandmother.

But the rumors persisted.

This time Vivien was coy. "I won't say yes—and I won't say no."

Finally in January Olivier left for New York to direct Charlton Heston in the short-lived *The Tumbler*.

Vivien was to join him in March when she was due to start rehearsals for *Duel of Angels*. But they announced that "they had decided against sharing a flat or anything of that sort because we won't be together that much to make it worthwhile."

They weren't together at all.

He left New York a few days before she was due to arrive.

But he sent her magnificent bouquets of flowers on the night her play opened.

And she lined her dressing room walls with six photographs of "my husband." And told everybody, "If Larry comes here June 5th when my play closes, I'll see him on June 5th. I miss him terribly. If you live with a man for twenty-five years you don't stop missing him."

But secretly she knew he wasn't coming here on June 5th, and that he was no longer hers and that she would go on missing him.

Then, she told about the letter. And his request for a divorce and her plans to "do whatever Larry wants." And finally the bitter truth about themselves:

"For the past few years our relationship has been strictly professional. He has gone his way and I have gone mine. But we have always told each other that we'd serve our profession in the best possible way. And sometimes the price is a deep personal loss. I haven't many regrets. Only the things I've done and said that have hurt people."

#### Full circle

Now that her life has come full circle, perhaps she was thinking back twenty-five years. To Leigh Holman. To Jill Esmond.

Vivien said she'd "do whatever Larry wishes," and he's wishing for a divorce, but her friends cannot believe she will relinquish him in such an un-Leigh like manner.

"Viv is forty-six," said one, "a point in life when a woman as intense and high strung as she needs security and tenderness. She is still madly in love with Larry. No matter what has happened in their lives, she never fell out of love. And she's still Scarlett O'Hara and Scarlett was a woman who fought for what she wanted. Vivien will bend every effort to persuade her Larry to reconsider."

Vivien did bend every effort.

When her play closed she flew back to London and made an appointment to meet with her husband at the theater, where he was playing.

But when she arrived—ten minutes early, he was gone.

There was only a note saying he thought it would be better "if we don't see each other at the time."

Desperate, she wrote to Joan Plowright, asking for an opportunity to see her, talk to her.

Joan never answered the letter.

Maybe because she doesn't dare face Vivien—or maybe because as it is rumored, she doesn't want to become too involved in the Oliviers' problems because she's gotten cold feet about becoming the next lady Olivier.

In England Vivien met only with silence: and her lawyers—until just a few days before she was to return to America, Olivier granted his wife an interview in his Eaton Square apartment. When she left the country there was still no official announcement of a divorce. "I'll see Larry in September when he comes to America. We'll discuss our problems further then," was all she would say.

But she still hopes to get her man back. How?

She herself doesn't quite know. She's too upset to think about it.

Perhaps, in her room late at night, unable to sleep, she finds her comfort in the lines of a script she read long, long ago:

"I won't think of it now. I'll go crazy if I think about losing him now. But I can't let him go. There must be some way."

"I'll think about it tomorrow. For tomorrow is another day."

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# I Know There Are Miracles

(Continued from page 39)

the tears are some kind of an indication that the world needs our prayers.

Are there other "signs" or "miracles" that you've heard about, Annette?

Of course, there's the great miracle with Saint Bernadette when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her at Lourdes and told her to erect a shrine for the ailing. And there are all the great miracles in the Bible.

But I'll tell you something I saw for myself. Jimmy Dodd, who was one of the Mouseketeers, had a very rare disease. The doctors all said it was incurable. And—I hate to say this—just about everybody gave up hope and figured he had very little time to live. I can't remember the name of the disease. It had some long scientific name. But when he was finally sent home from the hospital, all of his friends and relatives started praying. I went to church and lit candles for Jimmy and prayed to the saints and the Blessed Virgin to look after him and make him well.

Believe it or not, Jimmy became better and, after a while, he was cured!

We were all so happy.

Now, how did Jimmy get well? The doctors at the hospital had all given up hope. So you can't say medicine saved him.

Prayer saved him.

And you know something? Jimmy couldn't believe what happened to him. He was so weak and sick that when he started to get well it was as if he had come back from the dead. Well, Jimmy's a very devout Presbyterian. And now he's turned to religion for his life's work. He's dedicating his life to the church. He preaches with the First Christian Group in Hollywood (which Jane Russell started with Roy Rogers). I've gone to his meetings. We all listen to Jimmy give an inspiring talk, and then we all pray for the world's ills to be cured. It's such a good feeling, praying together with friends.

One person that Jimmy's got in his group now—and I hope religion helps her see the light—is Beverly Aadland.

Any other miracles that you know of, Annette?

Well, my father was very sick a while back. He had diabetes, and the doctors said his case was bad. My mother was very depressed about Daddy's being so sick. So we all prayed. I prayed to the Infant of Prague, and I made novenas regularly. My mother and brothers did, too. And do you know, my father was cured!

Then there was the time I had my tonsils out. When I came home from the hospital I started hemorrhaging in the middle of the night. I remember I heard my mother screaming, and I saw my pillow soaked with blood. They rushed me to the hospital to stop the bleeding, and then I came home, and I was so weak I didn't think I'd ever be able to open my eyes again.

When I came out of that deep sleep, the first thing I saw was the wooden crucifix on the wall with the Blessed Saviour looking at me.

I looked at the Blessed Saviour and prayed, and I heard him comfort me. I heard him say, "I am with you . . ."

And from then on, I didn't worry. I just prayed, and I became well.

How do you pray, Annette?

I pray all the time.

I always thank the Good Lord for letting

everything go well during the day, for looking after my mom and dad and my brothers. I talk to God when I pray. I don't believe in reciting only stiff, formal prayers. God is my friend. He is my Holy Father, and I talk to Him the way I would to someone who's nice and kind. I don't ask for impossible things because that's silly.

But sometimes if there is a special favor I'm praying for—like Jimmy Dodd's recovery from his incurable illness—then I light a vigil light.

You know, lots of times things happen to us that we don't particularly like. Sometimes I have to go on the road when I wish I could stay home and be with my mom and dad, but I always pray and say, "God, if this must be so, then I know it's Your will and it must surely be good for me."

For instance, I wasn't crazy about appearing at Radio City Music Hall right at the time of my graduation. I wanted to be home in California to receive my diploma.

But I told myself this was God's will. And it was good for me. I learned a lot about singing before adult audiences.

How often do you go to church, Annette?

Every Sunday, and on many holy days. I like to stop in a church and pray whenever I have a moment. You can always find one or two minutes to say a short prayer and to pause for God's blessing. People who say they don't have time for church make me mad. Church doesn't demand much time. It just demands a little thought. And if you don't think about it, then you won't go and pray.

When I'm home in California, we all go as a family to St. Cyril's Catholic Church in Encino. It's nice to go with your folks to church on Sunday, but there are certain times, too, when it's really best to pray alone.

Some people believe religion is a private matter. If your fans want to know about your faith, does this bother you?

No.

For some folks perhaps, privacy is important.

But I like to share my feelings about God with my friends. Some of my fans send me religious medals that have been blessed by their bishops or priests, and I think that's so wonderful of them to think of me.

One fan sent me two bottles of holy water from the holy springs in France, and I gave one of the bottles to Kevin Corcoran's mother. She was pregnant at the time with little Kelly, and she was having a difficult time. Well, she anointed herself with the holy water, and she felt much, much better.

I keep my bottle of holy water on my dresser. At night I always put a little of it on my forehead and then I make the sign of the cross.

I'll tell you something strange about that holy water. I use it every day, but no matter how often I use it—it never runs out!

I don't believe that it's right to impose my religion on anyone else. I don't mind talking about my feelings about God and the way I worship, but I think everyone should be free to worship God in their own way. I love my religion, and I respect anyone who loves theirs. It's just tragic, though, to see some people occasionally who have no faith. Because without God, without His spirit in your heart, you miss so much in this world!

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## new movies

(Continued from page 8)

### ALL THE YOUNG MEN

in the Korean War

Alan Ladd  
Sidney Poitier  
James Darren  
Glenn Corbett  
Mort Sahl

■ They are in Korea, all of them, including ex-heavyweight champ Ingemar Johansson. In case you didn't know it before, war is hell, snow is cold and the Marines are tough. Twelve of them have to hold a farmhouse until the main body of troops catches up to them. Eleven of these men would like to go meet the main body but Sidney Poitier, who has been placed in command by their now dead lieutenant, won't budge. Since Sidney is Negro some extra tension and resentment are felt, particularly by southerner Paul Richards. Alan Ladd's mad because he's an oldtimer who expected to take command. The nine others generally do what they're told. Mort Sahl, who delivers a wryly comic soliloquy, and James Darren, who sings a song, are among those others. Holding the farmhouse against the enemy horde takes some doing, but that's not all the drama. Poitier is forced to give a blood transfusion to one of the men—a shocking experience to the Southern "gentleman," and an honest attempt to save this film from complete triteness.—COLUMBIA.

## My God, Will I End Up a Spinster?

(Continued from page 25)

You know how to model, you know how to pose. But it's got to be a nude. And if I'm going to do it at all, I want to do it soon."

"Why soon?" asked Kim.

"Because," replied the artist, "and I'm going to give it to you straight—you are not married so there's no husband to object. And you will not be beautiful forever. Do you understand?"

Kim stood up and walked to the great north window that slanted into the studio. She stared at the busy city streets below.

"You mean my time is short?" she said, not looking at him.

"Every woman's time is short," said the sculptor; "it is her proudest moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her. And she will be lost as a woman forever."

Kim nodded her head, still staring.

Then suddenly, without warning, she turned, grabbed her coat and ran out the door.

The sculptor watched her exit in silence. He knew what he had said was true. He knew, too, that his words had driven deep into Kim's heart. . . .

### No running away

As Kim drove home one phrase of the sculptor's kept repeating itself over and over in her mind. "No husband . . . no husband . . . no husband. . . ."

There was no running away from the truth.

It wasn't the first time Kim had pondered the question. "My God, will I end up a spinster?"

Four months ago the world would have bet that today Kim Novak would be Mrs. Richard Quine. Instead it was all over with Dick. Or was it? Kim didn't know. Even after three weeks in a hospital because of

### RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

**THE APARTMENT** (United Artists): The comedy in *The Apartment* is pretty wry. Jack Lemmon, see, works for an insurance company. His system for getting ahead is to lend his bachelor apartment to the older (and married) men in the company, as a place to meet their girlfriends. His boss (Fred MacMurray) has a girl (Shirley MacLaine) who is secretly loved by Jack, who doesn't know about Shirley and Fred. Well, the laughs are there but the humor is nevertheless mixed with the unhappy tension of a part of big-city life.

**STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET** (Columbia): In a suburban community of young-marrieds, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas find themselves caught up in an unexpected love-affair. Architect Kirk has a wife, Barbara Rush, and a commission from Don Juan-type author Ernie Kovacs to build a house: everything should be perfect except that Kim and Kirk have fantasies that this new house is theirs. The solution of these triangles comes with the finishing of the house. Is the romance also over? Go see.

**FROM THE TERRACE** (20th-Fox): Returning soldier Paul Newman has an alcoholic mother (Myrna Loy), and unloving father (Leon Ames), and big ideas about what he should now do with his life. Ambition brings about a marriage with wealthy Joanne Woodward and destroys it. Joanne's old boyfriend and Paul's new girlfriend help raise to fever pitch the burning question this film presents—shall a man choose love or money?

**THE SUBTERRANEANS** (MGM): The 'beatniks' of the world (well, anyway, the West Coast) gather in San Francisco to Live, Create, Suffer (though mostly it's the last). Among their number are George Peppard, Leslie Caron, Janice Rule and Roddy McDowall. It's a complicated though interesting plot.

a mysterious ailment the doctors call hepatitis, Kim didn't know. And all that time thinking hadn't helped.

Once more, following the pattern of anguish that had repeated itself endlessly in her life, Kim was again without a man.

Is it Kim's fault that she is not married? Women think it must be.

One Hollywood actress, not nearly as beautiful as Kim, but married to a man she loves and the mother of three lovely children, comments:

"Kim suffers the curse of all beautiful women. She prizes her beauty above all else. As an adult female she has never had to compete with other women. We who are less than gorgeous have had to beguile a man, deliberately attract him, trap him in a nice way, let him see or understand that the real and lasting beauty in a woman is her faith, her love and her respect.

"It is what every woman should know. That beauty can attract a man but it cannot hold him."

Most of the men who have romanced Kim in the last ten years agree.

One actor says that: "Kim's beauty is overpowering. Close to it you cannot think, you cannot be aware of anything but her loveliness. What she says means nothing. What she thinks is a complete mystery. You are concerned only with the shape of her lips, the irresistible moistness of her eyes, the grace and movement of that beautiful body. And when you leave her all you can do is shake your head, as if someone had slugged you, and say to yourself. 'What happened? Where am I?' You remember Kim as a dream and everyone knows that dreams don't come true—not that kind of dream."

Kim may not enjoy her reputation as a sexpot, and it may be unfair, but it's Kim's own fault she earned it.



Some time ago Kim, in a moment of independence, based perhaps on the worship that is given her beauty, told a friend that:

"I don't believe I'll ever marry. I love the excitement of falling in love. You can't get that kind of fun with a husband."

And, in a moment of extreme frankness, Kim is also reported to have admitted that Sammy Davis, Jr., was the "one and only man" who ever really pleased and amused her.

Kim denies this memory of Sammy, but other beautiful women have echoed similar sentiments.

#### Her mother warned her

One insider declares that Kim's refusal to get married goes back to her childhood.

"Kim has always felt that her mother favored her older sister, Arlene. When the girls were in their teens, Arlene was allowed to wear her hair long and arranged in various styles of the day. But Kim says her mother made her wear her hair one way and no other. As a result Kim used to restyle her hair after she left the house and put it back before she returned. Her mother perhaps because she could see what was coming, had always warned Kim to get married early and have children. Kim still doesn't like being told what to do."

At another time in her late teens, Kim's stable of boyfriends was so great that the numbers alarmed her grandmother.

"You must be careful, Kim," she said. "I tell you that for every girl there are just so many boys. You are using them up too fast."

After her quota of boys was exhausted, however, Kim, without hesitation, began to work on her allotment of men. In Hollywood she began with theater-chain owner, Mac Krim. Mac proposed often. Kim said "No," just as frequently. After that romance died came Count Mario Bandini; Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Sammy Davis, Jr., Jorge Guinle, Gen. Rafael Trujillo, Jr. and director Richard Quine.

There were lesser loves, but these are the ones Kim seems to remember.

Despite the fantastic number of handsome men with whom Kim has had romances, even those who know her best insist that she has never been in love.

And though it is not generally known, Kim does a beautiful job of concealing the fact that until now her life as a woman has been short-changed. Kim just doesn't know whether she's ever been in love. The confusion, when she is alone, petrifies her.

At a party recently Kim was feeling depressed. The public did not yet know that her "almost certain" marriage to Dick Quine had faded miserably. But it was obvious to her friends that she was suffering the tormentful remorse of that "end-of-a-romance" hangover.

Someone brought up the subject of love. Definitions of the grand passion were offered. Finally, with an air of expectation, one of the men stared straight at Kim and said, "Let's hear what the Golden Girl has to say about love."

Kim's lips puckered at the corners in a faint smile. She shook her head slowly.

"Don't ask me," she said. "I don't know what love is. I like to think that it is happiness without end. It hasn't happened to me. I haven't seen it happen to anyone else. God knows I thought I was in love with Mac. Maybe I was. But neither of us know where it went. We'd be ecstatic in each other's company. Then from out of nowhere we'd be arguing and I'd slide right down the chute to misery street. So would he. Did we leave love or did it leave us?"

"Sometimes I think love is all physical. Maybe it's just two people simply satisfy-

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"It sounds crazy, but I think you must learn to love first and then avoid, at all possible costs, any attempts to define it.

"Do you all remember that advertising slogan, 'It's fun to be fooled but it's more fun to know?' It isn't.

"But as long as you realize deep down inside what you're doing, it's all right.

"It's a game. You're fooling yourself, but you aren't. You know?

"How many women have asked themselves, 'Are you really in love with this man?' How much can you give him until you haven't any more to give? What's more important—your loving him or his loving you? Those questions never get answered until it's too late.

"That's why I have the jitters about marriage. I keep thinking I need more time, more wisdom, maybe even more experience, before I can decide on the man I want for the rest of my life. Maybe I just don't have the courage."

But there are other reasons.

#### The consequences of a mistake

Because of the romances she has had with men and the headlined notoriety attending them, the public overlooks one fact in Kim's life that is much more powerful and emphatic than is suspected. Kim is a church-going Catholic. Once she has taken a husband, divorce is almost out of the question. Not that she could not obtain one. But her childhood faith in God and the precepts of her religion are now deep and abiding spiritual convictions. She dreads the irrevocable consequences of making a mistake.

"But, Kim," one of the men insisted, "it's hard to believe that you really want a husband. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that you are more interested in boyfriends?"

"That," said Kim, with a testy timbre, "is ridiculous. You don't know how much I want to get married. I want children, I want a home. But how the devil can you

have any of that when you are not in love. You know as well as I do that it is a simple matter for a woman to develop a liking for a man. But I'm not so sure it's so simple to love him."

One friend claims the real problem is one Kim refuses to admit.

"I'll tell you what the big gap in Kim's life is," said the acquaintance. "It is this. Kim has never learned anything from other women. All she knows about love and life has come from the men in her past. She is not really close to any female friend that I know of. So she must rely on her beauty, her natural attraction for men, which, when you stop to think of it is not of her making. She was born with the chemicals. And up to a point that can be very successful. But sooner or later Kim will have to admit that although she knows a great deal about men she knows nothing about women except what she knows about herself. And that just might not be enough."

Not long after hearing this unusual observation I asked Kim if it was true. Had she really isolated herself from the comfort and consolation of other women?

She toyed with the question for a moment.

Then with a graceful shrug, she said: "I've never thought about it very much. Now that I think of it, it may have started back in school. I did avoid other girls. I can remember being asked to parties, to club meetings, to sororities. I always refused. I just assumed they were looking for a new character.

"I was gawky and round-shouldered and too tall for a girl. And I knew that the girl groups all had characters. You know, a tall one, a fat one. They are always the butt of the jokes, the oddballs. They're different. I think their presence gives other girls a feeling of superiority.

"I'm sure that's why I stayed to myself. Yes, I was alone and loneliness to me was torment, an inside anguish that found no outlet. It grows and after a while becomes 71



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almost impossible to endure. Oh, how I cry for lonely people.

"I used to sit in my room and look out the window. It was a long time before I realized that the world wasn't against me. In my own girlish, too-sensitive way I had turned against my world.

"I was wrong, but at the time I was sure that the others were just waiting to laugh at me to make me even more miserable than I was."

### Time is running out

Kim's father, Joseph Novak, has always said that Kim would marry when she was thirty. "She wants to be sure she will never have to change her mind," says Mr. Novak. "She has told me many times, 'Daddy, don't worry. You will never see me in a court of divorce. When I marry it will be for keeps, like you and Mom.' That was my daughter speaking and I believe her."

Of late, however, with time running out, Kim is shaken by the failure of her romance with Quine and frightened perhaps by the lately-learned knowledge that beauty is no guarantee of love and mar-

riage and a baby carriage. Kim has lapsed into lengthy moods of depression and disquiet. She is twenty-nine.

Kim insists that regardless of the symptoms she is certainly in no panic for a man.

"I promised myself a long time ago," she told me, "that I would make something of myself before I took a husband. That I would have a career, do the best I could for a while and be a fine actress.

"When the time comes, and I admit it is not far off, I will marry and try to be a good wife—and a good woman. But I have to take my time."

But the girl born Marilyn Pauline Novak must heed the advice of a man who really understands that mortal idols have feet of clay.

"Every woman's time is short," said the sculptor, "it is her proudest moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her. And she will be lost as a woman forever." **END**

Kim stars now in Columbia's STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET.

## Shirley MacLaine's Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

were sleepily drooping, closing down tight.

The child shivered slightly and rested her head on her mother's lap. A bunch of gaily colored post cards fell from her hands, and Shirley smiled, remembering how she had bought a number of cards to keep her active little child occupied. It didn't take much to make three and a half year old Sachie happy. She was such a joyous little thing, with her mother's blue eyes, turned-up nose and pixie style red hair.

Shirley unzipped the hood from her own coat and wrapped it around Sachie's legs. She hadn't realized there would be this long, chilly wait. Why did the waiting room look so lonely at this hour of the morning? The hands of the big clock said 1:45. The lights were bright, picking up the patient faces in the room. Outside it was black and raining, the drizzle falling in steady, blue lines. She looked at the sleeping face of her child. She should be in her own nice, warm bed in California. But the child, not much more than a baby, was on an important mission. . . .

"Wake up," Shirley said some time later, shaking the child gently. "Time to get up, Sachie. It's here. Your plane."

Sachie rubbed her eyes and placed her hand in her mother's. They walked out into the black, wet night and made a dash for the ramp. Inside the plane, Shirley settled the child; took the arm rest off the center of the double seat so that she could sleep in the two seats. There were only a few minutes left before take-off. Shirley bent down and kissed Sachie. The child said, "Don't worry, Mommy. I'll be all right." Shirley smiled very brightly and walked toward the door. Suddenly, she turned and ran back to her child. She lifted her and hugged her.

"I almost forgot—oh, my darling, I almost forgot. Merry Christmas. Merry, Merry Christmas." And ran out.

She stood in the blackness and watched the huge airliner fly into the skies and take her little girl off to Japan.

### Answer to a mystery

Why did Shirley MacLaine, who absolutely adores her little girl, send her six thousand miles away at Christmas time last year—the one time of all the year

mothers want most of all to be with their children?

The answer to that question is the answer to the mystery of Shirley. People constantly tell her that they cannot understand her strange marriage to Steve Parker. They can't believe that these two—who are often parted by those same 6,000 miles—can stay in love with each other.

Shirley sent their beloved child to Steve because he was sick with malaria and needed Sachie even more than she did. Busy at work in *The Apartment*, Shirley couldn't go.

It was a miserable Christmas for Shirley. She tried to be gay in the midst of the gaiety, but her heart was torn with longing for her little girl and for Steve. As New Year's Eve approached she dreaded seeing the New Year in without the comfort of Sachie's presence. She spent New Year's Eve at a party at Frank Sinatra's home and tried to laugh it up.

But if Shirley was torn between the desire to be with Sachie and the desire to give happiness to Steve, what about little Sachie?

What sort of a life is it for a little girl to be with her mother part of the time—to make long, strange trips to Japan at other times—and seldom to have the joy most little girls experience of having her parents together with her? Sachie sees her parents together only about six weeks out of the year. Usually, Mommy is in Hollywood making pictures; Daddy in Japan producing movies and shows, and Sachie shuttles back and forth.

Shirley can't find any other solution to their problem. "We both want her." Shirley told me. "So we have to divide her. Sachie loves Japan and loves Hollywood. She doesn't see anything strange in her existence."

Only a few months ago they were in Japan during one of those infrequent times when all three could be together as a family. But the reason was a sad one. Shirley noticed that Steve sounded very weak when he phoned her one evening. Worried, she asked him what was wrong. Finally he admitted he'd been stricken with hepatitis. "I'm going to be sent to the hospital soon," he said, and Shirley could hear the fear and loneliness in his voice.



Shirley had some unexpected time off because of the actors' strike, and she told him, "I'm going to take the first plane that leaves for Japan this week. We'll see you soon."

Sachie looked a little confused, then smiled when they got off at the Haneda Airport in Tokyo. "I came here before, Mommy, but all alone. It's nicer with you." The two of them drove directly to the Yamate Hospital in Yokohama to see Steve. With a high fever, Steve looked gaunt and yellow. Sachie came close to the bed and said, "Daddy, you've been away so long. Why didn't you come back, Daddy?"

He stroked her hand and said, "I couldn't, Sachie. I had to work here in Japan. Your mother can tell you all about it."

#### Together—but not quite

Shirley and Sachie went back to their Japanese home, where, in a suburban section outside of Tokyo called Yoyogi, Sachie had been many times without Shirley. But it was exciting to have her mother with

stantly in a state of separation, they've worked out a system where they correspond through tape recordings. It makes Sachie feel closer to whichever parent is away to hear his or her voice. Steve would play the tape recordings of Shirley's voice, and Sachie would talk her letter to Mommy into her recorder.

One day Steve told Shirley through the tape: "I'm feeling better now, and Sachie and I are having a wonderful time together. Of course she misses you, but I find things to keep her busy all day long. Today Noriko made a special flower arrangement that she told Sachie was just for her. Sachie was so excited, she even composed a little song on her violin for the flowers."

"Soon I shall be well enough to start *My Geisha*. We'll be going on location in a couple of weeks. How about my taking Sachie along? It will be a new, exciting experience for her."

Shirley, alone in her home in Sherman Oaks, bit her lips. Finally, she reached out for the little recorder and spoke. "I'm glad Sachie is so happy, dear," she said. "But please send her home to me. The interior of Japan is no place for our baby. It's too primitive. It's too dangerous for an American child."

In suspense, Shirley waited for Steve's answer. It was a happy surprise.

#### After that Christmas visit

Although he was not yet fully recovered from the hepatitis, he flew to Hollywood with Sachie and surprised Shirley. So many times before this, little Sachie had had to make the journey to the States alone.

But it seems almost as if Sachie has absorbed the philosophy of her parents who are faced with a continuing problem. *Be a bamboo, bend with the wind*, is something Shirley believes. Still, how much bending can a little girl learn to do? It was bad enough that Shirley and Steve had to work in separate parts of the world because Hollywood didn't recognize Steve's talents the way Tokyo did. It was bad enough that little Sachie had to travel back and forth between continents, so that she could sometimes be with one parent, sometimes with the other. This was what a woman who loved her husband must do for both his sake and the sake of their child.

But this time, Steve was coming with Sachie and as Sachie watched Mommy and Daddy fall into each other's arms and kiss, her little face lit up. She wondered what it would be like to have both her mommy and daddy with her all the time. How wonderful it would be. . . .

It was only a few days later she walked into the back yard and bent to pick a big daisy. Inside the house, Mommy and Daddy were still talking. Just before she had left the house, Sachie had heard Daddy say he would have to leave soon for Japan. And Mommy's voice sounded that quiet way it always did when she talked to Daddy before he'd leave. And Daddy had said how he wished Sachie could go with him. And Mommy had said no, not this time, maybe a little later.

So there it was again. She would either stay here with Mommy or there with Daddy.

Sachie lowered her head to smell the daisy. It didn't have a smell at all. Not like the tiny *mokusei* blossoms which grew in their back yard in Yoyogi and smelled so sweet. But the daises had such pretty white petals.

It was all so confusing. Everything could get so mixed-up for a little girl who was hardly four. . . . **END**

Shirley's newest films are *United Artists' THE APARTMENT*, and *ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK* for Paramount.

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her. Through the irony of circumstances, even though both parents wanted to be with her, she could only see Daddy at rare intervals because he was in the hospital, and Mommy only in the evening when she returned from the hospital each day.

To keep the child from being lonely, Shirley enrolled Sachie in a Japanese nursery school. One day, the little instructor from the school padded up to the house and said to Shirley, "You spending so much money for child to go to school, why doesn't she take up violin there, all for same good money?"

Shirley could hardly suppress her smile. The fee at the school was \$1.75 a month. But the idea of giving Sachie violin lessons appealed to her. Practicing each day on the violin would help Sachie forget that she couldn't see much of her parents. But in spite of the violin, Sachie missed her daddy. She remembered other visits to Japan, when he had been able to play with her and had taken her on visits all over Tokyo.

The actors' strike was settled, and Shirley had to go back to Hollywood and work again. Originally, she had planned to take Sachie back with her. But the child had seen practically nothing of her father during this visit. Shirley recalled her lonely Christmas without Sachie. But she thought, also, of Steve coming home from the hospital, weak and depressed, without any one of his loved ones there. Shirley sighed. Sachie would remain in Japan.

Sachie saw her mother off at Haneda Airport, and returned home to be with her father. Because the family is almost con-

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## SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in September, your birthstone is the sapphire and your flower is the aster. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

- September 1—Yvonne DeCarlo  
 September 2—Michael Dante  
 September 3—Alan Ladd  
 September 4—Mitzi Gaynor  
 September 5—Donna Anderson  
 Gustavo Rojo  
 September 6—Jody McCrea  
 September 7—Peter Lawford  
 September 9—Cliff Robertson  
 September 10—Lloyd Nolan  
 Edmond O'Brien  
 September 11—Earl Holliman  
 September 13—Scott Brady  
 September 14—Jack Hawkins  
 September 15—Jackie Cooper  
 September 16—Lauren Bacall  
 Anne Francis  
 September 17—Pat Crowley  
 September 18—Frankie Avalon  
 Rossano Brazzi  
 September 19—Ray Danton  
 Jimmie Rodgers  
 September 20—Haya Harareet  
 Sophia Loren  
 Karen Sharpe  
 September 22—Paul Muni  
 September 23—Mickey Rooney  
 September 24—George Raft  
 September 25—John Ericson  
 Aldo Ray  
 September 26—Julie London  
 Jack Kelly  
 September 27—Betty Lou Keim  
 Kathy Nolan  
 September 28—Janet Munro  
 Heather Sears  
 Peter Finch  
 September 29—Anita Ekberg  
 Lizabeth Scott  
 Gene Autry  
 Steve Forrest  
 Trevor Howard  
 September 30—Angie Dickinson  
 Anna Kashfi  
 Deborah Kerr  
 Johnny Mathis



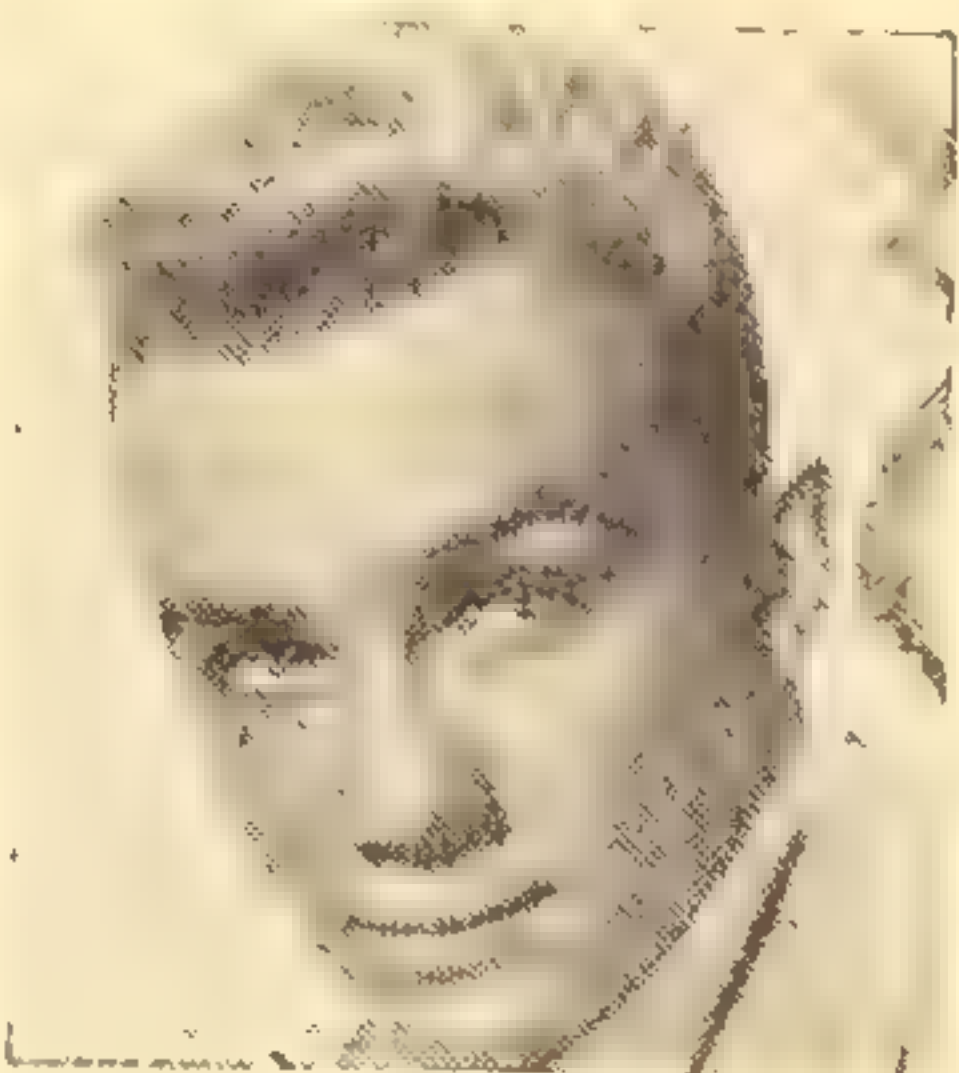
Claudette Colbert  
September 13



Greta Garbo  
September 18



Greer Garson  
74 September 29



Ben Cooper  
September 30

## Bob Stack

(Continued from page 21)

could hear them think, "—guy's almost arrived so many times, he's worn out the welcome mat."

"Poor Bob," he could hear them, "—all these years of batting away, and still minor league."

"Poor Bob," he could hear them.

"Poor guy."

He turned back to Rosemarie.

He took her hand.

"I love you, Rose," he said, very softly. "I could have lost you once. But I didn't. Thank God I have you, at least."

And then, facing the stage once more, he began to think of that shelf in the den of their home, which Rosemarie had cleared earlier in the day, saying proudly, "Here is where your Oscar goes, darling, right here. The prize you've worked so hard for, in this business, all these years!"

And he began to wonder, for the first time in all these years:

"How did I get into this business, anyway? How? And why? Why? . . ."

### It began with a kiss

Actually, Bob's career in pictures began on a light note . . . with a kiss, in fact; one of the most famous kisses in screen history. The year was 1939. Deanna Durbin, the reigning teen-age star, was sixteen. Her studio, deciding it was time for their million-dollar baby to grow up, prepared a script for her called *First Love*. The search for a leading man that followed was a publicity natural. "Who will be the first young man to kiss our Deanna?" came the cry from Universal Pictures. And the world, or at least a great part of it, waited breathlessly while young man after young man was tested for the job.

As it happened, no suitable young man was found.

Not, that is, for about two months, and till the day a fellow named Robert Stack—nineteen, six-one, blue-eyed, blond, very handsome, a socialite, an All-American skeet champion, and fresh out of college—dropped by the studio for a visit with Deanna, whom he knew.

They were in the studio commissary, having lunch, when it happened.

Deanna's producer, a very German German-type, passed by their table.

"Mein dear," he said, bowing slightly when he spotted Deanna.

Then he looked over at her lunch date.

"Mein Gott!" he said, his monocle beginning to twitch against his nose. "But you are wunderbar, marvelous," he said to Bob. "You are an actor?"

"No," said Bob.

"You would like to be an actor?" asked the producer.

"I never thought much about it," said Bob.

"Mit dot face, mit dot physique," said the producer, "you *must* be an actor . . . I don't take no for an answer."

He didn't, either.

For the next hour, right there at the table, he talked to Bob, talking him right into a contract, which was signed a couple of days later. Then, for the next few months, he and his director guided Bob through the paces of picture-making, right up till the last day of shooting, the day of the Big Kiss, the scene in which Deanna, once and finally kissed, swoons dazedly into her young boyfriend's arms.

When the picture was released, Deanna's swooning was multiplied by millions. Girls and women all over the country began to flood the fan-letter bin at Universal with cards and letters about Bob. They wanted to know all about him. Who was he? What

was he really like? On, where had he been all their lives?

"Adulation, especially at the beginning, is a funny thing," Bob says today, looking back. "I guess it turns lots of people's heads out here. I don't say I was completely untouched by it. But whenever I did start to get a little cocky about the way things were going I'd always remember what my brother said to me after he saw me on the screen the first time: 'Bob,' he said, 'you're sort of all teeth and no talent.' He said it in a kidding way. But that about summed me up, I guess."

Still, those first years, Bob wasn't shedding any tears over the fact that he was minus on the acting side "and being paid well for something I couldn't even do." Life as a young Hollywood personality was fun. And young Bob Stack wasn't bound to start fighting fun.

### Active to passive to active again

"The only misgiving I had at the time, those first four years, those first nine or ten pictures," he recalls, "was that I was living a primarily passive existence while all my life I'd been used to action. You see, when you're in pictures you're the guy who may be up there on the screen, but behind you there are lots of people plotting things out for you, telling you what to do, how to do it, what to say, how to say it. And there's waiting, days and weeks and months of waiting sometimes between scripts. . . . I wasn't used to this. As a kid I'd lived rough, tough, despite the fact that we were fairly well-to-do. My dad died when I was about nine. And because he'd been quite an athlete, my mother went overboard with my brother and me in athletics. 'Wouldn't Jim have wanted them to do this?' she'd say. And before you knew it we were either riding a motorbike or a polo pony or a hydroplane or fooling around with guns. As it turned out my brother and I had about a hundred fathers, friends of my dad's who'd come over and take us on camping trips, teach us how to ride, this, that. It had been an active life for us. And now for me, suddenly, it was passive. . . . As I said, I had some misgivings about this at the beginning. But not too many. I was living it up. And, I guess, I sort of didn't make the time to think much about it."

The war, however, helped change things—and those five years between 1942 and 1946 which Bob spent in the Navy gave him plenty of time to start thinking things over.

They were a long and sobering five years for the good-looking young lieutenant from Hollywood.

And when they were nearly over, these five years away from *The Town*, the parties, the general hoopla, Bob decided that he would try to become an 'Actor.'

"I had a talk with myself one night," he says. "It was very brief and simple. 'God willing, Charlie, you've come through this war okay,' I told myself, 'and you've done a fair job at what you were assigned to do. Now how about growing up, getting serious and trying to do a job at home?'"

When Bob did get home, however, he found that nobody there gave a hoot about how he had talked to himself, or what he'd said.

"To every producer in town, I was an image," he explains. "Their image of Bob Stack was of a guy who kisses Deanna Durbin, swings a mean tennis racket and mixes martinis at debutante balls . . . Well, I had an image of myself, too, a great big image, of the guy who was going to buckle down and prove himself and get to work with directors like George Stevens and play opposite stars like Bergman and to hell with the tennis rackets and the martinis. It was a fight between the two images—theirs and mine. It was a worth-



while fight. A valiant fight, you might say. But I lost, almost before I even started."

Bob's first post-war assignment was in a trifle called *A Date With Judy*, in which he played opposite Jane Powell and a then thirteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor. This was followed by something called *Miss Tatlock's Millions*.

And so it went.

On and on.

There were times when it looked as if things were looking up for Bob. He'd land a fairly decent role occasionally, give it everything he had, and the critics would clap. "Surprise discovery—the guy can act," they'd say, in effect. Then Bob, in effect, would sit by his phone, waiting for the big role-call to come.

It never did.

And what resulted was a period of complete despair—some ten years of it.

"Despair," Bob says, "and a kind of humiliation, a miserable period that got so out of hand I didn't know if I was coming or going sometimes. I became like all the other insecure people in this town. I'd sit talking to producers and I'd find myself thinking, 'Look at me, Charlie! Love me, Charlie! Pity me, pity me, Man, and give me my chance!' I began to realize after a while, though, that I was doomed to mediocrity, and that that was worse than failure . . . Other people realized this, too. Like the photographers, guys who'd been great to me on my way up but who had little practical use for me now. How many premieres did I go to where some of them would take pictures of me, just like old times, only I'd notice that their cameras had the safety-catches on? . . . Humiliation, sir. Real bad . . . And so I began to hang around with all the other humiliated people I could find, people who complained all day. I was tops in that list. I was miserable. I was unsuccessful. And I didn't care who I told my problems to and what misery I had to listen to in return."

#### What's needed

One day during this period (it was 1952—Bob was now thirty-two) he picked up a movie magazine that happened to be running a by-now rare story on him.

The title of the story ran something like: *Why Is Bob Stack Going To Pot?*

The answer, summed up at the end of the story, read something like: What Hollywood's most-eligible (if unsuccessful) bachelor needs is to settle down—he needs, in short, a wife.

Bob laughed long and loud when he finished reading the article, as he threw the magazine down.

"I thought to myself, 'That's all I need, a wife to help pull me under,'" he says. "I was convinced that marriage was a drag. And for good reason, too. Most of my friends at that time were either divorced or unhappily married, very unhappily married. And me, I was a cuspidor for everybody's flop marriage. I'd like to have a dollar for every hour I spent back then listening to somebody gripe to me about what he'd gone through ever since that fatal day when he said, 'I do.' . . . No sir, I began to think at a very early age, nobody was ever going to catch me getting involved with any of that preacher stuff. What little fun there might be left in life for me wasn't going to be hampered by any wife!"

To make sure there'd be no slip-up, Bob went so far as to teach himself how not to fall in love. His system was painless. He picked the most beautiful girls in town to date "because they are easily the most competitive girls in Hollywood and I knew I could never stand being with a competitive girl for long."

He played the gorgeous gal field to the

hilt. He played the fieldwell, but strictly for laughs. One date, two dates, maybe three—then finis, and on to the next lovely picking.

The pickings were lush, needless to say. And easy.

#### New new-girl-in-town

But then, one night, Bob picked wrong—for his purposes at the time.

It was 1955, summer, a party. Bob happened to have come to the party alone that night. So had a girl, an unusually beautiful girl.

The party's hostess introduced them.

And they began to talk, Bob asking the usual questions, the girl answering.

Her name, she told him, was Rosemarie Bowe. She came from Washington state, had been in Hollywood for a little over a year, had made a few pictures—and that's as far as she went with any career talk.

Now this alone surprised Bob. Most of the new-girls-in-town he'd met never stopped talking about the beauty contests they'd won, the magazine covers they'd made, the producers who were so interested in them, the big picture possibilities ahead.

But Rosemarie, that first night—she was different.

She talked about things like home, Tacoma, the hundred and one little things she missed about it. She talked about her mother, her family, the wonderful kind of people they were.

She was a smart girl, Bob saw right off, smart as well as beautiful. And she had a joy of life about her. And an openness, as open and clean as a freshly-washed pane of glass.

Bob liked her, right from the beginning.

He asked her, after a while, if he might take her to dinner the following evening.

A slight blush came to Rosemarie's face now, a natural phenomenon Bob hadn't seen off-screen in a long, long time.

"Will you," he asked again, "—tomorrow night?"

"That would be very nice," Rosemarie said, the blush deepening.

"It was that next night at dinner that the trouble began," Bob says, looking back. "I found myself rapidly falling in love with this girl. We were just sitting there, I remember, and I started to feel this strange warm feeling inside me, just looking at her, just listening to her talk. 'Whoa, Charlie,' I said to myself, 'hurry up and eat and then get this Miss Bowe home before you start thinking maybe you feel serious about her. Get her home, boy. And pronto!'"

"I did. I drove her right home and then I went back to my place. I got into bed and tried to fall asleep. But I couldn't. Instead I just lay there and kept saying her name, over and over . . . 'Rosemarie . . . Rose . . . Rosemarie. . . .'"

#### Great for a while

"The next morning I found myself phoning her. I asked her what she was doing that night. I told her I wanted to see her again. I wasn't very truthful—I didn't say I had to see her again.

"Well, we began going out. We went out, were together, all the time. And before long we both knew it, that we were in love with each other. We didn't say it in so many words; you know, the I-love-you-do-you-love-me thing. But it was there, for both of us.

"It was great for a while, being in love. It was great to have somebody to talk to, to let the guards down with, to want to be with, to have one girl who meant everything instead of a dozen who, all put together, meant nothing.

"It was great all that summer and all that fall, in fact, being together.

"And then, in December, one night just before Christmas, Rosemarie somehow

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# Paid: by Joanie Sommers- an I-O-U to GOD

Seven-year-old Joan Drost sat nervously in the back pew of Corpus Christi Church in Buffalo, New York. She was nervous because the man with the collection plate was headed her way, because she didn't have anything to put into the plate. There'd been a fire at her house a few days before. Everything had been ruined. The Drosts, a poor family, unable to get another place to live right away, had had to scatter. Joan, for one, had gone to live with a family friend. It was the friend, in fact, who'd given Joan the dress she was wearing this Sunday morning, an old red velvet affair the woman herself had worn when she was a girl; old, too long, loose-fitting and with the most tarnished and loosest-drooping brass buttons down the front you ever did see. Well, the dress had made Joan uncomfortable, to say the least.

But that embarrassment was nothing compared with what she felt now, this moment, in church—as the man with the collection plate came closer and closer to where she sat. She would have to think of something, she knew, and quick.

"Oh God," she whispered closing her eyes, when the man was upon her, "I know I should give you something in thanks for this beautiful Mass, but I don't have anything. And You know how awful I feel, with nothing for the plate."

Joan made her decision. Quickly, very quickly and clandestinely, the little girl pulled one of the buttons from her dress and dropped it into the collection plate.

When it clinked—just the way a nickel would clink, and when the man had walked away, without realizing, Joan closed her eyes once again and thought:

"God, I know what I just did is wrong. But sometime, when I'm big, when I get a good job somewhere and I've got some money, I'll give that money to You . . . I'll give You—" What was all the money in the world? How much could a person ever hope to have? "—I'll give you," she thought, "a whole *hundred* dollars."

And with that, the unhappy child felt a little better. . . .

A few weeks ago, in Hollywood, Joan Drost—now eighteen, a singer and named Joanie Sommers—received her first royalty check from her first album release, *Positively The Most*. The amount read: \$103.00.

Without thinking twice about what she was going to do with the money, she went to a bank, cashed the check, then walked to the nearest church. Inside the church she placed a spanking-new hundred dollar bill into a collection box. That deed done, she said a prayer and began to walk away.

But at the door of the church she stopped suddenly.

She had just now thought of something. Something important.

A moment later, she was back at the collection box.

Then, one by one, she shoved three spanking-new dollar bills through the box-slot.

"In case you're wondering, God," she whispered then, smiling, "—that's for what we down here call 'interest'!"



asked me if I had any intention of marrying her.

"I know how you've felt about marriage in the past, Bob," she said, "and I love you too much to go on like this if you still feel that way."

"I didn't say anything."

"Do you, Bob—do you still feel that way?" Rosemarie asked.

"She gave me a long time to answer."

"Finally, I began to nod."

"Yes," I said, "that's still the way I feel."

"Rosemarie began to cry. I'll never forget it, her sitting there in the car alongside me, beginning to cry, like a little girl—and me sitting there thinking, 'Don't go soft and let the tears sway you, Charlie. Remember, no matter how much you love her, this marriage stuff's a drag. Remember your pals and what happened to them. Who'll be your cuspidor when your problems begin? Who's it going to be who'll have to listen to you complain when your marriage begins to go sour?'"

"I took Rosemarie home right after that. I told her I guessed it was best if we didn't see one another anymore, seeing how she felt."

"Then I went home."

"I tried to forget her, everything about her, by plunging into my work. I was just beginning a picture called *Written On The Wind*. I played a nut in this. A tortured man. And that was me all over those next couple of weeks—a very tortured man."

"And then one night, after work, I was at my place, sitting there, alone, when it came to me that I was a fool trying to fight a decision that had been made for me by a big power up there someplace. That Rosemarie, our love, everything about the two of us had already been decided on, by a power bigger than either of us."

"I went to the phone and I called her. I told her I was coming over to see her, and then I hung up."

"When I got to her apartment I started talking, as soon as she opened the door. 'Rose, will you marry me?' I said. I kept talking, not waiting for any answer. 'It's going to be a good marriage, darling,' I said. 'We're going to be happy. We're going to have kids, Lord willing. We're going to build ourselves a home. And we're going to make that home a place to live in, strictly, leaving all the indignities of this town, this business, outside the door . . . And we're going to have fun, a ball, a cockamamey ball . . . And darling, darling, will you marry me?'"

"It was at this point that my knees began to shake. They shook so hard I had to sit down, or else I'd have fallen down. So I sat, and I tried to get up once. But I couldn't. So I sat again."

"Rosemarie began to laugh."

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"She pointed to my knees, still shaking away like crazy, my hands clamped over them, trying to get them to quit it."

"And then she laughed some more, and some more."

"When she finally stopped, she said, 'By the way, Bob—yes.'"

"Yes what?" I asked.

"Yes, I'll marry you," Rosemarie said.

"You will?" I asked.

"Yes," she said again.

"Suddenly, my knees stopped shaking. . . ."

The wedding took place a few weeks later, in late January, 1956. It was a small happy wedding, followed by a long happy honeymoon in Hawaii—followed by a very happy first year, during which, for the first time in a long time, Bob's career seemed ready to take off.

It came about with his Academy Award nomination for his performance in *Written On The Wind*.

It had been a fine performance and there seemed to be little question that it would



get Bob an Oscar and the subsequent good offers that normally come to an Oscar winner. As if to insure Bob's victory, *Variety*, the leading trade newspaper in Hollywood, predicted he would win—and *Variety* hadn't been wrong in over thirty years.

But then, that night in April, 1957, *Variety* proved itself fallible.

Bob didn't win.

And, at thirty-eight, he felt that, his biggest chance over with, a dud, he was doomed to be an almost-made-it from here on in.

"My first reaction," he told us recently, "was to get mad, to ask myself what was I doing in this business in the first place. My second thought was: Well, what else did you prepare for those years, way back, when there was time to figure things out? My third was a decision.

"I decided this way:

"I was through being desperate about my work.

"I was going to relax.

"I didn't care who I impressed any more.

"I figured if there was a break in the stars for me, it would come to me someday, anyway—so why not relax for a change."

Bob really relaxed those next two years. He made a few pictures—"the kind that neither hurt nor helped me." He and Rosemarie had themselves a couple of beautiful children, a daughter named Elizabeth, a son named Charles. And life, in general, went along smoothly, calmly, healthily and well.

And then one Saturday night about a year ago, it came—that dazzling professional break which Bob had long since topped hoping for, or thinking about.

It didn't sound like much at first, the phone call from Desi Arnaz, producer and head man at Desilu Productions.

"We've got a script here, Bob," said Desi. "We call it *The Untouchables*. There's a lead for you—fellow named Ness, a Chicago detective who tracks down the Capone mob. I know, it's not the kind of part you're associated with. But the script is good. And it's going to be a two-parter. And I think you'd be good for it. Real good. I mean very good."

Bob was not as enthusiastic. He told Desi he'd stop by the office one day next week,

read the script and see what he thought of it.

"No, Bob," said Desi. "I better send it over to your house tonight. *Mira*—we begin shooting on Monday morning."

"Monday?" Bob asked, incredulous.

"That's television," said Desi.

And that *was* television, as Bob was to find out when he showed up for work early that Monday morning, the script he had read and liked hugged under his arm. Television—that quick-to-get-ready, quick-to-rehearse, quick-to-make-you or quick-to-lose-you medium.

In Bob's case, it made him, literally overnight.

*The Untouchables* was a smash, it soon became a weekly hour-long series and Robert Stack, in the person of Elliot Ness, had broken the fifteen-year-old bad-luck barrier and, finally, had arrived.

How did it feel—to arrive, we asked Bob the other day.

"Great, just great," he said.

And what did it feel like to see a jinx broken?

"It makes me, of course, appreciate the break that did it, those first two shows," Bob said. "... And it makes me appreciate the fact that I decided a few years ago to relax and let the break come naturally, instead of pushing for it, pushing so hard that I might have pushed it away ... And that makes me appreciate, realize, the fact that the only reason I was able to relax was because of my wife. I couldn't have done it without Rosemarie. Without a good wife, a wonderful wife, I'd still be down there, somewhere, sitting around with that junk-heap feeling I was growing pretty used to."

Bob smiled then. And he added:

"Come to think of it, when you say 'arrived,' you've got to qualify the word. For example, the other day I got a letter from somebody who watches the show. He wrote:

*Dear Mr. Stack—Please send me a picture of my favorite person, the real Elliot Ness. If you haven't got a picture of him, I'll take one of my second favorite person, Al Capone. And if you haven't got pictures of either of them, then I'll take one of you.*

Bob scratched his head.

"That's 'arrived?'" he asked. ... END

## We're Getting Married

(Continued from page 42)

night as well tell you honest right now—no, she can't, not yet. I mean, she's great with things like TV-dinners, if you know what I mean. But with some of my favorites, like manicotti and chicken à la king (homemade, not that canned jazz) and beef stroganoff and five-minute soft-boiled eggs (very hard to make just right), the answer remains no, she can't cook yet. But I notice she's been hanging around with my sister, Nina, quite a bit recently, in the kitchen, asking questions and watching Nina make with the pots and pans, and though neither of them will admit it, I have a hunch there are some lessons going on and that there's gonna be a surprise in store for me some day soon.

When Jo and I get married.

That first day after our honeymoon, maybe.

Around eventide, as the poets say.

Me, sitting in the living room, perusing my *Downbeat*, indulging in the pipe-and-clipper bit.

Suddenly sniffing in deep and smelling something delicious-smelling wafting through the room.

Calling out, "Honey, I thought we were going to eat out tonight."

And her calling back, "Shhhhhh, or my seven-layer cake will fall. ..."

It's funny, me sitting here now, talking about my girl, looking forward to the day when she's my wife.

I didn't think way back, a couple of years ago, that I ever would get married.

"Not till I have a million bucks and don't have to say sir to anyone"—that's what I'd tell gals I came across who hinted at the subject. (Hinted? There was one who'd start scratching her fourth-finger left-hand every time I saw her!)

"Not me," I'd say, "—not till I have my million."

Well, here I am, still a long way from having that kind of cash, good as things are going.

But I've changed my tune about the wedding march.

Because if just so happens that I'm in love.

With a doll.

And marrying her, being with her, for the rest of my life, is right now the only

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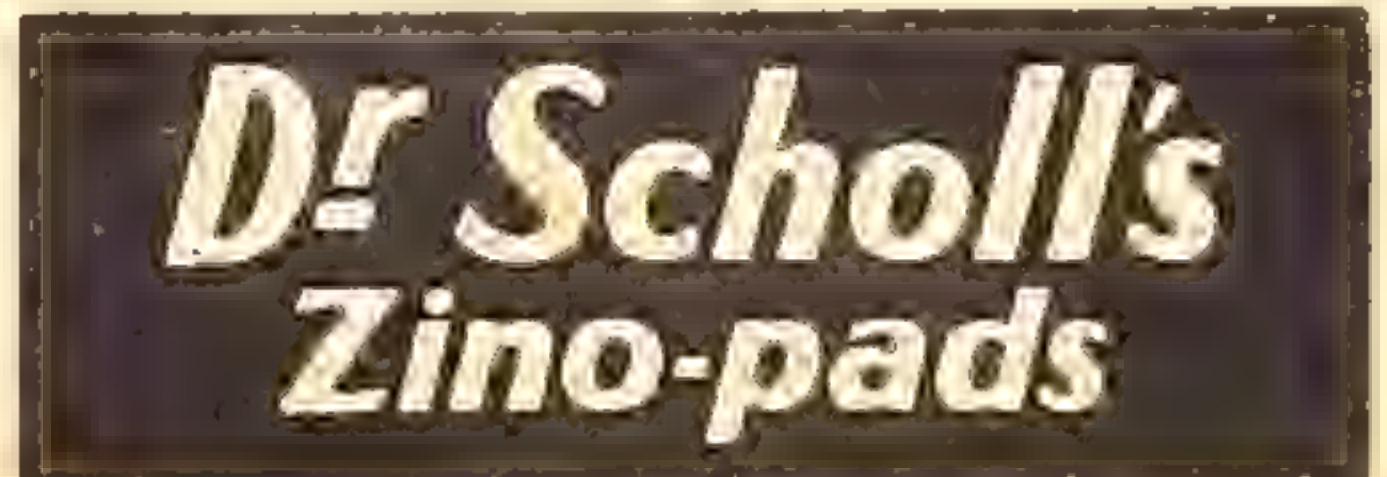
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important thing in my whole life. . . ."

Was it love at first sight between me and Jo?—some people have asked.

No, it wasn't

Matter of fact, it would have taken a genius to figure anything was ever to come of that first meeting of ours.

That was two-and-a-half years ago, in New York, at Hanson's, a Times Square drugstore I used to hang around in all the time with all the other struggling young singers and actors in town.

Well, this night I was sitting at a table with one group, when another group came over and joined us.

I knew all of them except one of the girls, the one who ended up sitting next to me.

She was quiet, I remember—mainly because I was on big that night, doing most of the talking and yakking, and so she didn't have much of a chance to say anything anyway.

But during one pause, I remember, she did say, "By the way, my name is Jo-Ann Campbell."

"That's nice," I said. And then I said, "Mine's King."

"Last name or first?" she asked.

"Nickname," I said. "It's what people call me, because I'm like a natural leader."

I laughed, and she said, "You know—but you sound just a little bit conceited to me."

"Why shouldn't I be?" I answered back. "I'm a man of talent—and taste."

"Boy!" she said.

And brrrrrrrr, but there was a chill, chill breeze in Hanson's that night.

We saw each other a few times after that those next few months. Backstage at places like the Brooklyn Paramount, where we were both booked as singers on the same rock 'n' roll shows. And a couple of other theaters, in Jersey and Pennsylvania, and places like that.

We saw each other, I say.

But we never talked.

And then early one evening I ran into another singer I know, girl named Jeanie Allen. She asked me if I could come up to her place for a little while to look over some vocal arrangements she'd just had made for her act, since I was a hotshot part-time songwriter and arranger too.

"Besides," Jeanie said, "I want you to meet my new roommate. She's the sweetest thing!"

"Yeah?—Who cares?" I thought to myself, since in case I haven't said it yet I'll say it now: I was strictly off girls at this particular time. I'd had them *all* after Gloria. Gloria was a dancer, thirty-one when I met her. And I was a kid, eighteen, who didn't know a shingle from Cheyenne. And for some reason I fell in love with her. And she said she loved me, too, and that she had great plans for helping me with my career. But that woman was more mixed-up than I was. Because one day I found out the type of woman she really was. And I was so mad, disgusted at everything that some days I wouldn't even bother to get out of bed. That's how bad it was for me at this particular time.

And so when Jeanie talked about her roommate, I thought to myself, "Who cares?"

#### A cold hello

And getting to the apartment and seeing the roommate a few minutes later, the only reason I took a long look at her was because she turned out to be that little Miss Jo-Ann Campbell of Hanson's drugstore fame.

Brrrrrrrr, but things were suddenly cold again.

We both said hello to one another, finally (out of politeness to Jeanie) and then Jeanie and I got to work on the arrangements, Jo-Ann retiring to her own room for the hour or so I was there.

I was just about to leave, in fact, when Jeanie extended the invitation that was, in time, to change my whole life.

"Why don't you stay to dinner?" she asked.

Before I could get the *ahem* out of my mouth and say look this is the story and so I don't think it would be advisable under the circumstances, Jeanie called out to Jo-Ann and said, "Sweetie, you and Bobby go to the grocer's, while I fix the salad, and pick up some ice cream, all right?"

Jo-Ann came out of her room, looked at me for a second, shrugged and said—reluctantly, I thought—"Oh, all right."

Our walk to the grocer's was like a cross between the original *Ben-Hur* and *'Twas The Night Before Christmas*. Very silent. Very very silent.

And it would have been that way on the walk back, too, if suddenly I hadn't had this feeling that it was time to break the ice a little. (Mysteriously, for some reason, this girl was starting to intrigue me.)

So I found myself taking her hand, very quick-like.

And so she pulled her hand back, even quicker-like.

Hmmmmmm, I thought then, pretty unforgiving little gal we had here.

Well, I thought then, next step was to embarrass her—you know; make her just a little bit sorry that she made a fool out of me, the guy who'd given up dames for good now and had started making such a fool of himself.

"What in the world are you *doing*?" she asked, as she stopped and watched me throw myself down on the sidewalk suddenly and press my ear against the pavement.

"Quiet, gal," I said. "I hear hoofbeats. I think the posse's on its way!"

Embarrass her?

Heck. It was as if this was the funniest bit she'd ever seen or heard. And she started to laugh, man, but laugh. "Oh," she said, hysterical-wise, "you look so fun-ny down there—"

And from that moment on and for the next couple of hours—the rest of our walk home, dinner, and so on—she was in one of those moods where everything I said struck her as funnier and funnier.

She laughed, in fact, until she cried, really cried, I mean, genuine sad-type tears. And that's when I learned the other side of her, my Jo-Ann—the soft and sweet and sentimental and little-girl side.

It was about midnight that same night.

Jeanie and Jo-Ann had done the dishes while I watched some TV, and then Jeanie had excused herself and gone to bed.

Jo-Ann and I were sitting in the parlor of the apartment alone, just the two of us.

Little by little the talk had gotten kind of serious and Jo-Ann had begun to tell me a little bit about herself. How she was from Jacksonville, Florida. How she lived there with her parents and grandparents. In a little white house with a garden and a four-man swing in the back—"kind of lovely and old-fashioned," like she said. All this not far from the water, the beach, where they all went week-ends, year-round, for swimming and picnics.

"I came up here," she said, "to New York—because somewhere inside me, ever since I was a little child, there's been a bug in me that's said to me, 'You've got to become a singer, you've got to become a singer.' So, when I was eighteen, I decided it was time for me to up and leave.

"It gets a little lonely for me," she said, "up here, far away—but," she said, "when you've got a dream, you've got to give up certain things to try to touch that dream."

She talked about her dream a little, closing her eyes as she did.

And then she opened them and stopped what she was saying and she said to me, "Now you, Bobby . . . I've talked enough

. . . Now you tell me all about *yourself*."

I began—"Well," I said, "I was born The Bronx, the sickest baby on record there—and there've been lots of babies born there in The Bronx. In fact," I said, "I was so sickly that neighbors used to stop my mother on the street and say 'Whaddya wanna wheel that thing around for? It's gonna die.'"

That's when Jo-Ann began to cry.

When I saw these tears, big as anything come to her eyes.

"What's the matter," I said, "—I didn't even *start* the sad, sad story of my life."

"Those terrible people," she said, ignoring my cute remark, "saying a thing like that about a poor little baby . . . about *you*."

And she bawled now. Really bawled. And I sat there waiting, not knowing what to do, till she stopped.

When she did, I took her hand.

This time she didn't pull it back.

#### A pretty grim childhood

I started talking again. I told about my childhood—what I remembered of it—The Bronx, the not-so-good part of it where we lived; my mom, widowed a few months before I was born, doing her best to take care of me and Nina; the relief checks we got when my mom couldn't work, and how we'd wait for them and then, when they came, how we'd be so ashamed to go to the store or the bank and cash them; how it was all a pretty grim childhood except that inside me, like there'd been inside her, was a bug with the same message as her. "You've got to be a singer someday, you've got to be a singer someday." The only difference being that my bug had a counterpoint onto the message: "You've got to be the best and biggest of all the singers someday!"

I talked about *my* dreams then.

How I wanted to make the big-time someday, become "famous."

How I wanted to start doing it all fast, with no time to waste because (one) I've always been an impatient-type girl and (two) because my mom was sick with her heart now and because before she went, God forbid, if it was God's will that she did go, I meant, I wanted to get to the one thing she'd always dreamed of: a house in the country, a place away from The Bronx, with fresh air and trees and a sky that didn't look like a ceiling hanging over a lot of red-brick walls, but a sky that she could enjoy for a little while anyway.

I talked and I talked that night.

And when I was finished I could see dawn coming up already outside the window of the apartment.

So I said, "I've gotta go now."

But I didn't move.

Because I knew that before I went I wanted to kiss this girl I'd been talking to, this girl whose hand I'd been holding these past few hours, like I'd never wanted to kiss any girl before.

For some reason, I was nervous about it.

So I started with the jivey talk.

"My life you've heard," I said. "Now about my personality," I said, "—mostly I'm for doing what you feel like, what you feel like."

"Is that so?" Jo asked, in that little-way of hers.

"Yep," I went on, "I'm for what *each* person feels for the other. Sudden impulses . . . Like sudden kisses."

"I mean," I said, "if you want to kiss a girl and it's mutual, then you should do it. If you're going to swing, swing, I say."

"Bobby," Jo said, very softly, "I'll never forget how softly, 'Bobby—I'm as nervous as you are. The talk's not going to help. If you'd like to kiss me, please do, Bobby'."

And I did.



And that's how it all started, our friendship, our romance, our love for each other (though, deep down, I fought the idea that it was "love" at the time). . . .

We went out lots together those first six months, though actually "went out" is the wrong expression since, with work hard to come by, I didn't have money for that. Instead, we'd spend most of our time at Jo's and Jeanie's apartment, eating those TV-dinners I talked about before, watching TV, listening to records, singing ourselves; or else we'd visit friends, or my mom, or Jo's mom and dad and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hatcher, who'd moved North by this time and to Long Island, which is very accessible to New York.

Then, at about the time the first six months or so passed, somebody suggested to me one day that I write a song. I'd already written about ten dozen, seven of which were recorded and became immediate flops. But this friend of mine suggested I try something in the rock 'n' roll style. As he said, "Everybody else is doing it and making good."

So one day I wrote *Splish-Splash*, in exactly twelve minutes.

It got recorded.

Within ten days it had sold nearly 100,000 records.

And I was on my way.

To put it mildly, I was in seventh heaven. A little too high up there, looking back. And it was Jo who helped bring me down to earth.

I remember this one night we were sitting in a Chinese restaurant over on West Forty-Ninth Street, I mean actually having dinner out. And I started to laugh about this and say something like, "It's about time, hey, honey, the two of us living, like real people?"

And I remember how Jo said to me, "This is only the beginning, Bobby. Don't get spoiled or satisfied by only one record.

One rock 'n' roll hit—that makes you like a thousand other fellows instead of like a million others. Now you've got to show them that you can really sing, too. . . ."

And I remember another time, not long after I started to show them, and started getting club bookings here and there, how something was wrong with me—I wasn't really getting through to my audiences; I guess I was afraid and made myself into a pretty brash and unpleasant character—and I remember how Jo sat with me one night right after a show and said to me, "Bobby, I don't know much about show business. But this much I do know. The real performers, they don't fight the audience. They enjoy it. Which is what you've got to do, Bobby. Enjoy it. . . ."

I remember these things Jo said to me, at a time they needed saying.

And, remembering, it's strange, ironic, to think that this is just about the time we started drifting apart.

Or, I should say, the time I started drifting away from Jo.

What happened?

It's hard to explain.

I just wouldn't see her so much anymore. I was dedicating myself to a whole new world now, and the strain of this dedication was knocking me out—the hard work, the newness of it, the constant late hours, the learning to sleep by day and live by night, the excitement, the having to hang around a lot with all sorts of people, some of them who wished you well, others who didn't give a damn, you'd find out, but just hung on for the free ride—a new life, all of it devoted to the Big Crowd, and that gave me little time for those few people who really cared.

People like Jo-Ann.

We had a discussion about this one night; nearly a fight.

Jo was blue because I hadn't shown up a few times when I'd promised to.

"I was born in a small town, Bobby," she said. "Maybe it's different up here in great big New York. But where I come from we're used to a fellow calling to break a date if he has to, even calling a girl once in a while between dates just to talk. Girls like to be treated that way, Bobby."

I answered all this with a lot of stuff that sounded very good and reasonable to my own ears at the time. "The kind of thing you're talking about," I said, "is forced—and anything forced is ill." It all boiled down, what I was saying, to take me, Jo-Ann, or leave me.

"Take me?" I said, when I was finished.

"Yes," she said.

"Good," I said, "because this is just the way it's got to be."

But nothing was ever really right between us, for a long time after that.

I was still going through my period of making the grade, of confusion. And my mom died suddenly during this period, and her passing made me more miserable than she would ever have wanted me to be, this wonderful mother who'd done so much for me. . . .

Anyway, as far as Jo was concerned, I'd see her a lot for a while and then, sometimes for three or four weeks running, I wouldn't see her at all.

Finally, one night, it really seemed over between us.

I phoned her after one of these long stretches and told her that a friend of mine and his wife had invited me to dinner at their house and asked me to bring a date if I wanted to.

"Would you like to come?" I asked.

Jo-Ann said she would.

During dinner that night I got to feeling depressed about something. I couldn't eat. I figured there was no sense staying at the table. I don't know if it occurred to me that this would make it a little hard

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

### 1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 2. I LIKE ROBERT STACK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 3. I LIKE SHIRLEY MACLAINE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 5. I LIKE MAY BRITT:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

### I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little

### 6. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 7. I LIKE BOBBY RYDELL:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all



on Jo, sitting alone at a table with people she barely knew. All I know is that I was depressed. And that I got up and went into the living room and put on some records.

A little while later, Jo-Ann came over to me.

She put her hand on the top of my head.

"Good-bye, Bobby," she said.

"Where you going?" I asked her.

"Home," she said. "I've apologized to our hosts."

"How you going home?" I asked.

"I phoned a cab," she said.

"Why you going home?" I asked, starting to get a little miffed about it, mad.

"Because," Jo-Ann said, not mad-sounding, not un-mad; I guess "resigned" is the only word—"because," she said, "I don't want to be hurt anymore, Bobby. And because I don't want to tie you down to a girl who's always going to be hurt, even for the few hours she's together with you."

"Don't you see?" she said then. "Don't you see what I mean, Bobby?"

I said, "No. I'm tired and my eyes are blurred. I don't see anything."

And I turned away.

And as I did I tried to say to myself, "Who cares if you come or go, Miss Campbell? Who needs you?"

But even though I was saying the words to myself, they seemed to get stuck in my throat.

I didn't know what to do about Jo.

So I did nothing, and just let her go. . . .

*Mack the Knife* came to me shortly after this. And the world came to me, too now, in dollars and in applause, in gold records and so many booking offers I had to turn half of them down, in screen tests and interviews and picture-taking sessions with high-class photographers and in autographs and screaming kids—the works.

It was great, and I put my arms around it like a lover who'd taken a girl named Career as his mistress, holding hard, never

letting go. Because it happened so fast, it gave me little time to think. And this, I thought, was good for me. I was constantly surrounded by people now. I was never alone. There wasn't a face that wouldn't show for me at the snap of a finger, to talk it up with me, to keep things hopping, to tell me, remind me, how fine I was, how great I was doing, how I had the world on a string, how I had *everything*.

And then one night, in California, between shows at a club there, I was sitting alone in my dressing room.

As it happened, I was feeling particularly alone that night.

I could have called for somebody,

But I didn't know just who I really wanted to see.

I sat facing the door.

"If anyone could walk through that door right now," I thought, "who would you want to see, more than anyone else?"

The picture of her came to me in a flash.

The golden hair.

The big blue eyes.

The little girl look.

Everything about her that I thought I'd forgotten by now, but hadn't.

I began to have this conversation with myself.

"Call her? See her? But she's in New York," Part A of me said to Part B.

"So what, you schnook," said Part B, "—you call her and maybe she comes here tomorrow."

"Comes? She probably won't even talk to me."

"How you gonna know, unless you try?"

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"And what do I say?"

"You tell her the facts. That you've been a dope, a schnook, and that you miss her and you love her."

"Love her? Me in love?"

"Afraid to admit it? Afraid to say it?"

"I don't know . . . I don't know."

"Well, get up and pick up that phone and try . . . Give it just a little try at least?"

I did just that. I phoned Jo-Ann, told her I missed her, asked her to please come out to see me and mumbled, as best I could, something about how much I loved her.

We spent those next few days doing up Southern California just the way it should be done—taking drives along the coast, swimming, having dinner at places like La Scala and Chasen's, even going out to Disneyland for a day.

It was after Disneyland, in fact, driving back, just the two of us, when I asked the big question.

Being me, and being nervous about it, I asked it in my usual nervous fashion.

"Jo," I said, "mostly I'm for doing what you feel like, when you feel like . . . You know that about me . . . I'm impulsive," I said.

"Is that so?" Jo asked.

"Yep," I went on. "I'm for what each person feels for the others. Sudden impulses. Like sudden kisses . . . And sudden proposals."

"I mean," I said, "if you want to marry a girl and it's mutual, then you should do it. If you're going to swing, swing, I say."

"Bobby," Jo said, very softly, "I'll never forget how softly, 'Bobby—I'm as nervous as you are. The extra talk's not going to help. If you'd like to ask me to marry you, please do, Bobby.'"

And I did.

And when Jo said yes, I pulled over, off the road, skidded the car to a stop, took my girl in my arms, looked into those eyes of hers, for a long long time, and—

And that's the way our love story ends—  
I mean begins. . . .

END

*Bobby guest-stars in Columbia's PEP*

#### 8. I LIKE VIVIEN LEIGH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I LIKE LAURENCE OLIVIER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 9. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

- ☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 10. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 11. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 12. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 13. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

AGE . . . . . NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . STREET . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .

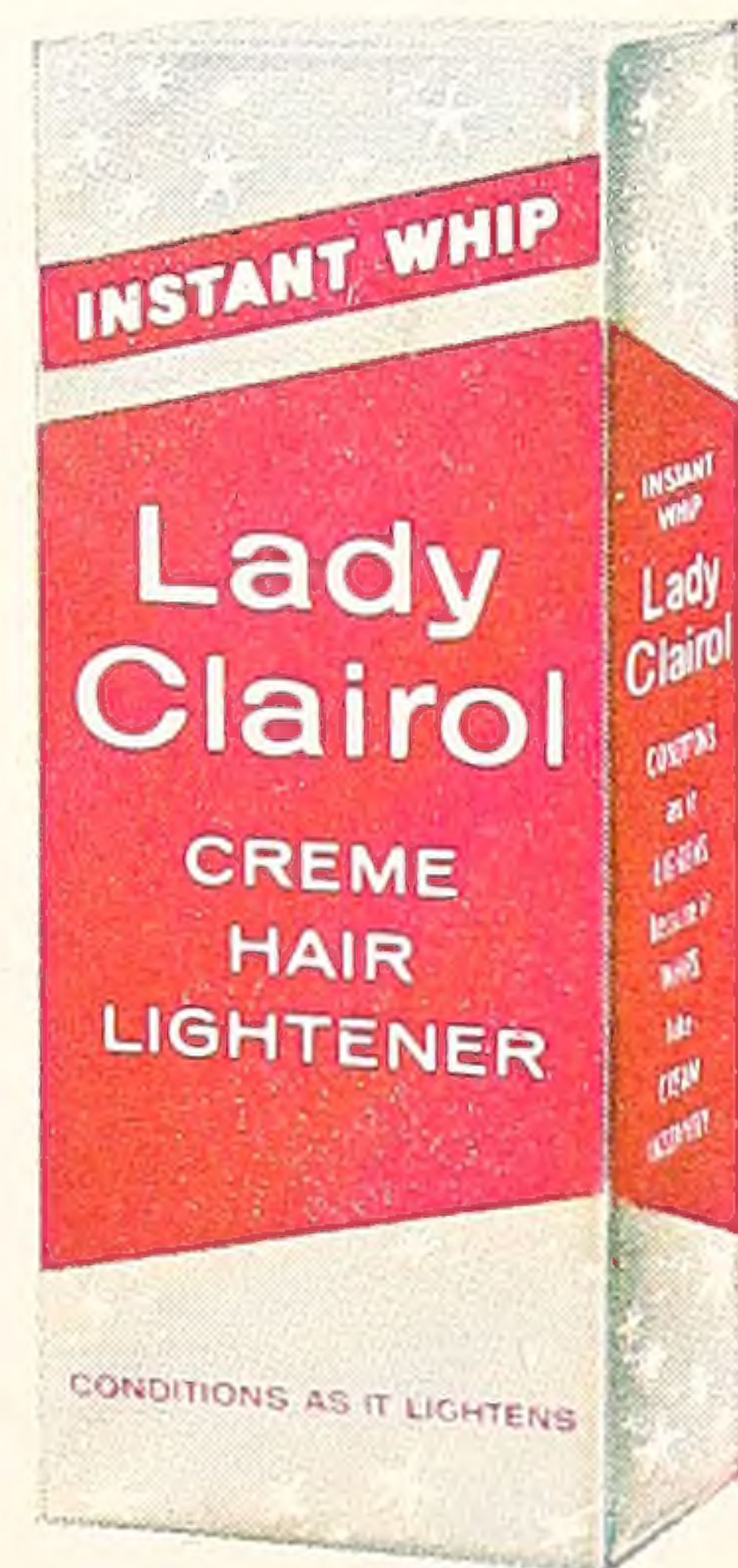




Is it true...  
blondes  
 have more  
 fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. And it's so easy. Instant Whip Lady Clairol is *amazingly gentle*. Feels *deliciously cool* going on. Leaves your hair in beautiful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever!

So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes. Besides, the best way to *get what you want* is to *ask for it!* Instant Whip Lady Clairol. You'll love it!



Our hairdresser will tell you  
 a blonde's best friend is

INSTANT WHIP\* **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener

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DREAM STUFF...powder-plus-foundation

Now you can look naturally lovely in any light!

They'll never suspect your lovely complexion comes in a compact!

Choose the warm, glowing Woodbury powder shade that flatters

you most, and in bright lights or dim, you'll look radiant and

natural. That's because velvety, fragrant Woodbury has

exclusive "Dreamlite" to keep it color-true!

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